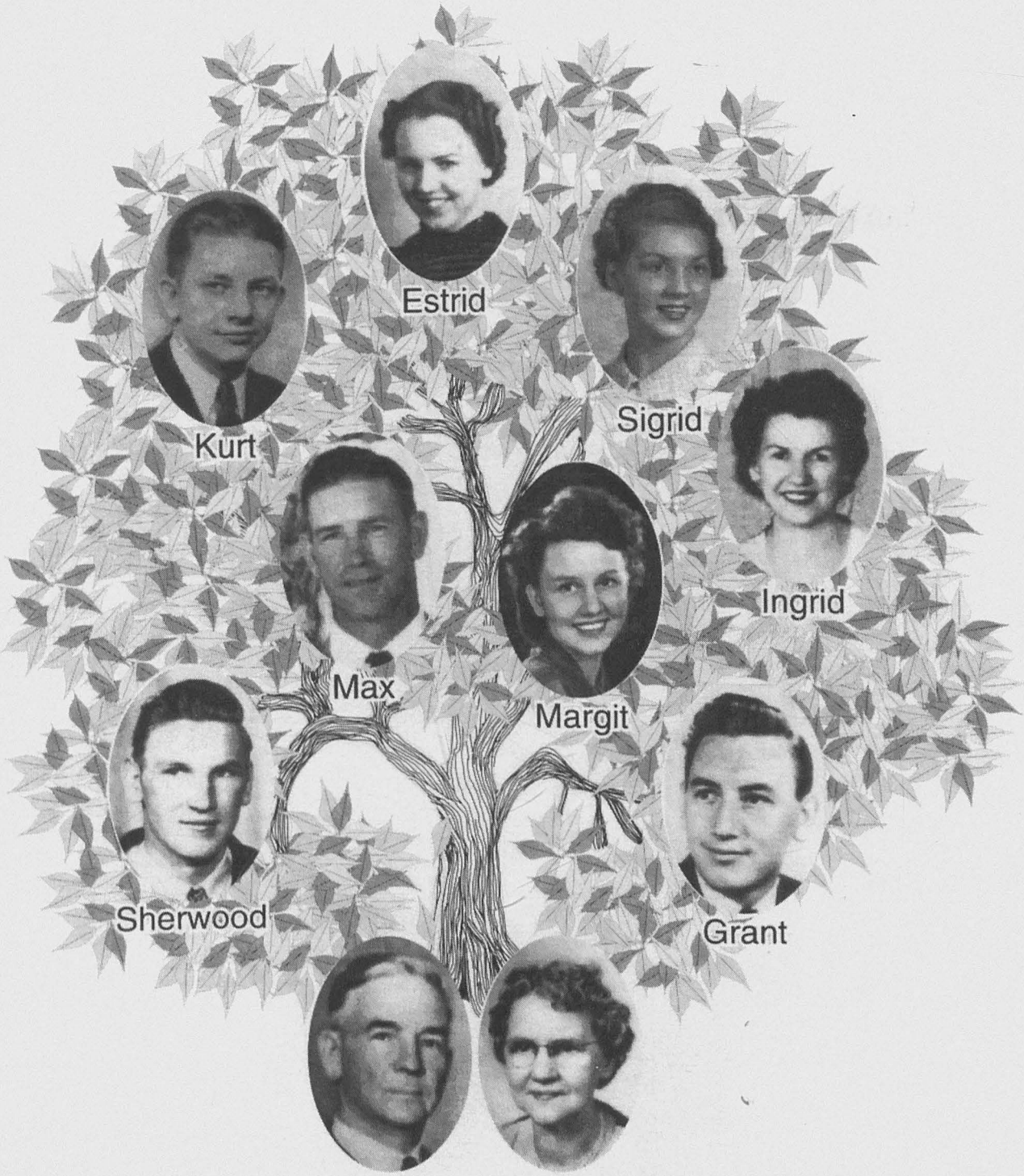


G. Henry & Esther

THE

GUSTAV HENRY JOHNSON - ESTHER MARIA LANZEN

FAMILY HISTORY

Coordinated

By

JEROME K. JOHNSON
Valdez, Alaska

Compiled and Edited

By

Grant I. Johnson
Idaho Falls, Idaho

1997

Idaho Falls, Idaho

Malachi 4:

5. *Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord:*

6. *And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.*



Ester Maria Lanzen & her father, Carl Johan Lanzen
About 1897

FOREWORD

This book is a continuation of the "Johannes Svensson-Niklas Christensson Families" book, published in 1959, which is principally the story of two brothers, Gustaf and Olof Petter Johansson, and Gustaf's wife, Anna Sofia Christensson, and her brothers. They joined the Mormon Church in Sweden and immigrated to America, arriving in New York City on November 2, 1884. The story is told of the struggles and victories of these emigrants who became Idaho pioneers in the late 19th Century. They taught their children the benefits of hard work, education and discipline in achieving worthwhile goals as they journeyed into the modern era of the 20th Century. In so doing, they created a legacy for their posterity.

This book deals with one branch of Gustaf Johnson's family, i.e., the lives and descendants of Gustaf's oldest son, Gustav Henry Johnson and his wife, Ester Maria Lanzen Johnson. The writing and compiling of this book has impressed on us how profoundly their lives have affected ours. To their descendants who did not know them, as you read these pages you will come to appreciate them as the noble and great people they were. Also revealed in this book is an important time in our nation's history, the transition from the "horse and buggy" days to the modern era of mechanization and electronics.

ANCESTRY

By Edgar A. Guest

Behind us all there lies a host,
They hoped and dreamed, as now do we,
And toiled for those they cherished most
and gave to us our ancestry.

The men their maidens wooed and wed,
The mothers, as do ours today,
Knelt nightly at some little bed
To hear their sleepy children pray.

And some were strong and some were weak,
And some were brave and some afraid,
Some arrogant and others meek
A few their little fortunes made.

They lived for us but knew us not,
Descendants of that host are we,
And after us, when we're forgot,
Will children come we'll never see.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Much of the credit for this book lies with the person this book honors, Gustav Henry Johnson; for throughout his lifetime he felt a responsibility for collecting and storing historical material pertaining to the family. His brothers, sisters, cousins, nieces and nephews have also contributed valuable information and pictures for which we are indebted. Much of that information is embodied in "The Johannes Svensson - Niklas Christensson Families" book and is the foundation for this book.

We are very grateful to all eight of the children of Henry and Esther Johnson and their spouses for their contributions, for they have inherited the spirit of Elijah, the prophet, in gathering and contributing important genealogical and historical information.

We wish to express our thanks to the following people for the many hours they have spent in the preparation and compilation of this book:

All Family Members.....Contributing Pictures and Histories
Cecelia (Johnson) Benson.....Editing and Typing
Bonnie (Benson) Larson.....Editing and Typing
Shannon (Benson) Williams.....Editing and Typing
Valerie (Benson) Christensen.....Tribute to Esther Johnson
Laurie (Benson) and Chris Funk.....History of Sweden
Ingrid Johnson Anderson.....Life Sketches of Ester, Carl and Johanna Lanzen
Siri (Johnson) and Randy Holman.....Computer Graphics and Binding
Kurt and Lucille Johnson.....Archive for Book Materials
Glen Johnson.....Computer Formatting and Editing
Melvin Blomquist.....Esther Johnson Genealogy
Sherwood Johnson.....Genealogy Pedigree
Grant Johnson.....Life Sketch of Gustaf and Anna Johnson
Evelyn Johnson.....Consulting and Editing
Grant Johnson.....Compiling, Editing and Index
Jerome (Jerry) Johnson.....Editing, Writing and Coordinator

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Life Histories Of
Gustav Henry Johnson* and Esther Maria Lanzen

CHRONOLOGY

Gustav Henry Johnson born in Hyde Park, Utah	2 June 1886
Ester Maria Lanzen born in Stockholm, Sweden	18 October 1887
Gustaf Johnson family moved from Hyde Park, Utah, to Lyman, Idaho	Spring 1887
Gustaf Johnson family moved to Eagle Rock (later Idaho Falls), Idaho	Spring 1888
Gustaf Johnson family moved to homestead	Summer 1888
Henry Johnson Baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints	4 July 1894
Ester Maria Lanzen Baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints	11 June 1897
Gustaf Johnson family moved to Iona	1898
Henry Johnson received mission call to Sweden - takes Ricks College missionary course	1904 -1905
Henry Johnson received temple endowment	17 May 1905
Henry Johnson arrived in Swedish Mission	June 1905
Henry Johnson met Ester Lanzen	1906
Henry Johnson released from mission, becomes engaged to Ester Lanzen	February 1908
Ester Lanzen immigrated to America	November 1908
Henry Johnson contracted small pox in Salt Lake City	March 1909
Henry Johnson and Ester Lanzen married in SLC Temple	24 August 1910
Henry and Esther move into their first home on First St. in Idaho Falls	1910
Henry Johnson worked for CW & M Company as bookkeeper	1910 - 1916
Estrid Cecelia Johnson born	4 September 1911
Sigrid Ottilia Johnson born	6 January 1914
Kurt Lanzen Johnson born	5 September 1915
Esther's father, Carl Johan Lanzen, immigrated to America - lived with Henry and Esther	1916-33
Henry Johnson purchased eighty-acre farm west of Idaho Falls - family moved	1916
Ingrid Anna Johnson born	30 May 1918
Max Henning Johnson born	19 March 1920
Margit Louise Johnson born	14 September 1921
Orval Sherwood Johnson born	4 April 1924
Grant Ivins Johnson born	9 August 1928
Henry Johnson called as bishop of First Ward in Idaho Falls	1928-34
Henry Johnson family moved to farm on East River Road	March 1932
Henry Johnson served as an officiator in the Idaho Falls Temple	1945-50
Henry Johnson passed away	10 June 1950
Esther Johnson returned to visit Sweden	1956
Esther Johnson passed away	27 May 1968

* Editors note: Gustav Henry Johnson is often identified in this book by the name he used throughout his life, "Henry Johnson." His father's name is "Gustaf Johnson." Esther is known in this book as both Esther and Ester; in Sweden, it was Ester, but she probably added the "h" when she came to America.

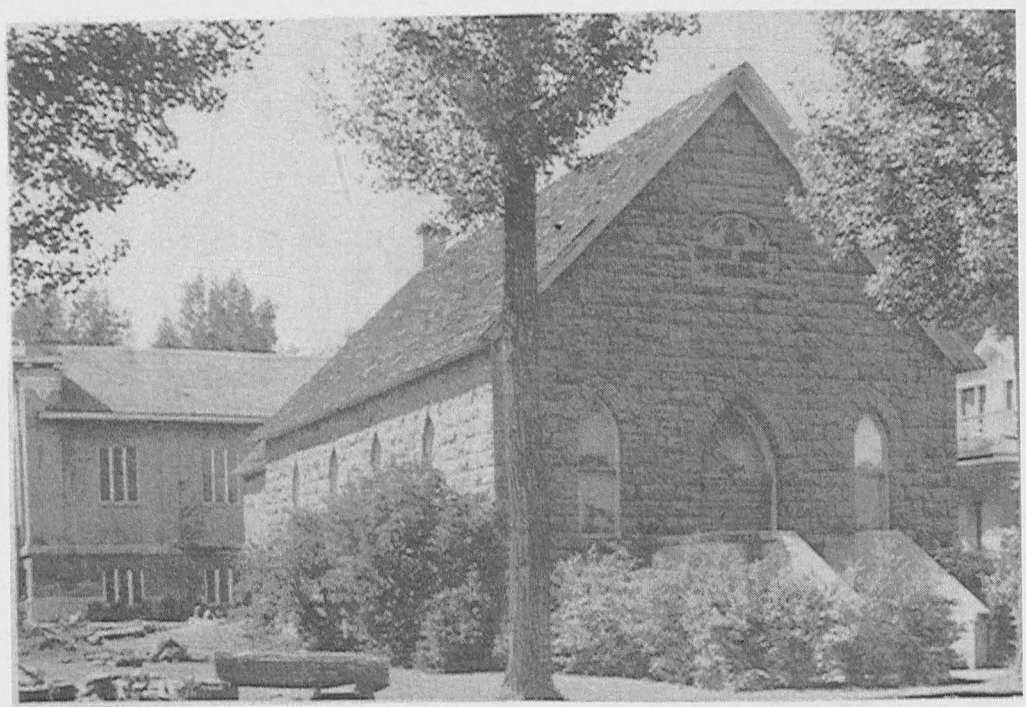
THE

GUSTAV HENRY JOHNSON - ESTHER MARIA LANZEN

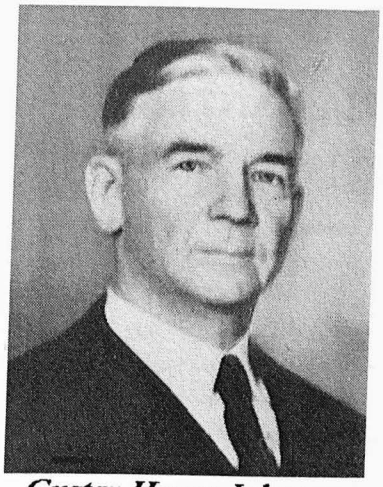
FAMILY HISTORY

SECTION I

LIFE HISTORIES OF
GUSTAV HENRY JOHNSON &
ESTHER MARIA LANZEN JOHNSON



The old First Ward Chapel on the corner of Park Ave. & E. St. in Idaho Falls. G. Henry was bishop of this ward from 1928-34. His family and many other relatives went to this ward for many years. It was built in 1896 and razed in 1937.



Gustav Henry Johnson



G. Henry & Esther - 1940s



Esther M. Lanzen Johnson



G. Henry & Esther Johnson Family - About 1939
Front: G. Henry, Sherwood, Ingrid, Margit, Sigrid, Esther
Back: Kurt, Estrid, Max, Grant

I.a. LIFE HISTORY OF GUSTAV HENRY JOHNSON

Condensed by Jerome K. Johnson from
Accounts Written by His Children

Gustav Henry Johnson, b. 2 Jun 1886-Hyde Park, UT; d. 10 Jun 1950-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Esther Maria Lanzen, b. 18 Oct 1887-Stockholm, Sweden; d. 27 May 1968-IFI
Married: On 24 Aug 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple
Children: (1) Estrid Cecilia Johnson, b. 4 Sep 1911-IFI
(2) Sigrid Ottilia Johnson, b. 6 Jan 1914-IFI
(3) Kurt Lanzen Johnson, b. 5 Sep 1915-IFI
(4) Ingrid Anna Johnson, b. 30 May 1918-IFI
(5) Max Henning Johnson, b. 19 Mar 1920-IFI; d. 23 Nov 1987-IFI
(6) Margit Louise Johnson, b. 14 Sep 1921-IFI
(7) Orval Sherwood Johnson, b. 4 Apr 1924-IFI
(8) Grant Ivins Johnson, b. 9 Aug 1928-IFI

On a warm spring day in 1886, a son was born to Gustaf and Anna Sofia Johnson, humble Swedish immigrants in Hyde Park, Utah. He was their first child and they decided to name him Gustav Henry Johnson.

The next spring, they moved to Lyman, Idaho, a few miles from Rexburg, and farmed jointly with Gustaf's brother, Olof. It was a new venture which yielded mostly experience and hard labor. Gustaf built a small log cabin with a dirt floor, and it was there they lived through the fall and winter. After the summer's efforts, they were so poor that his overalls would not even hold patches.

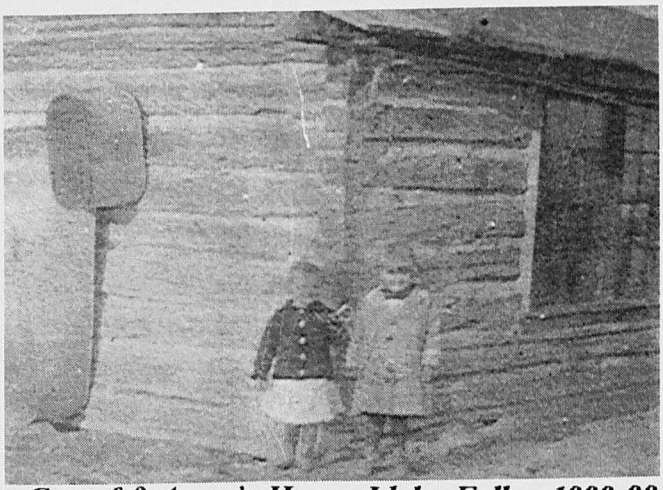
Anna had gone back to Hyde Park during the summer to sell their home there and retire debts. She and little Gustav Henry rode the train back to Eagle Rock. Gustaf came down from Lyman in a wagon to meet them at the train. While driving to Eagle Rock, the reach on the wagon had broken while he was driving onto the ferry that crossed the river. At Eagle Rock, he put a new reach in the wagon and wired the wagon box to the bolster. On the trip back to Lyman, the family forded the river near the present town of Lorenzo. As they were crossing the riffles, the horses and wagon went into a deep hole. The wagon box floated free, but thanks to its being wired to the bolster, the wagon and its precious cargo made it across.

Even though it was fall and the weather was getting cold, Gustaf found it necessary to leave his little family at Lyman and go to Eagle Rock (renamed Idaho Falls in 1890) to work at his trade as a shoe repairman. He left Anna with a few hens, a pig, and some potatoes in a pit. The pig ate the chickens, so it was necessary to butcher her for food, and with the first cold weather the potatoes froze. Also they had very little bedding. Gustaf took one quilt and one blanket with him and left Anna and their little son the straw mattress, a pair of quilts, and a blanket. That winter was extremely cold and Anna was afraid that her tiny son's head would freeze during the cold nights, so she kept him snuggled close to her under the quilts. They both proved to be robust and survived the difficult winter without mishap.

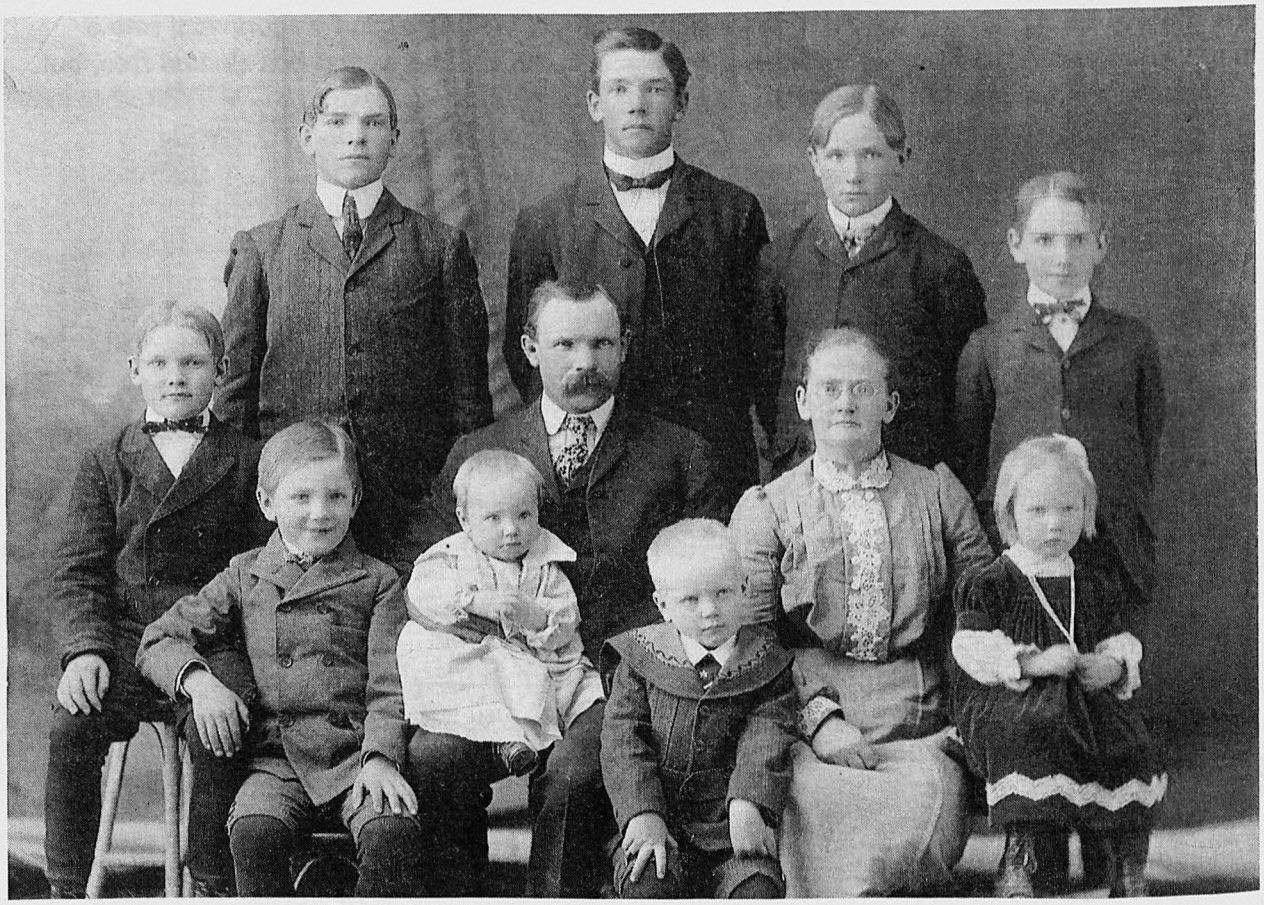
In Eagle Rock, Gustaf fared little better in his shoe shop where he also lived. The icy wind blew in through the cracks in the floor and the walls, and his feet and legs were cold



Baby Gustav Henry



Gustaf & Anna's Home, Idaho Falls - 1888-98.
The little girls are Estrid Johnson & Esther Weaver.



Gustaf & Anna Sofia Johnson Family - 1905
Front: Oscar, Ambrose, Vernon (on Gustaf's lap), Reuben, Anna, Agnes
Back: Carl, Gustav Henry, Albert, Clarence

all day long. At night he rolled up in his quilt and blanket on the floor next to the stove and by frequent turning he was able to keep his front and back alternately warm. Gustaf was a good manager, and despite his Spartan wages and circumstances, always managed to save a few dollars.

The next spring, Gustaf and Anna decided to live permanently in Eagle Rock. Gustaf walked and rode with others to Lyman to get his wife and son. Olof offered them his team and wagon to move their few possessions to Eagle Rock. After loading the wagon, they drove to the river crossing. People had been crossing the river on the ice during the winter, but now there was only an ice bridge at the crossing and it was two feet above the water. Gustaf, Anna and Henry walked across and Olof drove the wagon across the ice bridge. Fortunately, it held. How tragic if it had not held up. Many early settlers lost their lives while fording the river. From the incidents related, we can see that a kind providence prevailed with this family. Their son, Carl, was born soon after their return to Eagle Rock, in March of 1888.

The family made its home in the lean-to shoe shop during the spring and summer of 1888. That summer, Gustaf bought a large tract of sagebrush ground north of present-day First Street. He bought a log cabin for $40.00 and moved it onto the property and it was here that the family lived from 1888-1898. Four more sons, Albert, Clarence, Oscar, and Ambrose were born while they lived here. During those years, Gustaf repaired shoes and also operated a market-gardening business. Together with his sons, they prepared the soil, planted seeds, watered the plants from the creek, hoed weeds, pulled carrots, radishes, and dug potatoes, etc. The older boys washed and bunched the produce, and Gustaf hauled it to town on a one-horse cart, where he peddled it door-to-door. From the proceeds they were able to buy much-needed clothing, and food they couldn't grow at home. Their living, while not luxurious, was generous and wholesome.

Their home consisted of a one-room log cabin with a lean-to. The main cabin room served both as a best room and bedroom and had muslin tacked across the logs of the roof for a ceiling. A lumber lean-to comprised the kitchen and living room. Another small lean-to on the other side served as a closet and store room. Bedbugs thrived exceedingly well in the chinked walls of the log house, and during the warm days of summer, the only relief was to move out of doors. They lived happily here, however, because they felt that things were going to get better.

Their humble home was adorned by love and reverence for the gospel. Gustaf and Anna had joined the LDS Church in Sweden and in the evenings they would sing the songs of Zion in Swedish. Morning and evening, without fail, they knelt together in family prayer. On Sundays they traveled to their church meetings in the two-wheeled cart drawn by a little sorrel mare named "Doll."

At that time, large caravans of Indians passed to and from Fort Hall to the Teton and Jackson hole areas, where they hunted and fished. Quite often the Indian bucks and squaws came to the house begging for "biskee" (biscuits) or other food. They were never turned down and expressed their satisfaction with a grunt.

Henry and his brothers attended school at Idaho Falls, walking to and from school during fall, winter, and spring through mud and snow. In 1898, the family moved to a farm at Centerville, halfway between Idaho Falls and Iona. There the boys attended school with about forty students in a crude one-room school house. They sat at two pine board tables on backless wooden



Gustav Henry with his brothers and sisters after his mission - about 1909.
Front: Ruby, Vernon, Rhoda Middle: Carl, Reuben, G. Henry, Agnes, Clarence
Back: Ambrose, Albert, Oscar



Johnson brothers & spouses - 1923
L. To R. -Albert & Gladys, Clarence & Annie, Ambrose & Leta, Oscar & Luie,
Vernon & Beulah (betrothed), Reuben & Christine, Carl & Mildred, Henry & Esthe

benches which ran the length of the floor.

Henry and his brothers loved to fish and swim in the nearby creeks. During the winter they would skate up and down Big and Little Sand Creeks with their friends Bill McMullen and George Cox. Occasionally the boys were tempted to sneak away to pursue these activities instead of going to Sunday School, but their mother always nipped their plans in the bud. She saw to it that they got off to Sunday School, sometimes with the aid of a good switch.

Gustaf continued to buy and sell farms and eventually purchased a clothing store in Idaho Falls. Through it all, he prospered.

In 1904, when Henry was 18 years old, he received a call to take a missionary course at Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. While there, he was inspired by the great leaders he encountered and also enjoyed singing in the college choirs. He particularly remembered Brother Harris because his false teeth kept coming loose from their moorings during his passionate discourses.

It was during that winter that he received his patriarchal blessing in which he was promised that the priesthood in its fullness would be conferred upon him in due time and that he would be called into a foreign mission; that during his lifetime he would proclaim the Gospel to Jew and gentile, and that thousands would hear his voice. He would have a numerous posterity who would become mighty in the Holy Priesthood and their dominions would extend far and wide. The promise was also made that he would return to the Center Stake of Zion to perform labors in the House of the Lord.

These promises have been literally fulfilled. He was called upon to speak at many, many funerals and thousands did hear his voice, both Jew and gentile. He filled a foreign mission (to Sweden), and later become a high priest, bishop and a temple worker. The promise regarding his posterity is evident in the following pages of this book.

After receiving his mission call to Sweden, Henry spent weeks traveling to his field of labor. Since he had never traveled more than a few miles from home, he was awestruck as he visited places such as Chicago and Boston. The vastness of these large cities, with their noise and commotion, far surpassed anything that he had ever seen. Fortunately, he was traveling with Jared Nordgren, from Monroe, Utah, who seemed to be able to find his way around "like a cat." Had he been left to himself, Henry would not have dared to venture out, or if he had, he would have become hopelessly lost.

Henry and his companion sailed on the liner "Arabic" and supplied themselves generously with oranges and bananas, as they were very cheap. After the first day out they were overcome with sea sickness and remained in their bunks during their entire passage across the ocean. The smell of oranges and bananas emanated from under their bunks, and for years afterward Henry had very little desire for either of the fruits. They arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, on June 2, 1905, on Henry's 19th birthday. They were greeted by Heber J. Grant who was presiding over the European Mission. He startled them by stating that "a mission is a good thing to have had." After learning that his new mission president was to be Peter Mattson, he continued on to Gothenberg.

The first evening of their arrival, young Henry was called upon to speak in a church meeting. He spoke in Swedish--or so he thought. He discovered that he was not very fluent in the language and that his Swedish was an Americanized version. Brother Hanson interrupted from the audience with the necessary information when Henry stalled for a word. It was an ordeal that made him

almost sweat blood.

His first assignment was in Vingaker, about halfway between Stockholm and Gothenberg. He was struck by the lush greenness and beauty of the land, but soon became dreadfully homesick. To find comfort, he sang songs about his homeland. He wrote home of his feelings and his father sent him a sprig of sagebrush to smell. He kept it throughout his life.

Since there were but a few members of the church, the missionaries often traveled considerable distances to meet with them. The members were always delighted to have the missionaries and were more than generous in sharing their homes, which were sometimes humble, and food which was sometimes meager. Henry records that while staying with Brother Larson and his wife, Julita, they "had nothing to eat except potato pancakes, consisting of raw grated potatos which were cooked with salt and water, with no other flavoring." It was a frugal fare, but was shared out of the goodness of the heart. He held a short service with them and administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper. They appreciated the service and wished him Godspeed on his journey.

After serving a short time in Boras, he was assigned to travel to Stockholm to become the mission secretary. This lasted fifteen months, which were among the most pleasant of his life. There were several hundred members of the church in the Stockholm Branch. It had a Sunday School, Mutual, Relief Society, and a very fine choir. The missionaries enjoyed many outings with the young people of the branch and it was there that he was to meet his future wife for the first time, Ester Lanzen. He and Ester became very good friends during the months he served as mission secretary. After his stay in Stockholm, he was assigned to another field of labor. From there, he wrote to President Mattson, asking for permission to correspond with Ester, with the thought that perhaps sometime he would propose marriage to her. President Mattson speeded up this process a great deal when he abruptly proposed for Henry in proxy. Although somewhat surprised at the circumstances of the proposal, Ester accepted and so they were engaged when Henry left the mission field.

Henry was released from his mission in February, 1908, and bid a fond farewell to those whom he had come to love. He particularly went to say goodbye to Ester Lanzen. He arrived home in March, which seemed so strange after being away. A whole world of experience had passed before him, and he thought that the change would be very evident to others. Yet, when he came home to Idaho Falls, some of them didn't even know that he had been away.

He leased a farm that summer and used the proceeds from the farm to provide the fare for Ester Lanzen to travel from Sweden to America. The remainder of the funds paid his way to the L.D.S. Business School, in Salt Lake City, which he commenced in October, 1908. Ester Lanzen arrived in America in November, 1908. During the winter, they kept company with each other whenever opportunity afforded. Ester lived on M street with a snooty lady who instructed Ester that her beau was to call for her at the kitchen door. Instead, as a freeborn American citizen, Henry made it a point to always call at the front door. While in Salt Lake City, he taught a Department of Religion Class, which was under the direction of Joseph Fielding Smith. He also sang in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

In March of 1909, Henry contracted smallpox and as the custom required, was taken to an isolation hospital known as the "pest house." His fellow inmates included an interesting assortment of individuals including

school teachers, gamblers, prospectors and a penitentiary inmate who was kept in handcuffs. Their meal fare consisted of fried potatoes and soggy biscuits.

After being released from the hospital, Henry worked at a variety of menial jobs including dishwasher and street sweeper as he had difficulty finding more desirable employment. After his return to Idaho Falls, he was able to secure employment as a bookkeeper at the C.W.&M. Company where he worked for seven years.

On August 24, 1910, Ester Lanzen and Henry Johnson were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They had a wedding dinner at the home of Brother and Sister Axel B.C. Olson. That evening a group of their friends, mostly church converts from Sweden, gathered together in the home of Brother Raybould where they sang and played games until a late hour; then the whole group accompanied them to the train.

When they arrived in Idaho Falls, they were met by Henry's father, Gustaf, in a white-top buggy. Henry had purchased a five-acre parcel of land on First Street and was having a two-bedroom house built, but it was not yet finished, so they lived with his parents at first. A few weeks later they moved into their own home and set up housekeeping.

Henry had a desire to farm and in 1916 he purchased an eighty-acre farm on West Broadway on the west side of Idaho Falls. It had been farmed by his brother Albert. In the 1920's, the price of potatoes declined rapidly and by 1932 the great depression had hit and they faced foreclosure. By trading farms, he acquired a forty-acre farm north of Idaho Falls on the East River Road which enabled him to retain his equity and a foothold on the soil. Later, he was able to purchase another sixty-five acres adjoining the forty. This farm remained in the family for the next 64 years.

Estrid, Sigrid, and Kurt were born at the First Street home. Ingrid, Max, Margit, Sherwood and Grant were born at the home on the west side of Idaho Falls.

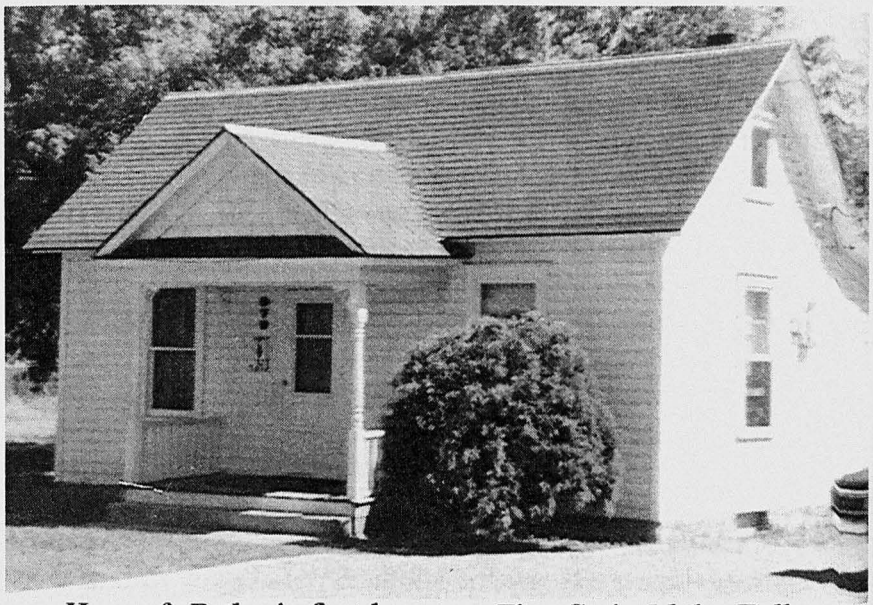
The church was an integral part of Henry's life and he held many stake and ward positions. In 1928, he was called to serve as bishop of the Idaho Falls First Ward and served until 1934. His tenure as bishop coincided with the great depression and involved a great deal of sacrifice. For financial reasons, it was necessary to sell the family car and he walked several miles to his church meetings. He always had time for the members of his ward who were experiencing financial or spiritual adversity and he would be gone Sundays from early in the morning until late at night and almost every night during the week.

Perhaps he was best known for his teaching in later years. His Sunday School class was famous and people would travel from other wards to attend. It was necessary to come early to get a seat. Henry was a highly intelligent scholar with a great gift of expression (as evidenced by his writing later in this book). An early riser all his life, he would spend several hours every day reading a great variety of material including books and newspapers, but his favorite study was the scriptures, and he knew them intimately. Edna Blaylock, a close friend and neighbor, referred to him as "one of the most highly intelligent individuals she had ever known." Whenever a question arose, he could nearly always find a scripture which gave the correct answer. Throughout his life he had a keen interest in genealogy and became a temple worker in the new Idaho Falls temple.

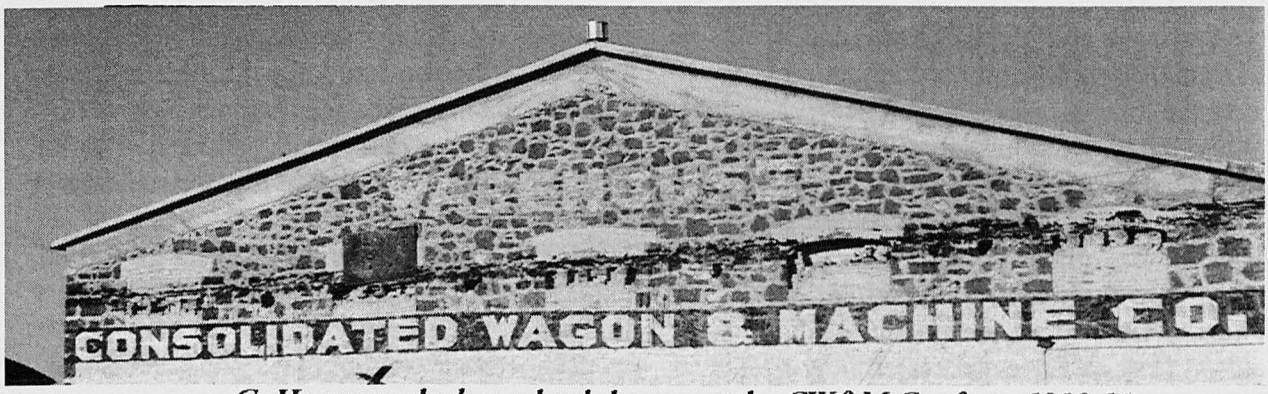
Although he was born in an era when it was not considered dignified for people to verbally express affection for their children, his fondness for them was obvious. He was



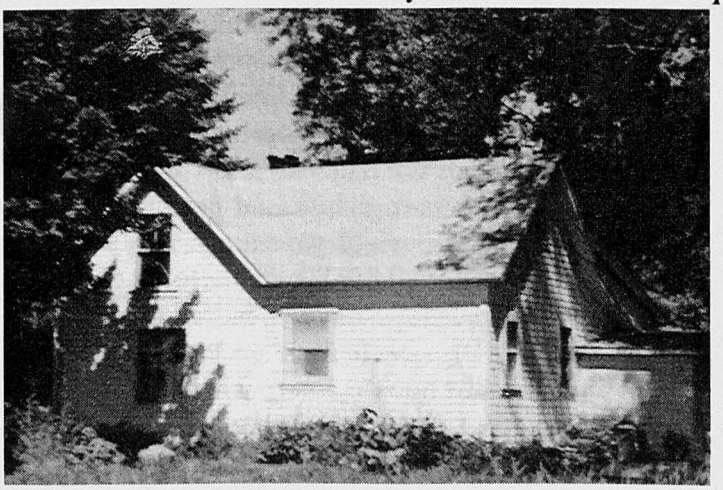
G. Henry irrigating spuds



Henry & Esther's first home on First St. in Idaho Falls. They lived here from 1910-16.



G. Henry worked as a book-keeper at the CW&M Co. from 1910-16.



New Sweden home (W. Broadway) 1916-32.



Home on East River Road - 1932-95.

gentle and loving, seldom becoming angry or losing his temper. He always had time to teach them and they loved him in return.

The love that Esther and Henry held for each other was as silent as it was deep. Though seldom verbalized, it was understood.

Henry also loved great music. He had a collection of good music -some classical, some of the great singers of his day - to which he listened whenever possible. He had a beautiful tenor voice and sang throughout his life. Besides singing in the tabernacle and ward choirs, he sang in a quartet with his brothers Oscar, Clarence, and Vernon. They were well known throughout the area and sang at hundreds of occasions.

The later years of his life were among his most content. As World War II brought the economy out of the depression, the grinding financial adversity they had experienced for so many years lessened. They still had good years and bad, but usually had sufficient for their needs. After the war, Henry turned most of the operation of the farm over to his sons, which allowed him more discretionary time which he spent doing temple and genealogical work.

When Henry was about 63 years of age, he was troubled with some persistent discomfort, and went to Dr. Mellor to have it checked out. Dr. Mellor referred him to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota, where he received the chilling news that he had terminal cancer and had just a few months to live. At that time, he wrote a beautifully expressive letter to his family of his feelings, which is recorded later in this book. Although he expressed envy as he watched some high school students walking past the hospital window, he seemed at peace with himself and God even as he wrote the letter. It was as though he had prepared for this moment all his life.

When he returned to Idaho Falls, he kept up a fast pace visiting relatives, friends and places of interest and seemed to enjoy every minute of it. He openly and calmly discussed his forthcoming departure from this life. He planned his funeral so that his wife would not be burdened with that responsibility. When he visited the Wood Funeral Home, he picked out a plain casket. Brother Wood said, "Henry, I won't let you be buried in that coffin" and as an expression of his esteem for him, gave him one of the best coffins for the price of a cheaper one.

As the end drew near, he entered the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital where he drew a steady stream of visitors. Those who came to comfort him were themselves comforted. His sister Rhoda's husband, Milo Hendricks, was in a room nearby and commented, "I've surely had a lot of visitors, because the people who come in to see Henry stop by and say 'hello' to me." Henry passed away on June 10, 1950. Those who were present as the end drew near, sensed that he felt the presence of those beyond the veil. At his funeral, the Tabernacle was overflowing with relatives and friends. His son Kurt said, "If the undertaker weeps at a funeral, then the deceased would have to be a very special person." He was.

The Savior said, "Where a man's treasure lies, there shall his heart be also." Henry Johnson had lessened interest in worldly possessions, sometimes to the point of exasperation to his children. His treasure was akin to the request made by Solomon, that he be granted wisdom. He clearly understood and taught through precept and example that the worth of a man's life is not defined by what he has, but by what he is.

That legacy has been passed on to his family and his family has become his legacy.

Henry's early school writings.

Idaho Falls, Ida,
Nov. 8, 1895.

Dear Teacher,-

I seems to get along in read ing all right, but in numbers I always get a few of them wrong. Spelling I sometimes get one or two wrong and I sometimes do not.

Monday it snowed till it was a foot deep. Lots of the children bring their sled's. Today we had fun in playing prison; there was one boy sat on the sled and held the prisinors. There were fours or five boys they called horses, and they played they took the prisinors to Boyse City to set them in prison.

I visited my Aunt Annie last month. This is all I have to tell.

Your pupil,
Henry Johnson.

Pussy Willow

1

Little pussy-willow hanging on the tree
Knew that pleasant spring had come.
And wished the sun to see.

2

Little pussy willow growing, Ah! so fast,
Found her seamless overcoat
Too small for her at last.

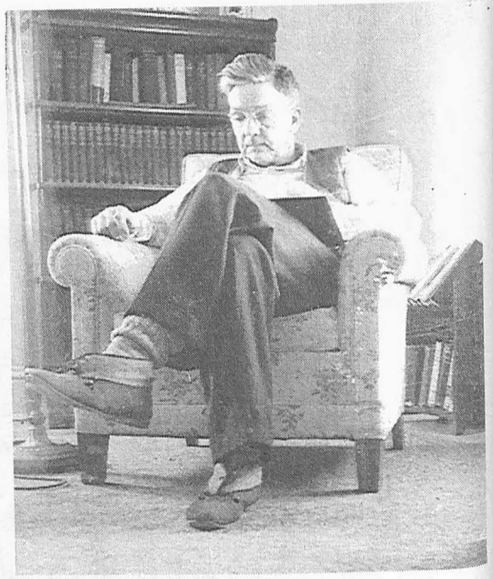
3

Faster and faster grew Pussy, alack!
Till she split her overcoat
Right up the back.

4

Then she put on a dress of silver gray fur
And it almost seemed
As if she must purr.

R 5 Idaho Falls, Ida 11/3/[illegible]



Dear Sigrid and Ingrid:

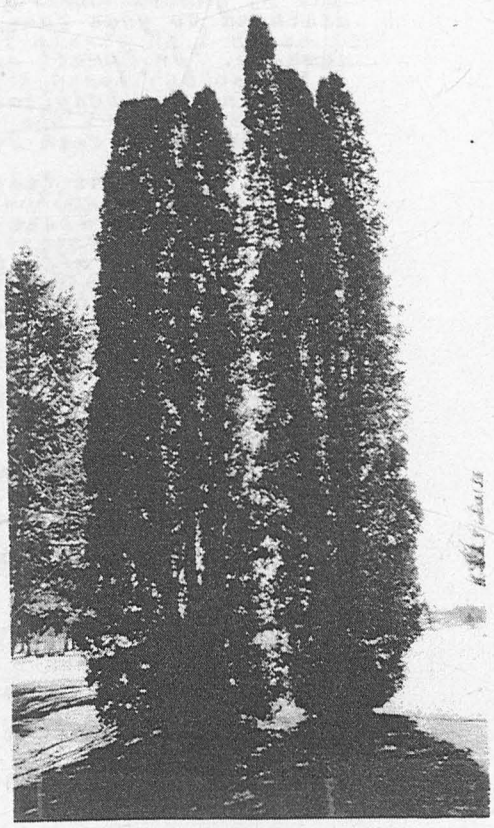
We were very happy to read your last letters and learn how you are progressing. It does not seem long since mamma worked at Salt Lake and I came down at Conference time to see her. And the winter I attended the L.D.S. Business College and lived at 15th West between 2nd and 3rd So. and mamma worked on 18th East on First Ave. And did she have a snooty boss? She didn't permit her hired girl to receive her boy friend at the front door He was supposed to go to the back door and be received in the kitchen. And was I burned up? A free born American citizen treated like that – but I always went to the front door anyway. The training and experience you are now getting should be very valuable to you – making for understanding and sympathy. College sororities and fraternities are breeding places for snobbery. Snobbery is a social curse and contrary to the spirit of the church. If you have an opportunity read King Benjamin's address to his people on this subject. Mosiah 2: 25-26. Mosiah 4: 16-23.

Grandma Johnson had her turn at walking out when she came to Utah. She walked at Logan at the time and was from 10 to 11 years old.

Well I can't say any more, "How is el Sidi and Dori?" When I used to say "Is this lil Sidi? I can still see that little nod and smile. Mamma and I do not seem older in spirit but our interests are enlarged to include yours. So whatever you do is of vital interest to us. Kurt has written two interesting letters from Stockholm which we will send to you.

Our potatoes and beets are all harvested but not sold. The potato price has not been so very high yet but we are hoping for a better market so we can sell some. We have not sold any hay either. Everything waiting for the outcome of the election. We voted today. We want to send you some money. Kurt will soon need some more.

The weather has cooled down the last few days. Max is a football enthusiast now. Amy Lundendall wonders why you do not write them? Goodnight. Stick to your guns. Love from us all. Daddy and the family.





TAKEN BY A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER IN ROCHESTER, MN

Rochester, Minnesota
March 29, 1950
7 a.m. Mayo Clinic

Dear Folks at home:

The "Hand of death" is upon my shoulder. I look away but the gnawing in my vitals reminds me that "He" has a point in "His" favor. Dr. Emmett, in a few words said, "Your situation is very serious, a malignancy exists." I said, "you mean a cancerous condition? "Yes, he replied, we find your prostates not the cause of your trouble, but the right testicle is affected and has affected other surrounding areas, Dr Facnell will have charge of your case and I will be there with him. We will arrange for your hospitalization." Then he walked out. Dr Dearing came in next. He said briefly, "Dr. Emmett has talked to you and told you of our findings?" I said yes. "Dr Facnell, who will be assinged to your case will also see you." And he walked out. Dr Facnell next came in. "Dr Emmett and Dearing have talked to you?" I said yes. "We are arranging for hospitalization, you will go to the third floor and get your appointment at desk 23, and when to report to the hospital. We will have to remove your right testicle and then will apply x-ray treatment to the affected areas. These treatments are usually successful depending on the location of the affected areas. In your case the condition is favorable, we'll see you later." And he walked out.

My eyes see the world in a new light. I walked out on the street. A throng of boys and girls came stringing out of school on their way home, carrying books on their arms. They laugh and talk happily. The girls, bare-legged with short sox and sloppy low heeled shoes on their feet, long overcoats with the same kind of haindo. The boys in rolled up pants and clacky lowtop shoes. Serious and important and individualistic, as peas in a pod!

Three hours later, in a resigned mood I go to the post office expecting nothing and have letters from home and from Grant. Tears come to my eyes as I learn all is well with you. I want to cry. I am continuing here at a desk in the Clinic Annex while people are working around and nurses are

calling names for appointments in the adjacent offices.

I know the routine in my special department. The Doctor fills out a form and asks, "do you have to get up often in the night?" About three or four times, I reply. "Do you have difficulty in starting?, in other words, do you have to strain to empty the bladder?" No, I say. "Does the stream flow freely?" Yes, I say. As the patients come and go the same questions with varying answers continue day in and day out. I was put thru the same routine by five or six doctors. Thus nothing of importance is overlooked.

I have been to a number of eating places. In every place young women, stenos, sales girls, ect, sit drinking a coke and smoking a cigarette and gazing dreamily thru the smoke and later drinking coffee without sugar or cream out of a heavy mug, sometimes like a shaving mug. It is as rare to see a young woman ordering a meal and eating real food as to to see an old fashioned ankle length dress with long sleeves and high neck. And all this is taking place over the length and breadth of the land, because no one dares to be different, and yet each person flatters herself with the idea that she is individualist, like a kernel of corn on a cob. I can better understand what Solomon wrote in his old age. "All is vanity."

A woman looking like Anna Pauker, the communist woman leader in the Balkans, comes swinging by me with rapid and swift stride as I creep along. I feel that she must drink carrott juice for breakfast or eat vitamin pills to maintain her vibrant vitality as she looks at me with a pitying glance.

Three middle aged men, robust and successful looking, doctors or lawyers, stride along and discuss with important expressions the scores and merits of some of their favorite ball teams and players. Out of my eyes all of these things seem so trivial and unimportant.

I walk in the grocery store. A young wife is leading a child of which she is justly proud, and acts as though she is the sole originator and creator of the same, she walks about the store, selects a package of this or a bunch of that, some green vegetables, some fresh fruit and brings a basketful to the counter as proud as though she were especially intelligent in making these selections. Her husband digs up a pocketful of bills and with dignity discharges the account and the little family gets into a swanky car and drives away. How little each of us has to do with the benefits we enjoy in this world.

The intelligent effort of countless other people and forces and intelligence beyond this world are responsible for all these benefits. Humility is a quality we develop when we learn to appraise ourselves properly in relation to these things. Thus in this life we experience the opposites ' to gain a clearer understanding of things. One writer has said, How insignificant is man and yet how like the Gods. The Bible says, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." This is a rather morbid discourse but I wanted to get it off my chest.

It is noon now and the waiting room is about empty. People come in again after dinner. All the time I have been writing people and attendants have been talking and coming and going. A load has been lifted since getting your letter. In an hour I report to the Colonial Hospital. How helpless we are in matters dealing with life and death. Tomorrow the operation and treatments commence that will determine my status in these matters. I appreciate the faith and prayers of you at home. I feel at peace and know that by faith the power of the Lord will be made manifest in our behalf.

God bless you all, Pop

ps. It will be some days before I write



When G. Henry returned from the Mayo Clinic in April, 1950, Esther and some of Henry's brothers and their wives met him in Salt Lake City. Here they are on Temple Square. Front: Ambrose's Wife Leta, Carl's Wife Mildred, Esther, Reuben's Wife Christine - Back: Carl, G. Henry, Reuben, Ambrose



Threshing time on the Johnson farm - about 1947.
L. to R.: G. Henry, Max, Grant, Kurt, Sherwood; Ruby and Gustaf in the car.



The Johnson Brothers' Quartet sang at innumerable church meetings, funerals, and family gatherings in the 1930s & 40s.
L. to R.: Vernon, G. Henry, Oscar, Clarence.



Gustaf Johnson - 1940s.


God Jul!
JENNY NYSTRÖM

I.b. LIFE HISTORY OF ESTHER MARIA LANZEN JOHNSON

I am Esther Maria Lanzen Johnson, born in Stockholm, Sweden, the 18th of October, 1887, on Dalagatan 42. We lived there about a year and then moved to Dobelnsgatan 48; lived there another year and moved to Surbrunnsgatan 35. We lived in what was called a flat and my childhood was spent there. I had many pleasant childhood experiences and many friends and playmates. We amused ourselves by playing school and we played a lot of games. Also, there was a park about a block away where we had a good time.

During school vacation in those years, I used to go out in the country and visit my relatives, especially an aunt in Ronna, Biskopskulla, and in later years, my grandmother at Orsundskvarn, who lived in a white cottage near the edge of the woods. To get there, I would travel fifty miles on a steamer which would glide peacefully over the still blue waters. I loved getting up early in the morning so that I could go into the woods to play, and later on in the evening I would get to bring the cows home. I enjoyed it there so much, learning to swim and participating in the activities of the country.

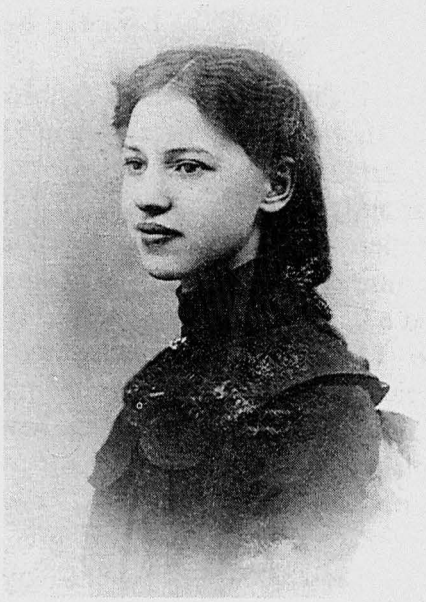
At the age of seven, I started school and finished in seven years - fourteen courses, they called it. I liked school and was especially interested in art. I would sketch by the hour. After I got out of school in 1902, I started working for a seamstress, running errands and helping with different things around her house. One of my duties was to deliver clothes to different people around town and sometimes went up to the king's palace with clothes for ladies-in-waiting and such. While I was working for the seamstress, I had a sickness that made me unconscious for a couple of days. We never did know what kind of sickness it was and I have been wondering many times what it could have been. The hours were very long and my mother thought the work was too heavy for me, so I didn't go back there. In 1904, I went to work in a jewelry store as an errand girl and later became a clerk and was there four-and-a-half years. The work there was most enjoyable. My employer was kind and often gave me gifts from the store. Since I wasn't especially fond of jewelry, I usually gave these gifts away to friends.

I had one older brother, Henning. Although he was seven years older than I, we were very close. He watched lovingly over me, especially when our parents would go visit in the country and leave us alone in the city. He often gave me beautiful little gifts and seemed to know just what would please me. I remember especially the day he bought me a comb, a circular one that stood high on the head and made me appear to be a sophisticated young lady, although I was only twelve years old. I loved him very much and it was a great tragedy when Henning died at the age of nineteen. He went to the hospital with appendicitus, and after getting out, contracted consumption (tuberculosis), which was common then and later died from this. I was at his side during most of his illness. The gospel brought me much comfort at this time, although it took a great deal of time for me to begin to heal from this sorrow.

Before going to the L.D.S. Sunday School, I went to a sectarian church that met in the same building where we lived. As I was too small - about seven - to go with my



G. Henry on mission to Sweden 1905-08



Young Ester Lanzen - about 1905



Ester - coming to America - Nov. 1908



Ester working at the jewelry store on Kungsgatan in downtown Stockholm 1904-08

father to church, I went there for a year instead. The L.D.S. Church met in what we called "salen" on Hornsgatan 80 until they built the chapel on Svartensgatan 3. There were times when my father and I walked four miles to get to church each Sunday. The church at Svartensgatan 3 was built high on a hill which overlooked Stockholm. We took an elevator up several stories to get to a walkway that led over to the top of the hill where the chapel was. It was an inspiring sight to look below at the lush green parks and the boats moving along the placid lakes.

In 1897, when I was nine, I was baptized a member of the L.D.S. Church and attended church faithfully at the Stockholm Branch until emigrating to America. It grieved me that my mother never joined the church. My mother belonged to the Lutheran Church and wished that I be confirmed in that church. My father asked Joseph Cannon, who was presiding elder in the branch in the Stockholm District, what he thought of it. Elder Cannon said it wouldn't hurt anything, and so when I was fourteen or fifteen years old, I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church.

During my membership in the Stockholm Branch, I belonged to the choir, was a Relief Society teacher, and secretary to the Mutual and Sunday School. The young people and the missionaries used to get together at the church, socializing, etc., just as they do now. We spent glorious days hiking in the woods, walking in the parks and boating over the beautiful lakes of Sweden. At the Stockholm Branch, I met a young missionary, Gustav Henry Johnson. He was a twenty-year-old missionary who would spend the next fifteen months in Stockholm as mission secretary. When we met, he delivered greetings from a former missionary friend. We immediately became good friends, and there came to be a little secret understanding between us, but there never was anything said about it until after he was released as mission secretary.

He went down to visit relatives in the southern part of Sweden. While there, he wrote back to the president, Peter Mattsson, and asked if it would be permissible to write to me. Permission was granted, so he wrote a letter and asked if I would be interested in marriage. However, according to missionary regulations, mail had to go through the mission president. President Mattsson came to the chapel one night as we were having singing practice. As I was standing singing, he called me down and we sat right in front of the choir below the rostrum. I asked what he wanted me for and he said that he had received a letter from Gustav asking if I would be interested in marriage. Of course I was flustered, not being prepared at such a time and place. It was embarrassing right in front of the whole crowd. However, my answer was "yes," and we exchanged letters about seven months before he went home. This was in the fall of 1907 and we became engaged in February 1908.

Henry went home in March 1908. He farmed for a year at the Lincoln farm, near Idaho Falls, which belonged to his father and which he rented. He made enough money for the ticket for me, so I came over in the latter part of November 1908 on the English ship Titania. Our trip was very pleasant as there were a few immigrants and several returning missionaries on the ship. One of the missionaries was John Anderson of Logan. His father was mayor of Logan for several years. Gertrude Anderson was a girl from Norrkoping who came over then. She went to Boise for a few years and returned to Sweden and didn't come back again. Her mother died and she went back to take care of her father. Another missionary was from Denmark, Brother Bengston. I can't remember the others, but there were a few.

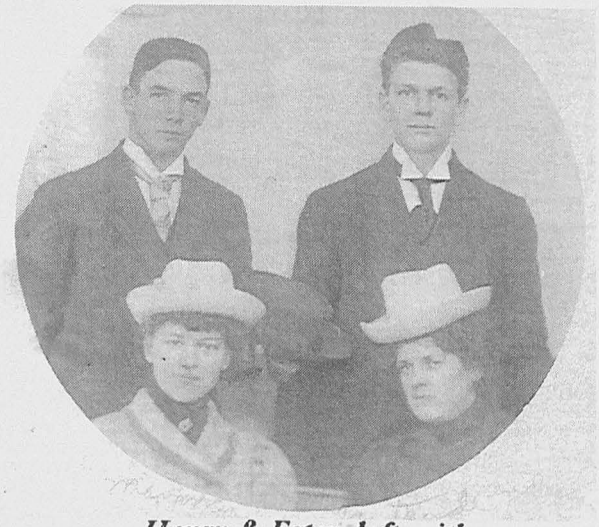
When Henry first came to Salt Lake, he



Ester with friend in Swedish national dress.



Young Ester in SLC - Abt. 1909



Henry & Ester, left, with friends, the Andersons.



Ester and lifelong friend, Amy Blomquist (Lundevall), in swimming attire.

started to go to L.D.S. business College, but hadn't been there more than three months when he contacted smallpox and was very ill with that. It was necessary for him to go to an isolation hospital (called the "pest house") for a month. After that, it was time to go home to start spring work, so he didn't go back to school.

Before leaving Sweden, I had quite a lot of good clothes, but I was told not to take too much with me because you could buy everything so cheaply over here. I was told not even to take a winter coat as the winters weren't so hard over here. Fortunately, I had taken a new coat with me, anyway, and was glad to have it as it was cold and there was a lot of snow. I gave away the clothes that I left at home, but later wished I had them with me because I didn't make very much money.

The first job I had was with a family named Raymonds, where I started out at $2.00 a week and later got $2.50. My schedule was rigid; up at six o'clock in the morning and working until way late at night every day. Even on Sunday, I didn't get off until seven or eight o'clock. I remember the first day off (all girls were supposed to have a day off and didn't even have to go back to get supper, but I had only two or three hours off.) I hadn't been there but a few weeks and decided to visit a family, John Johnsons. They had let me stay with them the first three days when I came to Salt Lake. I didn't know my way around yet. I went up on the streetcar to town, but when it came time to take one home, I didn't know which one, so I walked all those blocks on South Temple to 12th East. I was late for supper and the lady scolded me for not getting back on time. The language barrier made it impossible to explain anything. I was there for six months and then went to do housework at another place for people called Raybould at 5th South and West Temple. They were very good people and treated me so differently. I enjoyed myself very much there and worked for them until I got married. They even let me have my wedding party there.

Henry and I were married on the 24th of August, 1910, in the Salt Lake Temple. We had a nice party and I can remember a few who were there - Mr. and Mrs. Engdahl, their daughter Augusta, Amy Lundevall, Agnes Anderson, Agda Blomquist, Maria Svensson and a few others. We enjoyed music from a phonograph, a rare treat for that time. Then that night when we took the train home to Idaho Falls, they all came down to the train, threw rice on us and bade us goodbye.

For the first five years of our marriage, we lived east of Idaho Falls in a new little home of only two rooms. Later, we added one more room. Estrid, Sigrid and Kurt were born there. In 1916, we moved west of town to New Sweden (West Broadway), where we had an 80-acre farm. In 1932, we moved to the present farm, two miles north of Idaho Falls. Five children were born to us while we lived in New Sweden - Ingrid, Max, Margit, Sherwood, and Grant.

It was two years after our marriage before I came back to Salt Lake, in 1912. Estrid was born in September, 1911, so she was seven months old when we visited in Salt Lake and stayed a couple of weeks with friends - Blomquists, Amy Lundevall's parents. Then I didn't get back again until 1917 and had three children then - took Sigrid and Kurt with me to Salt Lake. They got measles while there, so I had to stay a whole month. They were very ill, especially Sigrid, so we were very worried. We had Thanksgiving dinner with the Forsberg family.

When we lived east of Idaho Falls, Henry worked at the CW&M Co. as bookkeeper for six years, so I was left alone a great deal. In

those days, the church had meetings every night of the week, almost - Monday, Priesthood Meeting; Tuesday, Mutual; Wednesday, choir practice; Thursday was usually a union meeting or some other kind of meeting; Friday was usually a party; Saturday was the only night home - for baths. Sunday, he was usually gone all day, being on the Sunday School Stake Board and Mutual Stake Board. At that time, they had to travel by horse, sometimes travelling seventeen miles to hold those meetings and he didn't get home until late at night. So I visited Grandpa Johnsons' quite often during the week and Sundays until we got too many children and I couldn't get around very good. They lived only about a half mile from our place.

Grandpa Johnson had made a contract with a Mr. Jacobsen, a potato buyer who lived in town and who owned the place in New Sweden. Grandpa Johnson farmed it for one year and Albert, Henry's brother, farmed it for one year and then handed it over to us. Henry had been working in the office at the CW&M Co. for six years. He was kind of soft at farming. First of all, he had to go out and irrigate and it was hard on him. We had fifty acres of hay to put up right away when we moved there in June. There were six men to cook for, besides three children to manage. It rained so much, the hired men had to stay for three weeks and we had to have beds for them. They had to stay right in as there wasn't transportation to take them back to town. Kurt, the baby, was ten months old and crawled around. He didn't feel good and was cross and I was in a hurry all the time, fixing meals for men, chopping wood and trying to keep things going. I wasn't used to that kind of work, either. I used to go out and chop wood while the men were eating dinner, so I could have the water hot for doing dishes and washing clothes between meals. The men would come out, one by one, and say, "Mrs. Johnson, do you have to chop wood?" No one offered to take the axe and get the wood chopped.

Henry was too busy out in the field to have time to move everything from the other place, so we left coal there and had no alternative but to chop wood. When he brought our cow over, the first day she laid down and died, so we were without milk. We couldn't get my washing machine over for about three weeks, so when we did get it over, it was all dried out and fell to pieces. I had to scrub clothes on a washboard all summer. We had to keep men on all summer, with haying and building a new potato cellar. Then on top of it all, we had company for two weeks.

At the end of the haying season, Mary Anderson, her mother that had just come over from Sweden, and her little boy came and stayed for two weeks. Of course, we didn't have the house fixed up as I would have liked. Flies were around and it was not very pleasant. Nevertheless, we had a good time. Then came October, when we were getting potatoes in, and we had eight or ten men working and I had to cook for them. In winter was potato sorting, so there were two men to cook for. All the time there was hired help to care for.

It got a little better year after year. In 1920, we got the water into the house; in 1921, the electricity; after a couple of years, the telephone, the furnace, and the house remodelled. Five of our children were born there - Ingrid in 1918, Max in 1920, Margit in 1921, Sherwood in 1924, and Grant in 1928. Of course, it always added a little more work as they came. Then in 1929 came the depression and it was a struggle. As we didn't get anything for our crops, it was hard to make a go of it, so we traded for

a farm - 40 acres - north of town, and that was clear. Later, we added 65 acres that were next to our farm on the north.

(The house on this farm had no electricity, no well water, no bathroom, and no central heating system. A telephone was soon added, and eventually a gas-powered washing machine. Wash water was hauled from the creek, drinking water from the neighbors, and light was provided by kerosene lamps. Wood and coal provided heat for cooking and warmth from the kitchen stove and a large heater in the living room. What substituted for the bathroom was in three parts; the wash basin was on a low, small table in the corner, baths were taken in a tin tub by the stove (or in the creek when the weather was warm enough) and a path led to the privy out in back. Electricity came to the farm in 1937, well water in 1948, bathrooms about 1950, and several years later, when Max was running the farm, a coal furnace was added to heat the house. Editor.)

Those were hard years, starting all over again. The winters were long and cold with lots of snow. My father lived with us at that time. He had come over in 1916 in the fall and had been very helpful, carrying water, doing odd jobs, and helping with the children. He also built some furniture and things like sleds and wagons for the children. He lived with us sixteen years and passed away the first part of December 1933. He was in pretty good health up until about three years before he passed away. At the time of his death, he was almost 86. He was always pleasant to have around, as he was congenial and had a pleasing personality.

When we left the New Sweden farm in 1932 and moved to the present place north of Idaho Falls, we had 7,000 sacks of very nice potatoes in the cellar. We couldn't sell them as there was no price for potatoes. They were left and the neighbors hauled them out for pig feed. When we moved to the place north of town, there were several thousand sacks of potatoes in the cellar there, so we used them for our pig feed. No produce was worth anything. A 100-lb. pig sold for four or five dollars. Hay was worth only about $3.00 a ton; grain and about everything else was about the same. We had about fifteen cows when we moved. The day we moved - March 2, 1932 - the weather was extremely cold, about 16 degrees below zero and there was very much snow piled up. All winter long, it was cold. The men had to sit in an open tin shed to milk the cows, and then haul the milk to town. We got $1.00 for a ten-gallon can of milk. That wasn't much on which to support eleven people; but times improved here, too, as the years went by.

Kurt went on a mission to Sweden in 1936. Max was going on a mission, too, but because of a bad heart condition, he was turned down. So he stayed home and worked on the farm. Ingrid went on a mission in 1944, Margit in 1946, Sigrid in 1947 and Grant in 1948. Kurt, Margit and Grant filled missions in Sweden; Ingrid in the North Central States Mission; and Sigrid in the Eastern States Mission near New York City. I am thankful to my father, that he accepted the gospel, and to the missionaries who came over from Utah to give the gospel to the people of Sweden. I am grateful to have been born in the church to work out my salvation. I am thankful that all my children take an interest in the church and are converted to the truth and pray that they may be steadfast in the faith, which I am sure they will. I pray that I may never depart therefrom. I pray the Lord's blessings on all of us, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Note: This story has been typed from a tape taken in 1960 by Melvin R. Blomquist.

* * * * *

Ingrid Johnson Anderson, Esther's daughter, also recorded her mother's life story in 1941. The following paragraphs from Ingrid's record have some of Esther's experiences not given above:

When Esther was 16, a girl came into Stockholm from the country. She resembled a gay Parisienne with her dark hair, gay plumes and swishing skirts. She was attracted to Esther, a girl somewhat younger than she. Her brother, a young and handsome young man, worked at a bar, and he associated with a rather risque group of young people. They often asked Esther to attend parties with them, but she felt unhappy when with them and declined.

One night they asked her to go on an all-night boat ride with them. She finally consented when they promised that they would be dignified. It was at the time of the midnight sun, when there is twilight all night long in Sweden. She soon regretted her decision, however, because the group became heavily intoxicated and swayed the boat from side to side. The night finally ended, and she arrived home just in time to rush to work. Later, she severed her relationship with them and began a pleasant association with the young people in the Stockholm Branch of the Church.

These young people went out early to the parks to enjoy the freshness of the mornings. In the springtime they took long walks when the wild flowers were in full bloom. Gustav Henry was able to enjoy this association because he worked in the mission office. He often told his children that he was attracted to Esther because of the way she curled her hair and the pretty blue suit she wore. Later, when they became better acquainted, this feeling of attraction deepened into affection.

Robert Hesler, a talented young violinist, had also taken a decided interest in her. He was a rather moody person and would lock himself in his room for hours and play his violin. He asked her to be his bride and said he would build them a pretty white house on a hill and would give her many comforts. He couldn't understand why she chose to go to America to marry a missionary and perhaps leave behind security and comfort.

Going to America was such an adventure for a young girl of twenty-one, leaving a well-ordered home and a loving father and mother, to go to a strange land and know not what awaited her. The power of love overruled all of her fears, however.

When she arrived in Salt Lake City, she couldn't speak any English, of course, so the only employment she could find was doing housework. Her first employer was "haughty" and felt that since Esther had come from a foreign country, she was far inferior to her. That was a shock to Esther after having received such kindly treatment in Sweden. However, she thought that all working girls were treated in that manner in America, so said nothing.

The first day of work, a Negro woman in the home held up five fingers and tried to tell her something, but she didn't understand until later that the Negress was advising her to demand $5.00 a week in wages, and she accepted only $2.50. Though inexperienced, she assumed full responsibility in managing the household.

Of course, she desired to learn the English language, as did two of the girls who had come from Sweden with her. They attended the 12th-13th Ward and there met a young girl, Olga Olsen (later to become Mrs. Olga Swanson of SLC. She and Esther became close life-time friends.) Olga wished to help them and took them to night school at the LDS Business College.

Olga explained to the teachers that the

girls had just come from Sweden and were desirous of learning the English language. However, the teacher treated them as she treated the other members of the class, asking them to read some of Shakespeare's works that first evening. They had learned to read some simple English works in their classes in Sweden, but to read Shakespeare was somewhat different. It was so difficult to glean anything from those classes that the girls soon dropped out. Esther disliked going shopping, because the clerks could not understand her wants, and they often laughed at her. However, with determination, she learned the language.

Life had been comfortable in Sweden. While making preparations for the journey to America, some cousins told her that her clothes would be out of style in America, and that she could buy some here for much less than in Sweden - so she gave most of her wardrobe to them. Imagine her chagrin when the styles that had been worn in the old country did not even arrive here for awhile, they were expensive, and she did not earn enough money to buy them.

Olga Olsen was a true and loyal friend. It angered her to see how unfair Esther's employer was, so she found another household for her. Here the people were very kind, the environment was cheerful, and the work was enjoyable. In 1909, Henry left SLC to go to Idaho Falls, after having a hard time finding employment in Salt Lake. He obtained a position as bookkeeper in a mercantile establishment there. Esther worked in Salt Lake until her marriage.

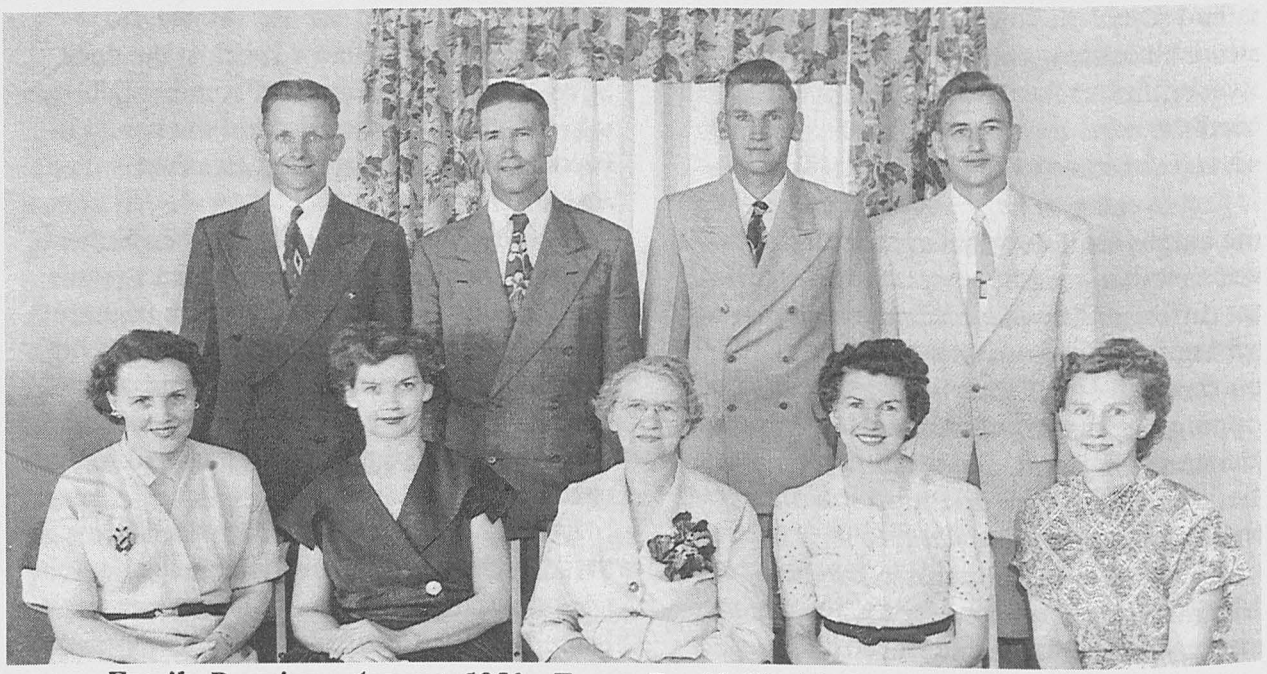
In their new home in Idaho Falls, the neighbors were very kind to the newlyweds, so Esther did not get lonesome in this new environment. One cold day, she was crossing a stream of water. The footbridge was icy and she slipped into the cold stream. She climbed out quickly and hurried home before anyone could see her. However, immediately there came a knock at the door. Several of the neighbors had seen her fall into the stream and were afraid she would become ill, so they came to offer their assistance.

Shortly after their marriage, when Esther was home alone, the windows began to rattle and the house began to shake. This frightened her very much, of course. It turned out that Henry's brothers and their friends were out "maying." They were quite repentant when they learned how much they had frightened her.

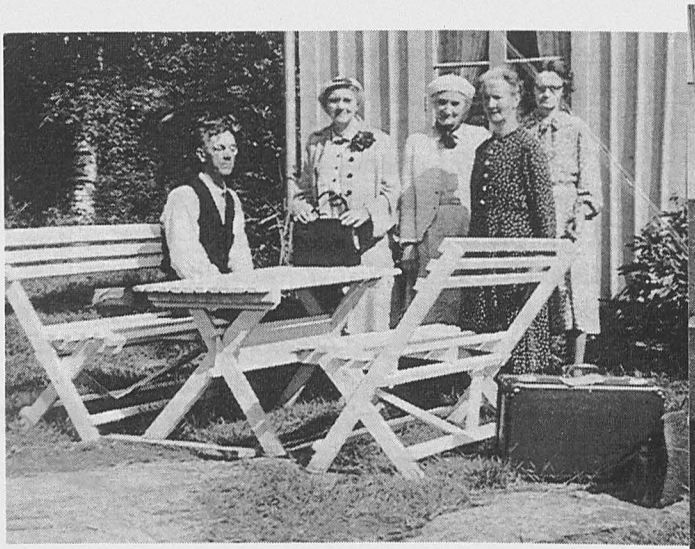
After they moved to the farm in New Sweden, there were many hired helpers to cook for and many visitors. Sometimes entire families came and stayed for weeks. About every two years, a new baby came into the home, until there were eight children in all. The responsibility of caring for them with such limited means was no small task. Henry often remarked that he marvels how she retained her patience and sweetness through all the years after having suffered such periods of struggle and disappointment.

The new farm north of Idaho Falls brought with it more struggles and hard work, but mother didn't become discouraged. Each year, when there were plans to make a profit from the labors of the previous months and disappointments came instead, she did not give up hope. She would say, "Next time it will be better." That philosophy characterized her life, helping her to remain cheerful through many trials. Her unselfishness and kindness are notable, for her life was spent in giving to others. When we were children, often we'd bring unexpected guests home for Sunday dinner, and sometimes there would be several extra guests. She always seemed to be prepared and welcomed them.

She has always been a kind mother, a



Family Reunion - August, 1953. Front: Estrid, Sigrid, Esther, Ingrid, Margit
Back: Kurt, Max, Sherwood, Grant
(Grant came home on leave from the USMC to attend the reunion.)



Esther at Henry's relatives, Vallby-Vastra, Sweden, 1956. L. To R. - Artur Fransson, Esther, Anna Ahlquist, Ruth Fransson, Gretta Ekblom



Esther (right) with relatives near Uppsala, Sweden, 1956.

sweet and devoted companion to her husband; an unselfish giver to all who came to her door. Our mother and our father have always been sweethearts, their love being deepened by the years. How proud I am that I was privileged to be brought into the world and reared by such a dear mother, and may God help me to live a life that will be worthy of her.

Tribute by Valerie Benson Christenson, Great Granddaughter

The struggles and hard work continued on the farm, but Grandma Johnson never complained or allowed herself to become discouraged. When times were rough, she never gave up hope. As the years passed by, she was never idle--there was always work to do, and she kept busy the whole day long. She watched her children grow up, go on missions, get married, and raise children of their own. In 1956, she had the opportunity to go back to Sweden, the homeland she had left nearly fifty years earlier. She discovered that everything had changed, but she did have the opportunity to reunite with a cousin and other relatives she hadn't seen for many years. She stayed in Sweden several months and generally enjoyed her time there. Sadly, however, her stay was marred by the fact that she fell on some steps onboard the ship going over and broke her leg. She was laid up all that time in Sweden with her leg in a cast.

After she returned from the trip, she continued to recuperate from the fall, but never was as spry as she had been before. She later was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. She lived with family members until she needed full-time care and went to live in the Idaho Falls LDS Nursing Home. She was content there, and her devoted family stopped by many times to talk to her and care for her. She enjoyed listening to the Tabernacle Choir each Sunday, and after one broadcast made the comment that she wouldn't be there to listen to the choir the next week. Her prediction came true, for she fell into a coma a few days later and quietly passed away on the morning of May 27, 1968, at the age of 80.

Esther Maria Lanzen Johnson may have left this mortal existence many years ago, but her kind, quiet influence and wonderful example live on to influence those who knew her and to inspire future generations who learn about her. Her life was spent in kind and unselfish service to others. She always welcomed all who came into her home, and had an uplifting word for everyone. One of her favorite sayings was: "Next time it will be better."

The gospel was always the center of her life, and a few years before she died, she bore this testimony: "I am thankful to my father that he accepted the gospel and to the missionaries who came over from Utah to give the gospel to the people over there (Sweden). I am thankful that all my children take an interest in the church and are converted to the truth and pray that they may be steadfast in the faith, which I am sure they will. I pray that I may never depart therefrom. I pray the Lord's blessings on all of us."

It is my hope that I will stand firm to my own testimony so that when I reach the other side, I can be with my dear great grandmother. I will embrace her, and thank her with all my heart for teaching me what it means to truly endure and to live a Christlike life.

Här är kraft i lifvets strid.
Här är nåd och fröjd och frid.-

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

Tag, o, tag de rika häfvor!

Tag dem, ty de äro dina! Himmelrikets sköna
gäfvor Herren skiftar åt de sina. Blif hans eger
Han är kvar, när allt annat flyktat har.

Johannes folkskola den 29 april 1901.

Ester Lanzén. H. 1

A sample of Esther's precise handwriting as a school pupil in 1901.



School pupil Ester Lanzen

Translation:

Here is power in life's battle.
Here is grace and joy and peace.
Take, oh, take the rich gifts!
Take them, for they are yours!
Heaven's beautiful gifts The Lord
bestows upon His own.
Become His own! He remains
when all else has gone away.

Johannes Public School 29 April 1901

Ester Lanzen

Letter Esther wrote to Grant in Sweden
after G. Henry's funeral.

Idaho Falls June 16th. 50

Dearest Grant.

All week I have been trying to get at this but have not succeeded. We doubt you have by now recieved the letters written by some of the family as have recieved the sad news about Papai passing away.

It is hard to realize he really is gone and not coming back here to us. It is not easy to take but we have to make the best of it. We are thankful though for the faith and understanding we have, that we have something to look forward to, if we like so many didn't believe we would meet again we would have reason to grief. Papa left us sooner than we thought but he was prepared to go.

He was not afraid to face death but was cheerful and talked and joked almost to the last.

He was home until just about a week before he left. He needed special attention we couldn't give him at home like oxygen and sedatives given by doctors. We are happy he didn't have to suffer much. Really didn't have any pain from the cancer.

A few weeks ago the Templeworkers and Highpriesthoorum and some others met together for a special session in the Temple in Papas behalf. In prayercircle they asked that he might be spared pain. Also Dr Clark came out one morning and gave him a blessing also asking he may not suffer. He did have so much fluid in the body that was distressing and his breathing was affected towards the last but as I recall didn't hurt

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lung.

The funeral was last Tuesday at Tabernacle and was the most beautiful service I ever attended and so did everybody else I think, it was commented on everywhere how wonderful it was. I am sending the program and you may have chance to hear it as it was recorded and we are talking about sending it over for you and Clarence to hear. The Tabernacle was filled to the last seat. Papa had asked that no flowers be given but if anyone wished to contribute to the 7th ward building fund could do so. There was a lot of beautiful flowers anyway and over $300 there so far been given to the Church. By the time Church matches it will be quite a lot.

The casket was also the most fine you could get. Papa went to Jack Wood sometime ago to arrange things, and he didn't want a very expensive one but Bro Wood said he wanted him to have the very best for the same price as the other. He was so pleased so beautifully and looked so wonderful, everything was perfect. The girls and husbands and babies came home, also Sigrid. Pres. Blanquists left their fine car for them to travel in. The babies were only little over 3 weeks old. They left Weds. but Gertrud and three youngest children have been staying here. I will be leaving with them but might for Salt Lake. Thought I would stay a few days. Gladys and Albert also were here. Clair came too but went to Logan and got married that day to a Logan girl. Mathilda came up from Salt Lake the week before. Ambrose, Reuben and Christine came from down there. Yes, Papa had a funeral that was fitting for him, everybody showed and said in words and deeds how much they

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thought of him.

Recieved another letter from you yest. and a nice one. Surley enjoyed hearing what is going on in your dayly undertakings. I sent letter and money a week ago I am not sending any this time but will send it has finally warmed up so huge things will grow now after being so late with everything. The boys still busy, always something to do. They have set up in Dairy-business now, milking 8 cows. They got an old milking machine from Angel Haraldsen, works fine after getting fixed up. Selling milk to Fellantone creamery.

A sad thing happened Wednesday night Quinten Brown, got electracuted, he is son to Vern Browns, was married and had two children. He was down at Blackfoot helping fix a pump when it happened. We never know when is next It is getting nearer and nearer to your dear Celebration, must be going to be a realday. I suppose you will soon be leaving for there.

I am changing my mind about money, will send twenty dollars now as I understand you will have extra expences. I guess it doesnt make much different if I send it now or later as you send what you don't need to use, I know. I hope you will be able to carry on your work in usual way the rest of the time. Our thoughts are always with you and pray the Lord will be with you and comfort you at this time.

Must close now. With love. Mama

Scenes from Beautiful Stockholm, Sweden, "Venice of the North"



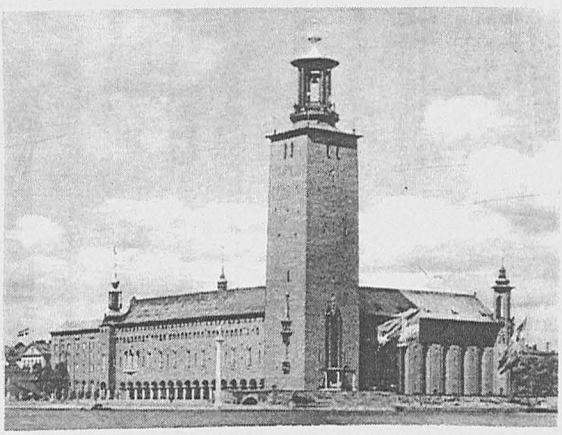
Top center is "Hissen"- the Elevator. Young Ester Lanzen and her father used this free-standing elevator and walkway to go to the Stockholm LDS Chapel on the hill to the right of the picture.



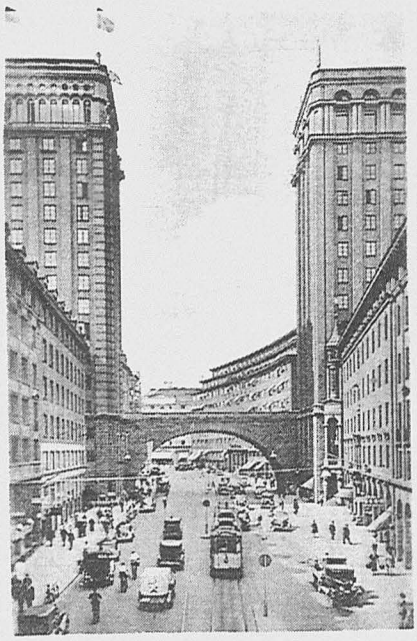
Carl Lanzen did the ornamental concrete work at this entryway to the Stockholm Chapel.



Stockholm is built on many islands. This scene looks toward "Gamla Staden" - Old City, with its centuries-old buildings and narrow, cobblestone streets.



A Stockholm landmark, the imposing City Hall Building.



Left: Kungsgatan (King Street) - The main street of downtown Stockholm where Ester worked in a jewelry store.

Right: The Royal Palace. When young Ester worked for a seamstress, she delivered clothing to the palace for ladies-in-waiting.



SECTION II

THE PARENTS OF GUSTAV HENRY & ESTHER LANZEN JOHNSON AND THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN



Generations of Johnson relatives have worshipped at this Lutheran country church at Vallby-Vastra, Ale-Skovde, Sweden. Many of their graves are in the "kyrkogard"- cemetery - surrounding the church.



Wedding Picture of Gustaf &
Anna Sofia Johnson - Married
In the Logan Temple - May 13, 1885



Anna Sofia & Gustaf
Trip to Sweden - 1912



Family Reunion - Clarence & Oscar's Place - New Sweden - 1933
Front: Henry, Agnes, Anna Sofia, Gustaf, Rhoda, Ruby, Vernon
Back: Carl, Albert, Clarence, Oscar, Ambrose, Reuben

II.a. THE LIFE HISTORIES OF GUSTAF & ANNA SOFIA CHRISTENSSON JOHNSON

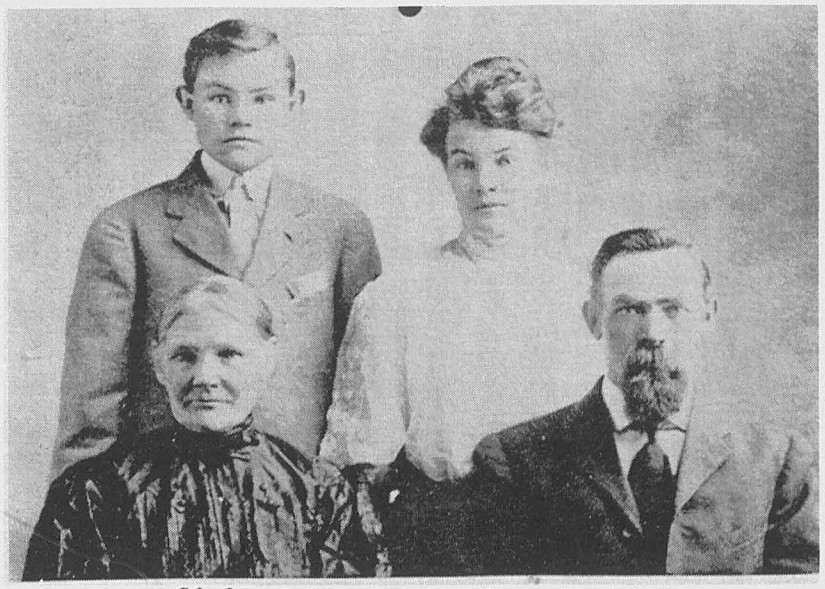
With excerpts from the lives of
Gustaf's brother, Olof P. Johanson,
and his wife,Lovisa Ridderbjelke
By Grant Johnson (Grandson)

Gustaf Johnson, b. 13 Nov 1864-Ale Skovde, Alvsborg, Sweden; d. 8 Oct 1954-Idaho Falls,ID
Anna Sofia Christensson, b. 10 Oct 1864-Harplinge, Halland, Sweden;
d. 19 Jan 1937-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: 13 May 1885 in the Logan Utah Temple
Children: (1) Gustav Henry Johnson, b. 2 Jun 1886-Hyde Park, UT; d. 10 Jun 1950-IFI
(2) Carl Edward Johnson, b. 31 Mar 1888-Eagle Rock, ID (IFI); d. 10 Aug 1972-IFI
(3) Albert Leroy Johnson, b. 17 Mar 1891-IFI; d. 3 Aug 1965-Deer Lodge, MT
(4) Clarence Frithiof Johnson, b. 12 Oct 1892-IFI; d. 15 Jul 1976-Riverton, UT
(5) Oscar Wilhelm Johnson, b. 22 Sep 1894-IFI; d. 2 Jan 1978-IFI
(6) Ambrose Wilford Johnson, b. 19 Nov 1896-IFI; d. 25 Sep 1970-Boise, ID
(7) Reuben Frederick Johnson, b. 2 May 1899-IFI; d. 13 Mar 1958-Caldwell, ID
(8) Agnes Christina Johnson, b. 16 Aug 1901-IFI; d. 10 Jan 1969-Ogden, UT
(9) Vernon Stanley Johnson, b. 5 May 1904-IFI; d. 9 Mar 1980-IFI
(10) Rhoda Louise Johnson, b. 28 Jun 1906-IFI
(11) Ruby Sofia Johnson, b. 28 Jun 1906-IFI

When we are growing up, we often don't realize that there are many strangers our own age, also growing up, who will some day be closely associated with our lives. We can assume this was the case with young Gustaf Johansson and Anna Sofia Christensson.

During the latter part of the 19th century, Johannes Svensson and his, wife, Cristina (Persson) were raising their family of nine children (three others having died at a very young age) near the village of Lodose in southwest Sweden. This was several miles north of Goteborg (Gothenburg), Sweden's second-largest city and principal seaport. Johannes and three of his sons were shipbuilding carpenters. Johannes and his family lived on a small farm where he had built a modest house. With the farm and other pursuits, the family made a modest living.

The two youngest sons in this family came to live lives quite different from their brothers and sisters. They remained close to each other all their lives and their experiences paralleled each other. Olof Petter was born on 24 May 1862. The youngest, Gustaf, was born on 13 November 1864. Gustaf's father gave him only one name, and because he was a frail baby, wondered if he would live to use even that one name. Their mother was not



Olof P. Johanson Family - About 1905
Front: Lovisa, Olof
Back: Carl J., Minnie



Rhoda, Ruby, Agnes
1910



Family Reunion - Highland Park, Idaho Falls - About 1945
Front: Henry, Gustaf, Olof Petter, Albert
Middle: Otto Christenson, Otto's daughter Mabel, Rhoda, Ruby, Minnie, Ambrose
Back: Oscar, Reuben, Clarence, Jim Krave, Ruth Dye, Carl, Lars Christenson, Carl J., Vernon

well for several years after Gustaf was born and died when Gustaf was only five years old. His married oldest sister, Justina, took over the task of helping her father raise the family.

Approximately 100 miles southeast of where the Svensson family lived, in southern Sweden near the town of Halmstad, lived the family of Niklas Christensson and his wife, Anna Elisabet (Andersson). Eight children were born to them in the community of Harplinge. Two girls and a boy died at a young age, leaving one daughter, Anna Sofia, and her brothers Karl, Ludvig, Severin and Otto. Niklas was a farm worker on a large estate, Fjelldalen, and also worked as a carpenter and made and sold wooden shoes. They rented a few acres with a house and outbuildings where they had cows, sheep, and pigs. The oldest son, Karl, prospered with a meat business in Halmstad.

The Svensson and Christensson families lived much as their ancestors had lived for generations, not traveling very far from their birthplaces. Their forebears worked as peasants, small farmers, shopkeepers, craftsmen and fishermen. They belonged to the Lutheran church and when their days were over, they were buried in the "kyrkogard," the churchyard of their local chapel. In the 1880s, a new influence came into the lives of these families that would greatly change this old pattern of their lives. This influence was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon).

Olof and Gustaf went to school until they were fourteen years old, at which time they graduated and were confirmed into the Lutheran Church. Olof became a shoemaking apprentice in Gothenburg and later established his own business. Gustaf later came to Gothenburg to be with Olof and learn a trade. He tried the shoemaking trade with Olof, but didn't like it, so tried his hand at other things. He started out as an apprentice in shipbuilding and ended up scraping barnacles off ships and doing other unpleasant tasks. After this, the shoemaking trade looked a little more attractive, so he went back to work for Olof. While working here, a strange new and unpopular religion came to their attention.

One of the workmen in the shop, A.B. Anderson, had been a Mormon for several years. He told the story of the founding of the church by Joseph Smith and explained other tenets of the church. At first, Olof and Gustaf disputed with him and defended their own religious beliefs. Later, they found that the Gospel he preached fit more closely with their own personal beliefs. They eventually attended a meeting and were soon converted and baptized.

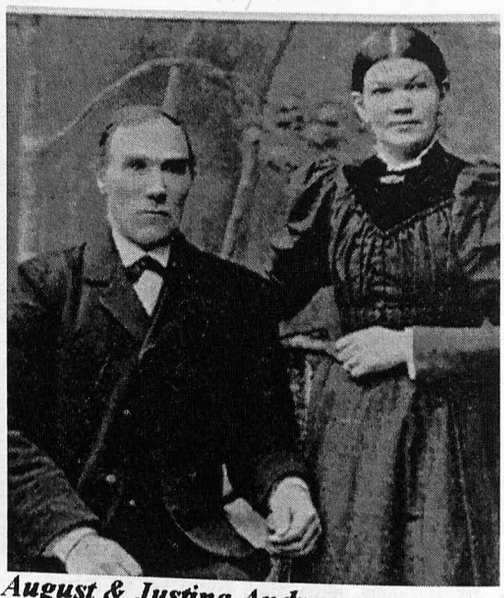
In 1884, when Olof was 21 and Gustaf was 19, they were called on missions for the church. Gustaf went to Halmstad, where he met the Christensson family, who had joined the church in 1880. Gustaf and Anna Sofia became good friends. Olof went to Trollhattan, closer to home, and there met Lovisa Ridderbjelke, whom he greatly admired.

After completing their missions, Olof and Gustaf had the opportunity to emigrate to America and be near other members of the church. None of the other members of their family ever joined the church. Anna Sofia and her brothers Ludvig, Severin and Otto also emigrated to America about this time. Several years later, when they had acquired enough funds, they sent for their parents, Niklas and Anna, who came over in 1892. Brother Karl stayed in Sweden. After coming to America, members of these families first stayed in the vicinity of Logan and Hyde Park, Utah.

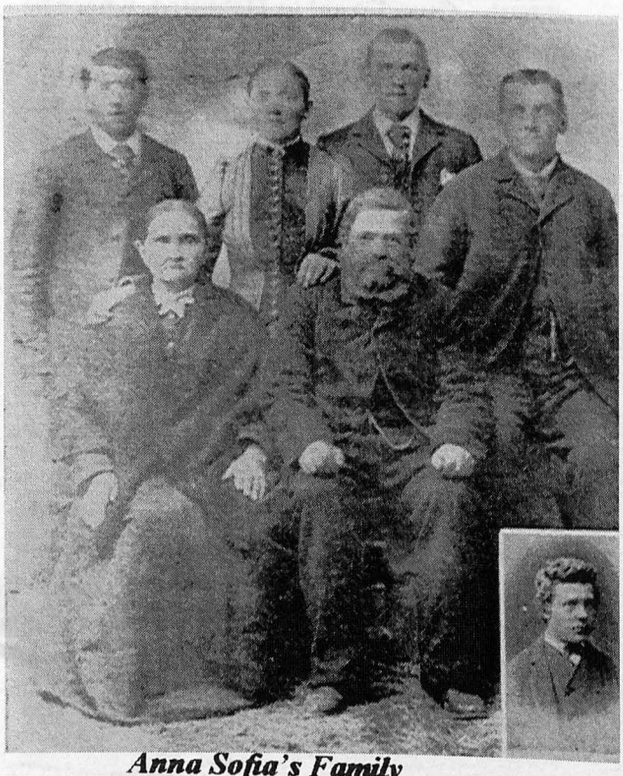
Olof and Gustaf first worked for others in the shoemaking trade in Logan, but after a



Gustaf's father - Johannes Svensson



August & Justina Andreasson
Justina, Gustaf's oldest sister, helped raise her younger brothers and sisters.



Anna Sofia's Family
Front: Anna, Niklas
Back: Ludwig, Anna Sofia, Otto, Severin
Insert: Karl



Anna Sofia's Parents
Anna & Niklas Christenson

few weeks decided they could do better on their own. They opened a shop in Hyde Park and did better there, paying off loans and becoming more independent. Anna Sofia worked as a maid in the homes of some of the prominent church members there.

Gustaf and Anna renewed their acquaintance here and soon decided they would like to be husband and wife. They were married in the Logan Temple on 13 May 1885. They walked the seven miles back to Hyde Park, and it rained some on them, but this could not dampen their spirits. Their first child, Gustav Henry, was born there on the second of June, 1886.

Olof and Lovisa became secretly engaged to each other at the end of his mission to Trollhattan, Sweden, in 1884. In April, 1886, he had earned and borrowed enough money to send for Lovisa. They were married on 10 September 1886 by a church leader who was a justice of the peace in Hyde Park. As an immigrant, Lovisa couldn't be married in the temple for one year after she arrived in America. They soon left Logan and made their home at Lyman, Idaho, south of Rexburg.

Olof and Gustaf tried farming together at Lyman in 1887. These two shoemakers worked very hard at the farming business, but at the end of that summer they had only a small harvest to show for their efforts. That winter, Anna Sofia and little Gustav Henry stayed in a rude log cabin there while Gustaf worked his shoemaker trade at Eagle Rock. The winter was very cold, and Anna had few provisions, but somehow they survived in the drafty cabin. Gustaf did not have a comfortable winter in Eagle Rock, either, it being cold and drafty in the leanto shoemaker shop. The following spring Gustaf moved his little family to Eagle Rock.

Over the next several years, Gustaf plied his trade of shoemaker, but also bought sagebrush ground in what is now the eastern side of Idaho Falls. He cleared off some of this ground, routed irrigating water to it and grew vegetables which he sold around town from a cart. As his sons became old enough, they helped out with this project, planting, weeding and preparing the vegetables for sale. After several years, Gustaf acquired and homesteaded other farms, and eventually became somewhat prosperous. He went into business in a clothing store in 1902 with a partner. In 1903, he was stricken with typhoid fever and came close to dying. After several weeks, in which a double load was placed on Anna, he finally started to regain his health and strength. About that time there was a great fire in Idaho Falls which burned up several buildings, the clothing store being one of them. He tried a couple other business ventures to try to come out of this disaster, but when they eventually failed, too, he had enough of business for awhile.

During all these trying years, Anna Sofia was having children and living in a rustic log house. It had a dirt roof that leaked when it rained, but she managed to keep the place clean and homey. They all ate well, were kept in clean clothes, and she made sure her children stayed in school and did their homework. From 1886 to 1906, eight boys and three girls were born to them. From the oldest to the youngest, their names were Gustav Henry, Carl, Albert, Clarence, Oscar, Ambrose, Reuben, Agnes, Vernon and the last two were twin girls, Rhoda and Ruby.

The children were not plied with a lot of material things, but were given opportunities to get an education and develop their talents and abilities. For example, at some sacrifice, a piano was bought for Oscar. He practiced diligently and became very proficient on the piano and organ. Throughout his life, thousands were blessed by the beautiful music that came from his hands.

Olof became prominent in the Archer-Lyman area. Beside developing farmland, he was also one of the principal organizers in digging irrigation canals and developing irrigation systems in that area. He and Lovisa had a daughter, Minnie, and a son, Carl John. From these two have come a large and wonderful posterity, many still living in the Rexburg area. Olof went back to Sweden and served an LDS mission in Trollhattan and other cities in Sweden from 1910-1912. He had joyous reunions with family and friends. Toward the end of his mission he received a letter in which he was informed that he had been called as bishop of the Archer Ward. He faithfully served in this calling for sixteen years.

Olof's beloved Lovisa was 14 years older than he. Childbearing was hard on her as she had her two children in her early forties. She was ailing during many of the last years of her life. She died on 14 February 1927 at the age of 78. Olof had three more wives after Lovisa, two of the marriages being quite short. His last wife, Eva Squires, was with him for the last ten years of his life. He died on 25 May 1947, one day after his 85th birthday.

Gustaf and Anna Sofia loved Sweden and they loved America. When anyone complained about this land or its government, Gustaf would give them a little reprimand and remind them of its great freedoms and opportunities. They learned the English language well and became American citizens. Gustaf did not exactly follow his patronymic name, taking the "a" out of Johanson to make it Johnson. They longed to see Sweden again after being gone from there for so many years, so they left the farm in the care of the family and by train and ship they voyaged back to Sweden in 1912. They stayed there three months during that summer and had wonderful reunions with family, friends and members of the church. Everywhere they went, they were honored by big feasts and large gatherings of people. They got a real kick out of being called the "rich cousins from America." In Stockholm, they visited their daughter-in-law Esther's father, Johan Lanzen, whose wife had recently died. He came to America a few years later to live with his daughter and her family.

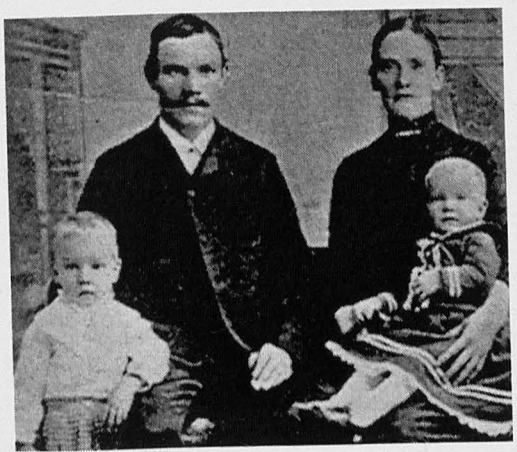
Seven of Gustaf's and Anna Sofia's children graduated from the University of Idaho. When Agnes was to graduate from the university, she persuaded her mother to go to commencement exercises with her. At the graduation dinner, Anna Sofia was seated between the university's President Lindley and the Governor of Idaho, Moses Alexander. President Lindley paid a tribute to Anna Sofia for having more children graduate from the University of Idaho up to that time than any other family in Idaho. She was somewhat speechless, but undoubtedly very proud when she took her bow.

In 1904, Gustaf and Anna and family moved into a much-deserved new house. They helped many people over the years with money, housing, food, encouragement and other necessities. Some people were loaned money and did not repay it. Gustaf took this all in stride. They sold their main farm in the 1920s and bought a nice home and 15 acres near Skyline Drive & W. Broadway. They were supposed to be retired, but there was much hand labor on this place. The person who bought their farm couldn't make a go of it, so they got the farm back, somewhat depleted from what it was when they sold it. They worked hard on the farm, bringing it back to productivity and finally hit a very good spud year, so perhaps it was worth it.

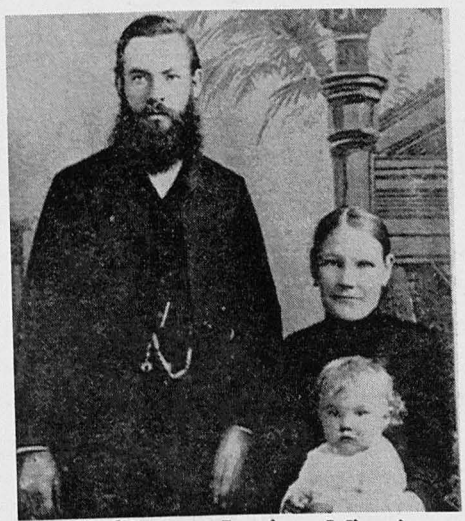
They were honored in 1935 on their 50th wedding anniversary at the home of Vernon and Beulah. After this, Anna Sofia's health noticeably deteriorated and she passed away

on January 19, 1937. It was so cold during the time of the funeral that the beautiful flowers froze quickly on her grave. They stayed bright and beautiful for many days after that. Gustaf sold his home on West Broadway to the Holmgrens who own the City Floral business. He moved to a home on Chamberlain Avenue across from the old Eagle Rock School. He managed apartments he had bought and kept his farms rented out. In 1941, while painting a house for a widow in the neighborhood, he suffered a stroke. Although he recovered somewhat, he remained paralyzed in some parts of his body. He first used a crutch and later had to resort to a wheelchair. He was a beloved figure at family reunions and other gatherings, still having his friendly smile and ready wit.

Daughter Ruby lived with him and took care of him during the last years of his life. Rhoda and Vernon also came daily and did what they could to make his life as comfortable as possible. Relatives and friends were constantly in and out of his and Ruby's home. His death came during potato harvest on October 8, 1954, symbolic for this gentle farmer who was one of the first in this area to raise potatoes. This man who was a frail child in Sweden had lived to be almost 90 years old and obtained a posterity greater than all his brothers and sisters combined.



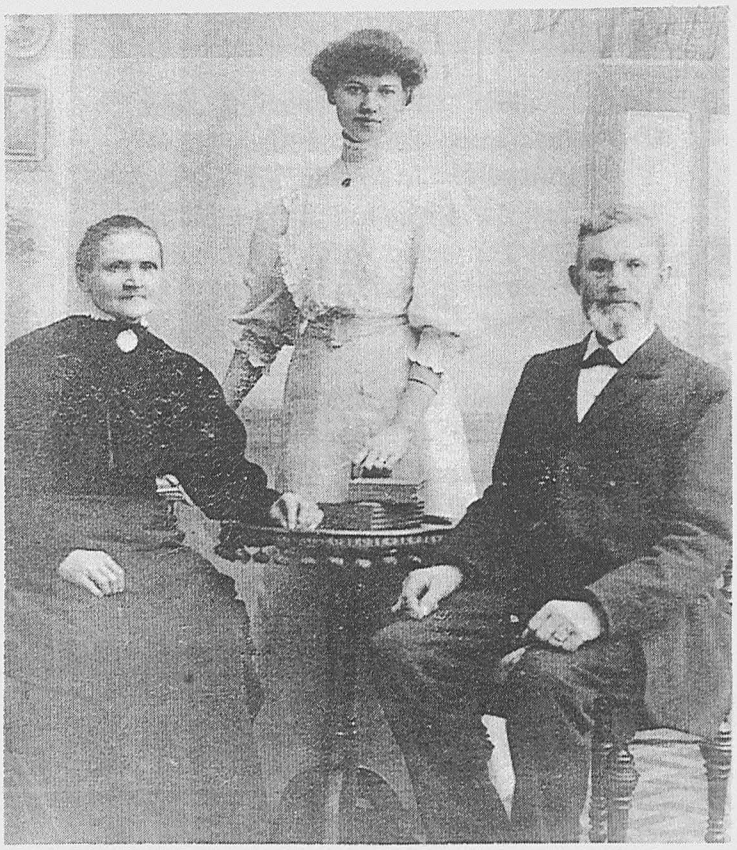
Gustaf & Anna Sofia Johnson with Henry (left) & Carl - 1890



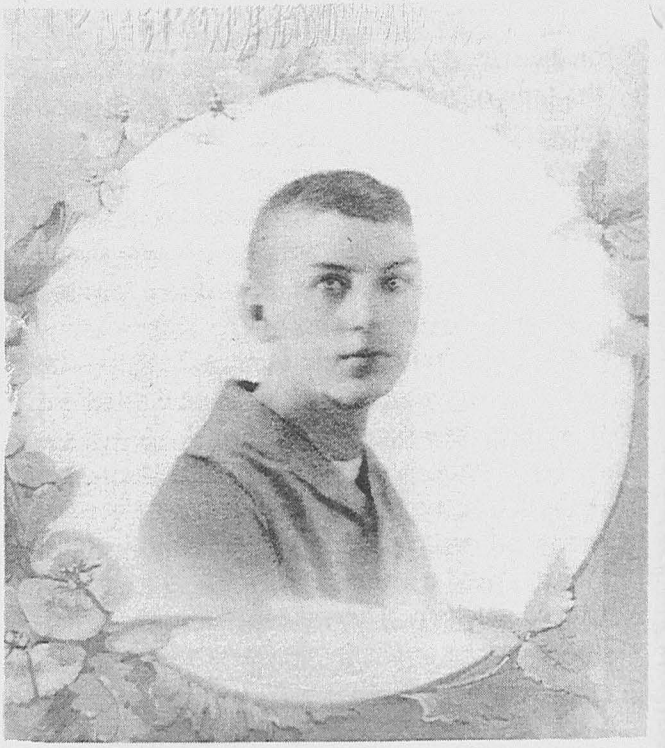
Olof Petter, Lovisa, Minnie Johanson - about 1890



Gustaf & Anna Johnson moved into their new home on First St. in 1904.
Front: Rhoda & Ruby Back: Anna Sofia, Gustaf, Vernon, Agnes, Reuben, Albert



Ester Lanzen (standing) with her parents - Johanna Ottilia & Carl Johan Lanzen - about 1905.



Ester's only sibling, her brother Johan Henning Lanzen - 1880-1899.



Stockholm - about June, 1912 - at the grave of Johanna Lanzen who died on 2 May 1912. L. to R. - Anna & Gustaf Johnson, Carl Johan & his sister, Carolina Mathilda, who died on 5 Jul 1912.



Johanna Ottiliana Ahlbom Lanzen

II.b. THE LIFE HISTORIES OF CARL JOHAN & JOHANNA AHLBOM LANZEN

Carl Johan Lanzen, b. 23 Jan 1848-Biskopskulla, Uppsala, Sweden;
d. 1 Dec. 1933-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Johanna Ottiliana Ahlbom, b.10 Apr 1850-Osterrunda, Vestmanland, Sweden;
d. 2 May 1912-Stockholm, Sweden
Married: 14 Aug 1879
Children: (1) Johan Henning Lanzen, b. 22 May 1880-Frojeslunda, Sweden;
d. 25 Jul 1899-Stockholm, Sweden
(2) Ester Maria Lanzen, b. 18 Oct 1887-Stockholm, Sweden; d. 27 May 1968-IFI

Life History of Carl Johan Lanzen
(Recorded by Ingrid Johnson, 1941. Additional details compiled from life sketch of Carl's daughter, Ester Maria Lanzen)

Carl Lanzen was reared on a farm in Sweden near Uppsala. His mother died when he was a small boy. His father married again, and his stepmother was very kind to Carl and the other children in the family. Since the family lived on a farm, it was necessary for the children to help with the work, and they labored from early morning until late at night. Two brothers died when Grandfather was a small boy, and another died when he had reached maturity.

Carl met Johanna Ahlbom at a gathering of young people who lived in the country. They met each Saturday night and danced and played games and had an enjoyable time together. Carl was thirty-one years of age when he married Johanna. He farmed for a short while after his marriage and then they moved to Stockholm. Work was scarce, and he did odd jobs here and there. At one time, there was a failure of crops in Sweden, and they had only potatoes and salt to eat. Otherwise, they did not go hungry, however simple the food.

Carl was a good carpenter and later found employment at this work. His brother was a concrete contractor and Carl went into business with him. He made foundation forms, into which the concrete was poured. He enjoyed this work because it gave him an outlet for his artistic ability, and he was especially happy when it was his duty to make designs for the cement.

Later, his brother died, and he took over the business. Two helpers (so he thought) were hired, but they were anything but helpers to him. They knew very little about the concrete business and couldn't do much to assist Carl, so they offered to make the collections. They kept most of the returns themselves and gave very little to Carl. He worked at this trade until shortly before he emigrated to America some years later.

About the year 1891, Carl took a pair of shoes to a shoemaker in Stockholm. When he went to get them, he noticed that the shoemaker had put a pamphlet in one of his shoes. He told Carl to read it and invited him to come to the branch of the church there. Carl read the pamphlet and obtained what information he could from other sources about Mormonism and went to the Church often. It was just what he had been looking for, and it wasn't long before he was converted. Though he had religiously attended the Swedish Lutheran Church, he

couldn't gain the satisfaction he desired. He has always had a burning testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel and has borne his testimony wherever possible. It was a sorrow to him that his wife, Johanna, could not see it as he did, but it was a joy to him that his daughter, Ester, took an interest in it and worked faithfully in the Church. They walked three or four miles to the LDS meetings on Hornsgatan and later to the new chapel at Svartensgatan 3. It is not known how much work Carl did to help build the new chapel, but he did construct the beautiful cast stone baptismal font there and ornamental concrete work on the front entrance.

After his wife died in 1912, Carl served a two-year mission in Sweden, and then he emigrated to America in 1916. When he arrived at Ellis Island, he was held there three days because someone had to be responsible for him because he was an older person. The family thought they knew when he would come in to Idaho Falls and went to the train several times to meet him, but he never came. Three days later, he arrived in Idaho Falls, but nobody was there to meet him and he didn't speak any English. He came out of the station and noticed a policeman standing there, so he went over and talked to him. He found out that the policeman was Danish and so they could understand each other. It happened that Stake President Austin came by and stopped in his car. The Danishman said Carl wanted to go to Gustaf Johnson's, and asked, "Could you take him there?" The answer was, "I should say so."

Henry and Esther's children loved their grandfather dearly, and he was very much a part of the family. Although he couldn't speak English, and the children couldn't speak Swedish, somehow they understood each other. He always kept strings, pencils, and other small articles in his pockets, and whenever they were in need of such articles, they promptly went to him. He made it his duty to make repairs to the house and farm buildings, and he would not allow anything to become run down. He had a building which had been made into a carpenter shop for him, and one could find him working there most of the time, building cupboards and other useful things. He made many lovely playthings for the children, as well as practical things. The pretty little white bed he made for Ingrid when she was a child was used for many years by her brothers and sisters and their children.

He tried to find people who could talk Swedish and he usually found quite a few that could either understand Swedish, Danish, or Norwegian. He usually ended up going to the Swedish Mission Church where they talked Swedish and he enjoyed discussing religion with them. They weren't very pleased with his explanations of the Gospel sometimes. He used to attend our meetings and bear his testimony in Swedish. Henry or Oscar used to translate for him. He socialized with people and got along pretty well. He learned to understand English even if he couldn't speak it very well.

His kindness was notable, and he always tried to make others happy by little thoughtful acts. When hired helpers were working in the fields, he insisted that his daughter, Esther, make cakes and coffee for them in the morning and afternoon, and he would then take them out to the workers.

He loved animals and birds and was often seen with them, petting and feeding the animals and feeding the birds. At one time, the neighbor's ferocious bull came into the yard, and he went out to pet it. However, the bull did not take to such kindnesses and chased him into the stable, where he had to stay until someone was able to take the animal away.

He also liked to sew and assisted Esther in

keeping buttons sewed on everyone's clothes, mended stockings, and sewed neat patches on clothing where they were needed. He was exceptionally fastidious and each day brought out his clothing and brushed it carefully. His lovely white locks and beard were kept trim and neat at all times.

When he was eighty-four years of age, his steps finally began to become slower, and he had to give up much of his activity. Then he reluctantly had to remain in bed, and he became weaker as the days went by. His eighty-fifth birthday came and went, and he knew it would be his last one. The morning after Thanksgiving Day in 1933 he quietly slipped away, to go join his family and friends on the other side and to continue his efforts in trying to show them the truthfulness of the Gospel.

Life History of Johanna Ottiliana Ahlbom Lanzen
(Recorded by Ingrid Johnson, 1941)

Johanna Ottiliana Ahlbom was born 10 April, 1850, in Osterrunda, Sweden, to Otto Ulrik and Maja Lisa Jonsdotter Ahlbom. When just a small child, she moved from Vestmanland to Uppland. Her father was a miller and blacksmith, and when Johanna was but five years of age, she assisted her father in the blacksmith shop by pumping the bellows, a very strenuous task for such a small tot.

Johanna's father drank, and he often ordered her to obtain liquor for him. It was necessary for her to walk two miles to Orsundsbro, sometimes in the night. It was a lonely journey. There were trees and heavy foliage by the roadside, and to add to her fright, the stories she had been told of the "ghosts" that lurked in the shadows along the way came to her mind.

In the wintertime, the men would come on their sleds from far-away Dalarne with wooden goods to sell, such as tubs and grandfather clocks. The farmers would also come with grain to be ground. They lodged at the Ahlbom's home, all sleeping on the floor. For food, they ate cold mush with sour milk. They carried this mush in a pocket in the front of their leather aprons and would eat their food right out of the apron. They drank heavily, and when under the influence of liquor, Johanna's father would request that she and her young sister play the harmonica (an instrument resembling a harp) and sing. The two girls disliked to perform for this drunken group of men, but dared not refuse.

Her sister died when Johanna was nine years of age, and when she was fifteen, her mother died. Her father married again, and it was not pleasant at home, so she left and became employed in the country. In the morning, the girls who worked in the country arose at four o'clock to milk the cows and labor in the fields. There were two breakfasts--coffee when they first arose and again in about three hours. At eleven o'clock in the morning they stopped for forenoon coffee. Two evening meals were eaten, one at five and the last meal at eight or nine o'clock. After laboring outdoors all day, they were required to do the dishes and then spin until eleven or twelve at night, until they could no longer stay awake.

The men in the country were favored, and when they had done their work outdoors, they were through for the day. They sat and smoked their pipes, while the women had to weave and spin. The farm work was done by hand. The farmers cut the grain with a scythe, and the women and girls came behind and raked it into piles. It was never a man's work to milk cows, and this task fell to the

girls. On Saturday evenings, the girls were allowed to have some recreation. The young people had games and entertainment and afterwards a barn dance. It was at such a gathering that Johanna met Carl Lanzen.

Johanna worked in the country until she was thirty years of age, and then she and Carl were united in marriage at a church wedding. As customary, she wore a gold crown. The next year, a son was born to them, and they christened him Johan Henning. When Henning was one year of age, they moved to Stockholm. It was rather difficult for them to become adjusted to the city, and Johanna assisted Carl in making a living by taking in washing, scrubbing all the clothes on a washboard.

Johanna belonged to the Swedish Lutheran Church, and in spite of Carl's efforts to convert her to the LDS Faith, she didn't join. She went alone to the Lutheran Church, which was near their home, and she thought it foolish to go the distance required to attend the LDS Branch meetings. Besides, her health was not good and she would have had difficulty walking the distance to the LDS meetings. Carl and their daughter, Ester, born on 18 October 1887, always attended the branch meetings faithfully.

The first years in Stockholm were not easy, and money was scarce. However, Johanna was a patient woman and very kind to her children, always trying to make life easier for them than she had had it. Some years later, when their only son had tuberculosis, she took faithful care of him, and through this contact, contracted the disease herself. Four years after her daughter, Ester, came to America (1912), Johanna Lanzen passed away.

Carl lived more than twenty years after Johanna's death, and since passing to the other side, we feel that he has again preached the Gospel to her, and it is our hope that she has accepted it and they are united in all things.



Carl J. Lanzen (seated far right) on his mission in Sweden - about 1915.

STOCKHOLM 2 May 1912

Dear Daughter, Son-in-law and Granddaughter,

With distressing feelings I'm writing you again to let you know mamma left from her earthly journey 7:30 a.m. today quite peacefully and quietly. She seemed to sleep a long time, her breast heaving high, but the end was very peaceful. A mere movement of the hand showed in her countenance that she had some feelings of pain, but after the last breath, she was immediately so natural. So now she is lying as if she is only sleeping. She has swollen some so she doesn't look thin.

Hilma is out and I am sitting in her room, so only mamma and I are home. I am waiting for the doctor to come and leave the death certificate. So I have received some extra troubles, but sometime in the future it will be someone else who will take care of my burial. I thank the Lord for the tolerably good health I have so I can take care of mamma's burial. A good thing it has been to be prepared with money paid into a burial fund. Otherwise, I don't know how I would have managed, even though at times it has been worrisome to pay in the dues.

Now mamma's suffering is over. She has been ill 6-1/2 years and it has been quite tedious for me during this time, too. People have often emphasized that you, Ester, should have stayed home and taken care of mamma until she died, but I have defended you, as I believe you are in the right place you should be. People talk too much about things that they don't understand. (Don't mind their own business.) Of course, it is good when the children can take care of their parents until death, but destiny can't always be that way. Mamma had a great wish to see you, Ester, one more time in life to embrace her little girl. But, that won't be now until the next world, and that can also be soon enough.

I have lived now sixty-four years on the earth. I think it has been a short time but I remember quite a few experiences since childhood. I am not sorrowing for mamma's sake, because I perceive that her suffering is over and she had nothing in the world to live for. However, it is sad for me; as you know, we have lived happily together these thirty-three years. It was still better to come home to her, whether lying or sitting there. Now she is cold and stiff.

Mother's sister and Hilma were with me during her last days--good to have their help. They are kind.

I don't know more to write now, other than warm greetings to you from Lindgrens and Enlunds, but most from old pappa. Also, the old family Johnsons are sent greetings from

C. J. Lanzen

Translated from Swedish by Margit Johnson Blomquist
A copy of the original letter in Swedish is on page II-16.

Stockholm d. 2/5. 12. 1

Kära dotter svärson och dotterdotter

Med uppröda känslor tager jag mig för att skriva ijen till eder och omtala att mamma har slutat sin jordiska vandring kl. ¼8 i dag f.m. nästan lungt och stilla, hon tyckes länge ligga å sova fast bröstet gick högt och stundt var mycket stilla, blott en handvändning visade ansigtet kändla av smärta men efter sista andedraget blev hon strax så naturlig, så nu ligger hon också alldeles som hon ändast sover, hon har svullnat något så hon ser intet mager ut. Hilma är ute och jag sitter i hennes rum så det är endast jag och mamma hemma. jag väntar på doktorn att komma och lemna dödsattest. så jag har fått extra bestyr, sedan en gång blir det någon annan som hjelper mig till graven. jag tackar Herren för den någonlunda goda helsa jag äger, så att jag kan hjelpa mamma ma[illegible]. en god sak att ha vaxaförbundet nu att tillgå ehjelst vet jag intet hur det skulle blivit. fast många gånger har det varit bekymmersamt att betala in avgiften.

Nu har mamma lidit slut hon har varit sjuk i 6 å ½ år och det har nog varit ganska tråkigt för mig under tiden också. folket har ofta framhållit att du Ester skulle hava sitt hemma till mamma har blivet döa.

men jag har tagit dig i försvar att jag tror att du är på den rätta platsen som du skulle vara, folket språkar mycket som man intet får bry sig om. nog är det godt få barnen skötet sina föräldrar till döden, men ödet ligger icke så alltid. mamma har mycket önskat att få se dig Ester en gång till i livet och helst din lilla flicka, men det blir nu intet förr än i nästa verld, och det kan också bli snart nog, nu har jag levet på jorden i 64 år, jag tycker det har varit en kort tid endast jag minnes en del händelser sedan jag barn.

Intet sörjer jag ty jag är förvissad om att mamma har lidit slut och ingenting att lova efter här i verlden men nog är det dystert för mig ändå som ni vet ha vi levat lyckliga tillsammans och detta i 33 år, det var ändå något bättre då jag kom hem och hon låg eller satt, men nu är hon kall och stel. master och Lindgrens Hilma var hos mig under hennes sista stunder, godt att hava dem till hjelp de äro snälla.

Jag vet intet ändet mer att skriva nu, blott kära helsningar till eder från Lindgrens och Enlunds men mest av gamla pappa, även gamla familjen Johnsons äro helsade genom

Eyllanden.

Beautiful Sweden. *Du Gamla, du fria.* Land of breath-taking wild flowers, pristine natural lakes, and mid-night sun.

Early History

Current literature about Sweden's adventurous past and struggle to become an independent, Christian nation begins between 10,000 and 8,000 B.C. as the polar ice cap was beginning to recede from this portion of the northern hemisphere. It was at this point that most Scandinavian historians feel a small group of hunters and fisherman began to move north across the Baltic Sea and onto the southern tip of what is known today as Sweden.

The earliest recorded history about the Swedish people began around 100 A.D. A Roman historian wrote about the *Svear*, a Scandinavian people. The trading between the Romans and Swedes began about 50 B.C. as the Swedes exchanged their precious furs and amber for the appealing glass and bronze objects and silver coins possessed by the Romans. *Sverige* (Sweden) means *land of the Svear.*

The Feared and Adventurous Vikings

Sometime around 800 A.D., Scandinavian adventurers called Vikings began sailing to many parts of the world. They acquired a great deal of wealth through conventional trade and less conventional conquest methods. While most of the Danish and Norwegian Vikings sailed westward, Swedish Vikings, true to their adventurous spirit, went eastward, across Russia, often as far as the Black and Caspian Seas. Known for their rugged and adventurous spirit, the Swedish Vikings traded slaves and furs for gold, silver, and "luxury goods." Tradition has it that the first Russian Czar was actually a Swede.

Introduction of Christianity

As early as 500 A.D., Old Uppsala, a city just north of Stockholm, had a reputation as a leading heathen cult center. Christianity was first preached in Sweden in 829 A.D. by Saint Anskar, a Frankish monk. While his success was limited, it sparked a struggle between Christianity and paganism that lasted about 200 years. Around 1000 A.D., Olof Skotkonung became Sweden's first Christian king. It is thought that he converted to Christianity with the hope of strengthening his authority, since he had also adapted some western administrative and fiscal ideas. However, heathen traditions proved deep rooted in Sweden and it wasn't until around 1100 A.D. that it was finally rooted out. Christianity brought about great changes in Sweden including the founding of schools, the encouragement of the arts, and the formalization of laws in writing.

Having become Christians, the Swedish people now turned their energy to crusading against the "heathens" of the eastern Baltic. Sweden's early kings were elected and primarily war leaders. However, their power was often limited by the peasant communes whose feudal approach often rejected the country's monarch's proclamations.

Sweden, Norway, and Denmark Become One

During the 1200's and 1300's, struggles between the rulers of Sweden and the nobles constantly took place. In 1388, in order to oppose the growing German influence in Sweden's affairs, the nobles turned to Queen

Margaret of Denmark and Norway for help. The Germans were defeated in 1389, and the three Scandinavian countries were united under Margaret in 1397. This was done under what was called the *Union of Kalmar*. Except for a few short periods of separation, the treaty lasted more than 100 years.

During this 100-year period, many struggles took place between supporters and opponents of the union. Gustavus Vasa, a Swedish noble, finally decided to break away from the union in 1523 after defeating the Danes. He became King Gustavus I of independent Sweden that year. Norway stayed under Danish rule.

Gustavus encouraged the followers of Martin Luther, the German religious reformer, to spread their ideas and, about 1540, the Lutheran religion became the state religion of Sweden. King Gustavus is also credited with increasing the power of all income groups by means of a government welfare system that has fully developed since World War II. Critics of the system say it makes people so secure that they become bored. Critics also say the system has helped cause high inflation and taxes. However, most Swedes support the system.

A new constitution took effect in Sweden in 1975 that greatly reduced the power of the king and placed power in the hands of the country's elected parliament and cabinet.

History of Swedish Surnames - "Patronymics"

It is believed that family names were not used in Sweden until after the Middle Ages. At this point a system was developed that allowed a son or daughter to be known by the name of their father. The patronymic system means simply that a child was known as a son or daughter of a certain man. For example, the son of a person named Anders would have the last name of Andersson. The daughter of Anders would have the last name of Andersdotter. This tradition continued until 1860 when it became more fashionable to adopt a frozen or more permanent name.

History of the LDS Church in Sweden

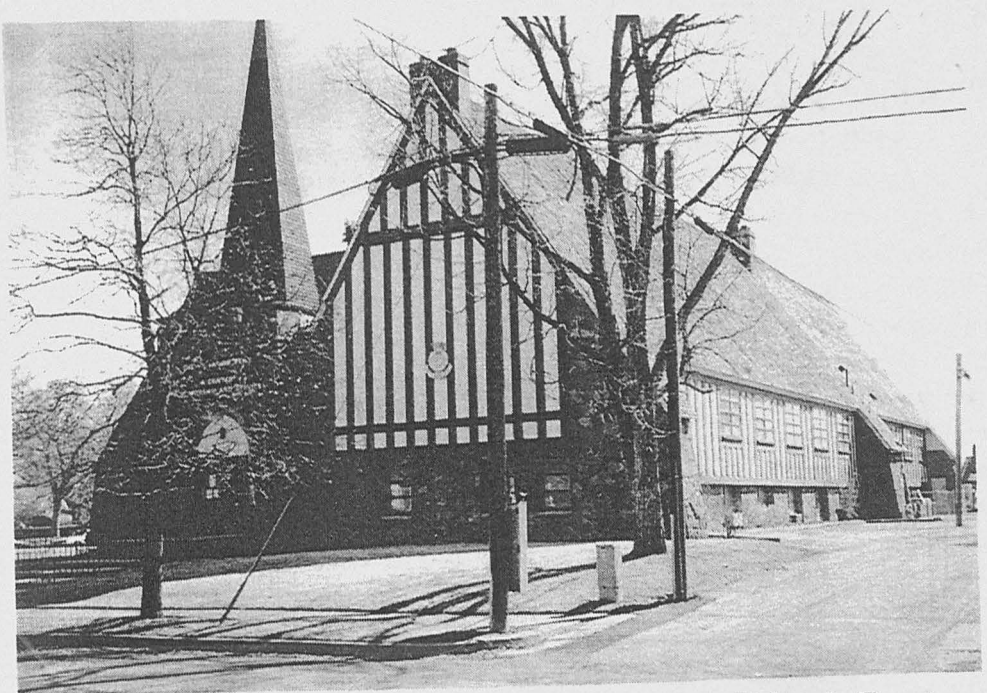
In October of 1849, Elder John E. Forsgren, was called during general conference in Salt Lake City to serve a full-time mission to Sweden, his native land. A few weeks later Elder Forsgren began the long and arduous journey and, after spending a short time in Denmark, Elder Forsgren finally arrived in Gavle, Sweden on June 19, 1850. In spite of significant opposition to his preaching, the first convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Sweden was Peter A. Forsgren, John's brother who was baptized on July 26, 1850. A short time later Swedish authorities charged Elder Forsgren with "illegal preaching in ware-houses and in the open air..." and placed him on a ship bound for America. However, Elder Forsgren was able to get off the ship in Denmark where he joined Apostle Erastus Snow and others who were faithfully serving there.

The missionaries had fair success throughout Scandinavia and in December 1852, the first company of Scandinavian saints, totaling almost 300, departed from Copenhagen to join their American brothers and sisters in Salt Lake City. On September 30, 1853, the company arrived safely into the Salt Lake valley.

In the fall of 1878, the *Book of Mormon* was published for the first time in Swedish. This, combined with the continued efforts of the missionaries has helped to build what today is a small but faithful number of Latter-day Saints within our beloved Sweden.

SECTION III

PERSONAL HISTORIES OF THE CHILDREN OF GUSTAV HENRY & ESTHER JOHNSON



The Fourth Ward Chapel dedicated by President Heber J. Grant. Henry and Esthers' family went to church here from 1938-1951.



Earle W. Sundstrom
About 1926



Estrid Cecilia Johnson
Graduation - Idaho Falls High School
May, 1931



Richard, Janis, Keith Sundstrom
About 1943

III.a. PERSONAL HISTORY OF ESTRID JOHNSON SUNDSTROM

Estrid Cecilia Johnson, b. 4 Sep 1911-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 4 Sep 1943 to Earle William Sundstrom, b. 25 Feb 1901-Salt Lake City, UT (SLC); d. 2 Dec 1964-SLC
Children (1) Ronald Earle Sundstrom, b. 10 Jul 1944-SLC
(2) Joye Diane Sundstrom, b. 17 Nov 1945-SLC
(3) John Brent Sundstrom, b. 21 May 1947-SLC
(4) Susan Colleen Sundstrom, b. 23 Nov 1948-SLC
(5) Sonia Christine Sundstrom, b. 21 Oct 1950-SLC
Earle Sundstrom's first family:
Married: On 8 Dec 1928 to Elsie Viola McPhie, b. 30 Dec 1911-SLC; d. 5 Mar 1938-SLC
Children: [1] Keith Sherman Sundstrom, b. 1 Jul 1929-SLC: d. Oct 1989-Orange,CA.
[2] Richard Bruce Sundstrom, b. 24 Aug 1934-SLC
[3] Janis Elaine Sundstrom, b. 25 Mar 1936-SLC

I was the first child born to Gustav Henry and Esther Johnson and they named me Estrid Cecilia. I remember well the farm and home in New Sweden, which is now West Broadway, in Idaho Falls. When we moved onto this farm, it was decided that I would stay with my grandparents, Gustaf and Anna Sofia Johnson, who lived east of town. I stayed with them so that I could walk to school with Rhoda and Ruby, their youngest children who were twin girls. They had begged their mother for a baby sister, and she had said, "No!," so I kind of filled in on this request. At the new place, there would have been no one to walk to school with and I would have had to walk through sagebrush and areas where transients often slept.

I can recall how much fun I had with my twin aunts. They would play tea party under the trees for hours, politely sipping their peppermint tea. Rhoda and Ruby always liked to play like they were the "rich ladies," and one of the vivid memories I have is of Ruby's little finger carefully arched upwards as she held her tiny teacup. They were good to me and occasionally would let me accompany them into town to visit their friends on Sundays. Later on, they would get a little frustrated when I would take too long getting my stockings rolled just right and then we would have to run all the way to school. Those stockings were so hard to get anchored to the long underwear I had to wear and if it wasn't done right, the underwear would show. During cold weather, I would open the door of the oven to keep warm while trying get my clothes just right. Meanwhile, my grandmother would just wring her hands and try to get me to hurry. This was a morning ritual for a long time.

Christmas time was such an exciting time. When I was very small, I remember going to Grandma and Grandpa's house and having lots of aunts and uncles there. Some were married and some were still living at home. Santa Claus (later thought to be Uncle Oscar) would burst through the door towards the end of the party with a hearty "Merry Christmas!" He would carry a big bag of gifts and everyone would receive a treasure. I remember playing fun games during these family gatherings. One game that wasn't so



Estrid Cecilia Johnson



Earle W. Sundstrom



Estrid with son John - 1980s



Estrid



Sundstrom family - about 1949.
Front: John, Ronald, Joye
Back: Janis, Estrid, Susan, Earle, Richard

much fun for me was a game where I remember that my mother was sitting on a chair with one leg under her. A long stocking was stuffed and a shoe put on it to look like her leg. Everyone left the room and one at a time they came in and were asked a question. If they got the question right, the leg just dangled back and forth, but if the question was missed, the leg fell off. I was only two or three, and when I saw my Mother's leg fall off, I screamed in horror.

Later, the family became so big that it was hard to gather in one place, so each family had their own celebrations. The trees had real candles with clamps on them to hold them on the tree. One Christmas, one of the children brushed too close to the tree and the curtains caught on fire. Thankfully, Papa was nearby and pulled the curtains down and stomped the fire out. Everyone looked forward to the traditional Swedish meal on Christmas Eve. Everyone, that is, except me. I would see my father buy the lutfisk early in November. Then mother would soak it in water for days, then dry it, soak it, and dry it again. This process would go on until Christmas and I thought the smell was worse than the outhouse. On Christmas Eve, the meal would consist of the lutfisk, boiled potatoes with milk gravy, hard-tack (something like a rye crisp cracker) and rice pudding with a good-luck piece hidden in it. I hated the rice because it felt like it always got stuck in my throat and I wouldn't touch that weird-smelling fish. I managed to eat a few potatoes and some hardtack.

Mostly I wanted to get to bed, knowing that during the night Santa would come and in the morning there would most likely be a new toy, maybe some new stockings, and a stocking filled with an apple, an orange and some hardtack candy. Christmas was the only time during the year that we would get something as wonderful as an orange. The anticipation of what was coming made it impossible to sleep, and the joy of Christmas morning was indescribable. I wish that today's children could feel that joy we felt, instead of wading through mountains of expensive gifts and wondering if that's all they are getting.

At times I would try to boss Sigrid around, but she didn't take to my suggestions very often. We were swimming buddies. One year, we decided to see how long into the year we could actually swim in the canal. We would go into the back yard and change into our swimsuits in the "well house," which housed the well and was across from the outhouse. Then we would put on our shoes and walk down to the canal. We started in June, paddling up and down the beautiful stream, and ended in November as the steam was rising from the nearly frozen water.

When Kurt was little, he seemed to be ill quite often, but by the time he started school he was pretty healthy. He was always easy-going and had lots of friends. I remember he learned to drive really well, even before I did, so he could take our milk and cream into the creamery. One day when I was home from school, Papa asked me to take it into town. I had had only a few minutes of driving instructions and was terrified the entire time. I had to take two detours because of the new bridge being built across the river and I stopped at every intersection. I only went 10 miles per hour there and back.

Like the other siblings, I remember Ingrid being the one who loved adventure and the out-of-doors. I remember the times that Ingrid was bumped off the potato wagon and then the sleigh, as well as the time she fell into the rushing waters of the canal and was pulled out by her father. Our mother would put her in a little bed or crib by the kitchen window so she could keep an eye on her after her injuries.

Max seemed to love farming from the time he could walk. He used to play farm in the dirt for hours and was so happy when he was big enough to really help on the farm. I remember what a good student he was.

Margit seemed so tiny when she went on the train to get her feet fixed. After what seemed a very long time, she came home. I remember her standing in the parlor with big wide eyes as if to say, "Where am I?" I can remember the cute little dress and bonnet she traveled home in and how glad we all were to get her back home.

Sherwood could best be described as the mischievous boy who grew up to be a "minister," anyway, a really good bishop. He had a great imagination and was lots of fun. Once he got into trouble because he and a friend decided to ride their horses into a big vacant house and let their horses jump out of a window. When his dad found out, Sherwood had to work for the people for a long time without pay as punishment.

Grant was the sweet, quiet baby of the family. He was always reading. He must have read every Book of Knowledge in the house. He didn't say a whole lot, but sometimes during a meal someone would be talking about a certain subject or ask a question and suddenly Grant would know amazing facts about the topic and could expound at great lengths. His reading gave him a wealth of information.

One of the greatest loves of my life, even from early childhood, was the piano and the organ. At the age of 12, I used to walk four miles to Grandma and Grandpa Johnson and stay overnight, so I could take my music lesson the next morning. I first took piano lessons from two lady teachers, and then for three years from Professor Clifford Clive, who was on the Sunday School stake board with Papa. He taught piano lessons at different towns every day of the week. At the age of 15, I began playing at many church meetings and other activities. I learned how to play the reed organ from Uncle Oscar.

I have served as either the Sunday School, Mutual, Primary, or Ward Organist at various times in my life and in many different wards. I have also fulfilled callings as a S.S. and Primary teacher, S.S. secretary, and as a counselor in the MIA.

I attended the Idaho Falls public schools, Smithsonian College and Weber College in Ogden, Utah, and a refresher course at LDS Business College in Salt Lake City. My vocation was secretarial work. I have worked for the Forest Service in Ogden, Utah, and for the WPA District Office in Idaho Falls and Pocatello, Idaho. I was a clerk for the Selective Service Board of Appeals in Pocatello, and for the War Department Headquarters at Fort Douglas, Utah, where I became Assistant Supervisor of my select audit section during World War II.

On September 4, 1943, I married Earle William Sundstrom in the Salt Lake Temple. Earle was the son of John and Hedrig Sundstrom. We became the parents of five wonderful children, Ronald, Joye, John, Susan, and Christine. We also raised Earle's children from his first marriage. His first wife died at the age of 26 leaving him with three small children. Their names are Keith, Richard, and Janis, and my family in Idaho Falls got to know them real well because they spent summers on Grandpa's farm. They became good friends with the neighbor children their own age and rode horses, swam in the creek and in general took part in life on the farm.

Earle graduated from Salt Lake Business College, attended Polytechnic College in Los Angeles, California, for two years, and then the University of Utah for one more year. He became an accountant and worked for the West Coast Equipment Co. in San Francisco,

for General Sales Corp. in Los Angeles, and for Kennecott Copper Corporation in Salt Lake City. He retired in 1963, shortly after his 62nd birthday. Earle passed away from a heart attack on December 2, 1964, in Salt Lake City. As devastated as our family was, I feel that it was still the way Earle wanted to go. I don't think he would have liked being a patient. The family remembers Earle as a warm and sociable Dad, although he retained a certain sternness in discipline.

I am 85years old and strive to continue to be very active. I visit our children out of town whenever possible. I continue the tradition, started by my mother, of sending birthday cards to all of my children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Every once in awhile I even get a card back from one of my posterity thanking me for all those years of cards. I strive to have a sense of fairness and equality with my family. My family's goal is to get me "online" so I can communicate quickly with everyone in the family!

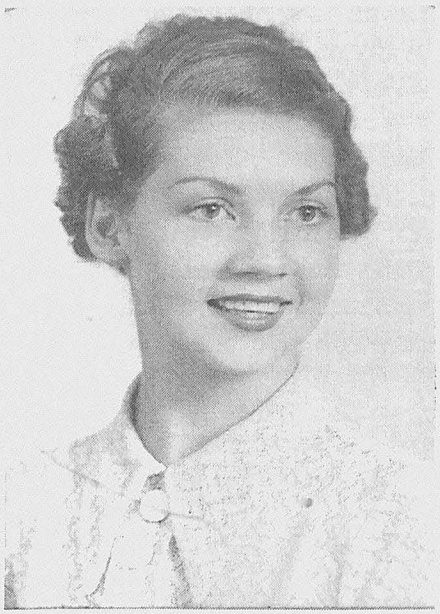






Estrid, above left, with daughters Janis, Susan, Chris, & Joye and above with sons Ronald & John.
- 1994 -

Left: Estrid's Aunt Rhoda, sister Margit & Estrid at a family reunion in the Rigby (Idaho) City Park - 1989.



Sigrid Ottilia Johnson



Sigrid & Spencer VanNoy - 1980s



Spencer Eldon VanNoy



Sigrid



Kurt, Estrid,Sigrid
About 1919

III.b. PERSONAL HISTORY OF SIGRID JOHNSON VANNOY

Sigrid Ottilia Johnson, b. 6 Jan 1914-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 4 May 1962 to Spencer Eldon VanNoy, b. 11 Jun 1913-Pocatello, ID

While reminiscing about my childhood, many beautiful memories come flooding back, of life on the farm in New Sweden. We had everything that money could not buy. Over the fence, a short distance from the house, the best swimming canal to be found anywhere was ours for the taking. We swam in it daily, and would even break the ice in November and go for a swim.

There was the orchard, with cherry and apple trees full of robins and other birds. We had gooseberry, current and raspberry bushes, strawberry patches, and always a beautiful garden. My parents saw to it that we always had plenty of good food. I remember that before leaving for school we would eat whole wheat cereal with thick cream. Mother, a wonderful cook, seemed to cook and can nonstop, always baking bread which we ate hot with plenty of butter.

My parents took us to town, to school or to church in a one-horse buggy. In winter, Father would take us in a sleigh pulled by horses, and I recall the big, high snow drifts. We went to a lot of church dances at the tabernacle, and participated in a lot of other fun activities the church had for young people. We were never forced to go to church, but we never wanted to miss going because we felt that Father was a righteous leader who would not lead us astray. The only time we stayed home from church was when we were ill. Many years later, when Father had cancer, I had come home for the weekend before he died, knowing that it might be my last time to see him on this earth. When he discovered me sitting in the next room on Sunday, instead of being in church, he asked me, "Have I been such a poor example in my life to you that you are not in church where you belong?"

After Ingrid graduated from high school in 1936, she and I attended Henager Business College for 16 months in Salt Lake City. Later, I worked in Portland, OR, for the Farmers Home Administration for 4-1/2 years, in Salt Lake City for the Office of Price Administration, and for the Veterans Administration until I was called on a mission to New York in 1946. After my mission, I worked for Film Row for one year and for the Portland Cement Association for 16 years. I retired after being at Hill Air Force Base from 1965 until 1977.

Spencer Eldon VanNoy and I were married by Elder LeGrand Richards in the Salt Lake Temple on May 4, 1962. Spencer was born to Nathan K. VanNoy and Pauline Pedersen VanNoy. He has two brothers and three sisters, and grew up in Grace, Idaho, graduating from high school there in 1932. His father was a carpenter.

He went to a body and fender school in Portland in 1941 and in later years made his living at a variety of jobs. After his brother was killed in World War II, Spencer tried to get into one of the military services, but was turned down because of physical disabilities.

After growing up in the LDS Church, he became somewhat inactive for several years. In his early forties, he decided to turn his spiritual life around and so became active in the church again. He received his temple endowments in the Logan Temple and

became very active in doing temple work. He wanted to go on a mission for the church, but was repeatedly turned down at first. Finally, after much persistence, he received his mission call to the Northern States Mission in August, 1958.

After fulfilling a wonderful mission, he settled in Salt Lake City in 1961 and soon thereafter, we met. In addition to our working careers, I would have to say that missionary work has truly been a great part of our lives. Besides our full-time missions before we were married, Spencer served two stake proselyting missions in Salt Lake City, and one year on a hosting mission on Temple Square. I served a stake mission in Portand, Oregon, and then two stake proselyting missions in Salt Lake City.

After retiring in 1978, we served several missions:18-month missions to Mississippi, Arizona, and Virginia (finished in New Mexico because of Spencer's health); a genealogy microfilming mission to the Chicago Catholic Archdiocese for 3-1/2 months, then to Bullhead, Arizona and to Las Vegas, Nevada. We served a two-year mission to the Salt Lake Genealogical Library where we also worked in the Church Office Building. Our wonderful years as full-time missionaries came to a halt when Spencer was taken to the hospital for back surgery.

In 1993, Spencer was instrumental in gaining proper recognition for his brother, Nathan VanNoy, Jr., killed in WWII in 1943 at the age of 19. Junior VanNoy won the Congressional Medal of Honor for staying at his machine gun post on a New Guinea beach until overrun and killed by the enemy. Spencer appeared on television during ceremonies when an imposing new monument was raised at his brother's grave in Grace, Idaho. Spencer's family donated Junior's medals to the state of Idaho. They are now in a special display case in the Capitol Building in Boise.

We loved our many years out in the mission fields, meeting many extraordinary people and having many unforgettable spiritual experiences. Other church jobs which were great experiences were serving in many positions in the Sunday School, as a teacher, on the S.S. Board, as coordinator, etc. Also, as secretary to a Stake President, and news gatherer for our Harvard Ward Newsletter. I was Relief Society Chorister for a few happy years, and a visiting teacher.

We would like to conclude with our testimonies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We know the things we write are true, and testify of them humbly and yet forcefully. We have not seen God or an angel, but gained this testimony through study and faith and works, humbling ourselves before the Lord, seeking His help by the teaching and spiritual power of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit bears witness unto our spirits of the truth of these wonderful things. We believe that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is the only church which has custody of and teaches plainly and in their fullness, the principles of truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which points the way to salvation and exaltation. The church is organized with apostles and prophets and the Priesthood, authorized by the Lord Jesus Christ, in former times and in these latter days.

The Gospel of Jesus christ gives all men the greatest faith, the greatest hope and the highest incentive to revere God, and to love and serve their fellowmen. It fills our every need, and gives us power to turn from sin to the true and beautiful things in life. This knowledge helps us overcome all things, to tread the path of eternal progression toward that goal announced for us by the Savior himself when he stated, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

III.c. PERSONAL HISTORY OF KURT LANZEN JOHNSON

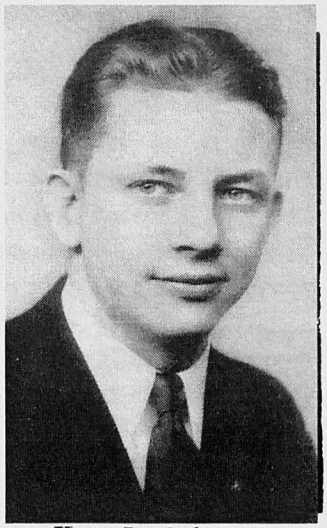
Kurt Lanzen Johnson, b. 5 Sep 1915-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 7 Oct 1942 to Sarah Lucille Keppner, b. 18 Aug 1921-Rexburg, ID
Children: (1) Jerome Kermit Johnson, b. 9 Sep 1943-Sioux Falls, SD
(2) Jean Anne Johnson, b. 14 Mar 1945-IFI
(3) Clinton Garth Johnson, b. 2 May 1947-IFI; d. 31 Dec 1988-Nampa,ID
(4) Cecelia Johnson, b. 5 Sep 1950-IFI
(5) Siri Ella Johnson, b. 31 Dec 1952-IFI
(6) Sonya Esther Johnson, b. 31 Dec 1952-IFI
(7) Glen Henry Johnson, b. 24 Mar 1955-IFI
(8) David Anthony Johnson, b. 24 Jun 1958-IFI

I was the third child born to Gustav Henry and Esther Johnson. I had very blond hair and blue eyes. We lived in a small three-room house on First St. in Idaho Falls. I was the oldest son of Henry, who was the oldest son of Gustaf, who was the youngest son of Johannes. When I was one year old we moved to a farm west of Idaho Falls on the street now called West Broadway.

Dad had worked as a bookkeeper since 1910 and now started to farm on the farm that Uncle Albert had run for a few years. Buggies and wagons stirred up the dust in the roads as they made their way to and from town. The more affluent people had finer buggies with fringed and tasseled coverings and fine matched teams. Less pretentious people settled for a single nag and a cobbled-up outfit, or a work team on a buggy. We had a small buggy and later a white-topped buggy pulled by a team of our smaller horses. When I was two or three years old, mother and Sigrid and I were going to town in the buggy. Mother had to go back into the house to get something. I had learned to click my tongue at the horses, so I did it. The horses started up and turned down the lane towards town. When my mother saw what had happened, she took a short cut through the orchard going as fast as she could and stopped the horses.

Estrid, the oldest member of the family, would fuss about rolling her stockings just right before Mom could get her off for school. She was resourceful and helpful about the house and popular with her friends. Sigrid was always doll-like, lovable and outgoing. She liked to help her mother, especially cleaning the house. Everyone had to clear out and then look forever after for things she had put away.

Then came Ingrid, our accident-prone sister. Fortunately, she did grow up and early in life started to sing and had many musical opportunities. Max came next and was called "Tuffie" by the family. He was into sports and about drove Sherwood crazy wanting to box with him all the time. We all felt so badly when he contracted rheumatic fever, which damaged his heart. His life was his family, the church, and the farm, all of which he dearly loved. Margit came next. I recall her being such a little girl when she was taken by Hazel Krave to St. Louis where she had successful corrective surgery for her club feet. She hardly recognized us when she came home. We were so glad that she was able to gradually resume her normal life.



Kurt L. Johnson
Sweden - 1936-39



Lucille Keppner
About 1942



Lucille & Kurt Johnson
1992



Kurt - 1940



Lucille
Nurse's Training 1939–42



Kurt & Lucille (seated) at their 50th Wedding Anniversary reception - 1992
Standing L. To R.: Gary & Sheila Harris, Glen & Kim, David & Audrey, Jerry & Leora, Jean & Morris, Cliffie, Cecelia & Vaughn, Siri & Randy, Sonya & Bill, Jeana & Don House

Sherwood came next, the livewire of the neighborhood. Whatever went wrong, he was blamed, guilty or not. He was enjoyed by all for his good personality and willingness to help people. Grant was the youngest; was quiet and lovable. I remember going by the school one day and there sat my little brother on a curb, away from the rest of the crowd, reading a book. He looked a little lonely, but he was always happy reading.

I attended Central School for three days, and when Estrid and Sigrid were transferred to Eagle Rock, I just picked up my books and went there, too. No one ever said anything. In those days we had to walk to school or ride a horse, but later on, we rode an old black Dodge bus with a door by each seat clear down the aisle. It held 30-40 children and Fred Keller, a taxi driver, drove it.

I also attended Central Jr. High. Off and on I had to stay out of school and help in the busy seasons on the farm so sometimes it was hard to keep up. By the time I was eight or nine, I was put on the land leveller. I would drive four horses and when I saw the other kids coming home from school, I would hurry to the end of the field so they could all see how big I was. I remember the first big money I made. For four days, I cultivated potatoes for Ray Collins and got $4.00. I just looked and looked at it and thought for a long time how I could best spend it.

My friends would love to come home with me and Mother would never know how many to expect for Sunday dinner. They loved the things on the farm, especially the horses. Most of my childhood injuries came as a result of horses. Once I went through a gate and took out a chunk of my leg. My favorite horses were Toots and Molly. Another close call I had was when I fell into a barrel of water near to our house. Uncle Otto came by and saw my feet sticking out and I was rescued.

We milked cows for several years. Papa and my Uncles Oscar, Clarence, and Carl went in to partnership on the Sunnyside Dairy. We would keep $1.00 per can of milk and donate the balance to keep the dairy going. We had lots of ice cream in those days and I still enjoy it. We got our first Model "T" then for $280 and I got to deliver the milk. I could barely see over the steering wheel and once I was stopped by a young policeman. He asked who my Dad was and I told him. He said I was doing fine, but he couldn't see that anyone was driving the car.

Other memories of my childhood include seeing President Harding when he came to Idaho Falls in 1924. His itinerary included irrigating Idaho potatoes, which he did on our neighbor's farm. Our family and many others gathered in our orchard to see him pass by us in his open touring car.

I loved fishing with our neighbors, the Shivelys, using long bamboo poles; going to the Logan Temple to do baptisms for the dead (some of us boys rode in the luggage rack on top of the bus); trips to the lava fields west of Idaho Falls where we would find ferns in the crevices and sometimes a rattlesnake; and trips with Uncle Oscar's and Clarence's families to pick chokecherries and serviceberries.

When I was 20, I was called on a mission to Sweden, arriving there in the spring of 1936. It was such a wonderful experience meeting my relatives, some of whom joined the church. The language came fast to me because of my mother and grandparents speaking it. I labored in Stockholm, Malmo, Jonkoping, Halmstad, and Eskilstuna. Following my mission I toured Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France.

After my mission I went to work for Milo Hendricks, who had a wallpaper and painting business. I lived in an upstairs room of one of his apartments. Because of the war in

Europe, the United States registered all young men and started a drawing for the purpose of drafting soldiers in case they were needed. I had just been home for one year, when my number came up and I was inducted into the army. When I got on the train I could see tears in my father's eyes. I just seemed to go numb on these departures and couldn't seem to feel the pain until it was long past. Many times I thought I was being sent overseas, but that never happened.

My dating days had started when my friend, Richard Strahle, took two girls to a movie and asked me to sit with one. I looked behind me a few rows and saw my father sitting there and when he left, I went with him. Years later, I was introduced to a dark-haired nurse, Lucille Keppner, from Rexburg, at sacrament meeting in the Fourth Ward. I was to a nurse's dance month's later with another nurse and traded dances with Lucille and her date. As soon as we started to dance we started to talk, and she was so easy to talk to. I was impressed with her wholesomeness and her prettiness. We laughed and talked and I didn't want the dance to end, but I reminded myself that she still had two years of nurse's training ahead.

When I needed a date for the Christmas Gold and Green Ball, I knew who I wanted for my date. When I saw Lucille walking down the street in Idaho Falls, I hurried and parked my painting van and ran up to her and asked her to go. She was surprised, but said she would check her schedule at the hospital. Just before Christmas, I went to the hospital to find out if she could go and realized that I didn't remember her name, and all my efforts to find out her name were to no avail. Two nights before the dance, in desperation, I went to the hospital to sit and wait in the lobby where the nurses passed, hoping she would come by. Luckily, she did.

I jumped up and asked her if she could go and she said,"yes." "Who should I send the flowers to?" I asked. "The front office will be fine and they will get it to me," Lucille responded. I finally had to come right out and tell her I didn't know her name. I loved being with her, and even though we had planned for her to finish her training, things fell into place and we were married on October 7, 1942.

The war was on and I had come home on a three-day enroute pass because I had joined the Air Corps. I was surprised that Lucille had made all of the arrangements so that we could travel to Salt Lake City and be married in the temple, our only opportunity to have a temple marriage for a very long time. She had sent me a telegram, but I didn't get it because I had already left for home. Things turned out fine, though. Following the ceremony, I drove Lucille back to Idaho Falls with our mothers and said "goodbye" again, not knowing where I was going to be sent or if I would even return.

Lucille was born to Lehi and Ella Statham Keppner. She was the third child born into a family of eight girls and one boy. They lived on a farm at Hibbard, a few miles from Rexburg. She went to schools there, and then to Madison High School in Rexburg, where she graduated in 1939.

As Lucille had only one brother who came later, she and her sisters had to do the work on the farm. When younger, they did things like picking strawberries for sale, but as they got older, they helped put up hay, shocked grain, milked cows, thinned and topped beets, etc. They were always rewarded by a trip or outing after harvest. The thing they liked to do best was take a week and pick huckleberries and camp out in the mountains at High Point. She has many fond memories of life on the farm, but, the fall after graduating from high school, she was glad to leave it and start nurse's training.

In her own words, she tells how she met her future parents-in-law: "I was on the street rushing to go downtown when I met Max (Kurt's brother) and a man with him. Max said 'hello' and "Pop" immediately wanted to know who I was. Max said, 'That's the girl Kurt took out.' Pop wanted to visit and asked about my dad being a bishop and did I know so-and-so living in Rexburg and Hibbard, etc. He was so interested and I was so nervous, because it was getting late and I was supposed to go on duty. They were very strict in those training days."

"I loved Pop from the start, and Mom, too, when I met her in the foyer of the Fourth Ward Chapel. She was dressed so nice in navy blue and had on a large-brimmed blue hat. I remember these things as if they were yesterday. The entire family has always treated me so well - even when I didn't deserve it. I am so proud to be a member of this wonderful family."

(Kurt continues) When the war ended, it was so good to be home. Using my military benefits, I enrolled at Ricks College to study agriculture. My father then located a farm that I could rent, west of his farm down by the river. It was owned by Bob Clinton, and though the house had no electricity or plumbing, we were happy there. After 4-1/2 years of military life, it was great to be my own boss. In 1952, we moved the house to the south end of the place so the children could get to school easier. I enjoyed farming jointly with Max and Sherwood for several years, and then Sherwood took a job in town. Farming has its ups and downs, but is truly good to teach important lessons about life. The larger farms now predominate, but I will always be grateful for this beautiful piece of land where Lucille and I have lived for most of our married life and where we raised our eight children and several foster sons. My patriarchal blessing promised me that I would have a posterity that would be a great pride and joy to me, and I can truly say it has been literally fulfilled. Jerry, Jean, Clinton, Cecelia, Siri, Sonya, Glen, and David have been our ultimate blessings. Equally, our grandchildren and great grandchildren, whose numbers are now approaching 50. Our borrowed sons Ron, Don, Gary, and Steve, and Harold have each added such a wonderful dimension to our family. They gave us a greater capacity to love.

In 1966, I was elected to the Idaho House of Representatives where I served for 18 years. We enjoyed our first winter in Boise and most of the younger children attended schools there during that time. Later on, as my mother and then Uncle Bob needed more care, Lucille stayed at home to take care of everything. When the children had all left home, she was free once again to come and stay with me during the sessions. I enjoyed serving as the chairman of the Education committee among other responsibilities. We enjoyed traveling and made many lasting friendships.

Lucille and I were called to serve an 18-month mission to Johannesburg, South Africa, in June of 1984. We had the wonderful opportunity of being there when the temple opened. We have also served two different times in the Family History Mission in Salt Lake City and loved living near the hub of the church. I have always loved my associations and responsibilites in the church, serving in many capacities, from work with the Seventys to counselor in the Bishopric.

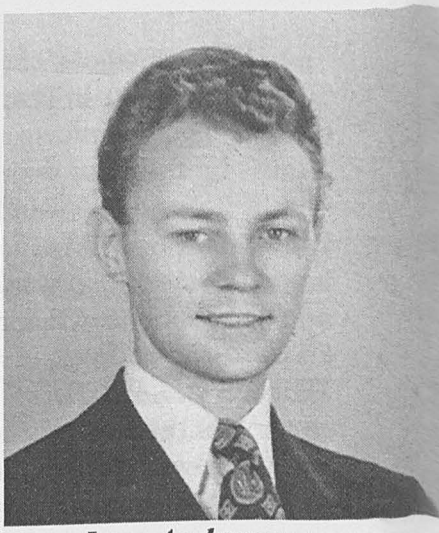
Our lives were forever changed when our dear son, Clint, was diagnosed with terminal cancer and we had to say goodbye to him for awhile. What would we ever do without our knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the fact that we will see not only Clint, but all of the dear loved ones who have gone before. What a grand reunion that will be.



Ingrid Anna Johnson



Lars & Ingrid Anderson - Abt. 1990



Lars Anderson



The Anderson Family - Abt. 1978
Front: Patricia, Ingrid, Christine, Carla, Leandra
Back: Lars, Lois, Vernon, Anita

III.d. PERSONAL HISTORY OF INGRID JOHNSON ANDERSON

Ingrid Anna Johnson, b. 30 May 1918-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 20 Dec 1946 to Lars Anderson, b. 22 Feb 1920-Salt Lake City, UT (SLC)
Children: (1) Carla June Anderson, b. 6 Jun 1948-SLC
(2) Patricia Coleen Anderson, b. 20 May 1950-SLC
(3) Vernon Sherwood Anderson, b. 15 Feb 1953-Monticello, UT
(4) Christine Anderson, b. 5 Jun 1956-Walnut Creek, CA
(5) Anita Renee Anderson, b. 3 Nov 1959-Walnut Creek, CA

Papa was out planting corn on his farm in New Sweden on the day I was born - May 30, 1918. He was summoned to come to the house as the time for my arrival drew near. I was the fourth child born to Gustav Henry and Esther Johnson, but the first to be born in that farmhouse. (Our parent's bedroom, if I remember correctly, was all white, and I have since wondered if it was white because it served as a delivery and recovery room.) Grandpa Lanzen made a little white crib before I was born, and it was so well built that it went down through other generations.

Mama has said that she was very thankful that I was good baby, because she always had so much work to do. However, it must have been annoying to her when, at a young age, I didn't like to wear clothes and hid them on and underneath bushes. One Sunday morning, when I was all dressed up in a pretty white outfit for church, I jumped into a mud hole by the house and had a splashing good time. However, there were other times when it wasn't just annoyance she felt, but thought that it was my lifeless body they were carrying to the house.

When I was about five, Ben Roberts, a black hired helper, carried me to the house because I had just missed getting run over by a heavy wagonload of potatoes. I was confined to bed for awhile, though, because I had received some broken ribs from this accident. Also, I had played with the potato picker's children and picked up head lice, and they multiplied during this confinement.

There were quite a few other narrow escapes, too, such as the time when Max and I were in a wagon while Papa was putting up fencing. A big roll of barbed wire was on the back of the wagon, and as the horses would go, the barbed wire unrolled. Max, unauthorized, told the horses to go, and I fell over onto that roll of barbed wire and went around. Again, I was carried into the house in a pretty bloody condition. Another time, I was hanging by my feet from the "tricky bars" at Eagle Rock School and slipped, falling on my head. It was difficult, and very painful, to get my breath for awhile.

Then there was the time when my friend, Mary Moore, who was about twelve at the time, invited Kurt and me to ride down to the river (Snake River) with her. We rode in the car with her, not bothering to ask anyone if we could go. Margit told Mama that we had gone, and so Mama called Mrs. Moore. We had a good time at the river (I learned later that in that section there were dangerous undertows) but it ended when Mrs. Moore walked down to the river, switched Mary's legs, and left us to walk home. I was barefoot, and Kurt and I had to walk through sagebrush and rocks, and on the hot asphalt highway. I guess that we had received our reward, so our parents didn't chastise us. There were also times when I rode horseback

with the neighbor boys who liked to race the horses and I had to hang on for dear life. Good that Mama didn't know about that. Estrid has said that my guardian angel must have been tired out.

Christmas was such a happy time. Papa would always go out on Christmas Eve in the sleigh and come back loaded with gifts. On the fourth of July and before Christmas, Grandpa Johnson would give each of us one or two dollars. Back then that was lots of money, and we would carefully plan out the gifts we would need to buy for the year. We shopped at Woolworths and Kress's and made that money stretch. One Christmas I woke up in the night and peeked in at the gifts under the tree. In the moonlight I saw a beautiful porcelain doll and knew it was for me. In the morning, I carried that beautiful doll to my friends house to show her and in my excitement I dropped it, and my doll shattered.

Winters were so cold, and I think we would never have made it without those big rocks warmed in the stove and wrapped in towels to put in our beds at night to keep us warm. I remember once when my mother became worried when I didn't come down from my room one morning. I slept on the north side of the house, and when Mama came upstairs she found me very ill with the flu. The window had blown out in a blizzard during the night and on my bed was a snowdrift.

We had lots of freedom on the farm when we were young. Max and I used to play in the dirt and mud for hours, when the other kids went to school. We made little farms, and that was probably the beginning of Max's love for farming and mine for gardening. When we got a little older, though, we did have to help with the farm work. Sigrid was pretty industrious, and not only helped on the farm, but also took care of a lot of the housecleaning.

How we hated to cut potatoes for planting in the springtime, down in the gloomy, cold cellar - and we hated just as much picking the potatoes in the fall. We didn't like to pick the gooseberries, currants and cherries because they were sour, and there were a lot of them. We didn't mind picking the strawberries, raspberries and peas because they were so good. Once Margit and I wouldn't pick cherries, and we got spankings from Papa, some of the rare spankings that he gave.

There were no kindergartens then, and we started in the first grade. For a short while, when I first started school, we rode in a covered wagon pulled by horses. Sometimes our driver and the driver of the Catholic School wagon raced each other. Later, we rode school busses. On my first day of school, the teacher had us lined up at the blackboard. I didn't dare to ask her for permission to go to the lavatory, and soon there was a puddle on the floor. Smart kid I was - I moved to the other end of the line and let little Koola Alexander take the blame for it. I liked most of the school years, but maybe not the 7th and 8th grades - they were transition years - but I really enjoyed high school.

In order to avoid algebra and geometry, I took the commercial course, which changed the course of my life. I loved the music department and had the opportunity to participate in extra-curricular programs. I got to represent the soprano section in a big Northwest music conference and the mezzo-soprano state contest. The biggest thrill came, though, when I got the part of the coed in the operetta "The Count and the Coed." I worried that it would be necessary to wear a made-over dress of Sigrid's, but the music director, Mr. A.L. Gifford, got his wife to get several outfits for me, and how

exciting that was.

After high school graduation, Sigrid and I tripped off to Henager's Business College in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1936. I think that Papa sold a cow to finance the schooling. However, we made our way after that by working for our board and room. The one I worked for, at first, was a slave-driver and just wanted a full-time maid in exchange for board and room and carfare. I finally left and went to another place, a young couple who had a darling baby, and they were very nice. After a few months at Henegars, the college sent me to apply for a job at the Equitable Life Insurance Company. It was just as the depression was ending, and I was thrilled to get $65.00 a month.

After getting a paycheck, I moved to the Beehive House, then a home for out-of-town working girls. It was just $25.00 a month for board, room and laundry facilities. Was it fate that had me room with two girls; one of them later introduced me to my future husband, Lars. She married his brother. When Lars and I went on that first date, we both felt that we would marry each other, but it didn't happen until almost seven years later and after many detours along the way. He went on a mission after we met and then directly into the Navy, as WWII had erupted.

In 1944, I also went on a mission to the North Central States, serving mostly in St. Paul and Minneapolis. When I returned from my mission, I worked as a secretary for Ezra T. Benson, the Apostle, until he went to wartorn Europe to deliver welfare goods. Elder Spencer W. Kimball, the Apostle, took over Elder Benson's work and I worked for him until I became engaged to Lars and went to work for the Veterans Administration. We were married by Elder Kimball in the Salt Lake Temple on Dec. 20, 1946.

Lars' father, Lars Anderson, Sr., was born in Denmark in 1856. His mother, Edith Elfreda Laxman, was born in Concordia, Kansas in 1888. Lars father was 63 years old when Lars was born in Salt Lake City. His father died in 1932, leaving his mother to raise four children ages six to twelve. As hard times pressed in during the depression, his mother had to sell much of the estate she inherited from her husband for a fraction of its worth. The family moved to Tremonton, Utah, for a few years and then back to SLC.

Lars graduated from West High School in SLC. In 1940, he went on a 26-month mission to California. From January, 1943, to December, 1945, he served in the US Navy in WWII. He was a radar operator on an aircraft carrier when it was sunk in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. He spent 42 hours floating in a life jacket in shark-infested waters before being rescued. Later, he served on a ship that took troops from France to Japan. They arrived there just a day or two after the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had been destroyed by the only atom bombs ever used in warfare.

He went to college at Utah State and the University of Utah, where he received his BA Degree. His school teaching career in Blanding and Concord spanned the years from 1949 to 1981. While teaching school, he also supplemented our income by preparing income tax returns and painting houses.

Lars attended the University of Utah and worked at Safeways and I worked for the Veterans Administration and then for the Episcopal Bishop of Utah until almost the time for Carla's arrival. Shortly before she was born, I had a seizure and then a blood clot on the lung. Afterward, the doctor said that they would have been up a tree if Carla had decided to be born at that time, and maybe we would have gone to heaven.

After Lars graduated, he thought it would be interesting to go down to Blanding, Utah,

to teach school. We were there for four years, and did have some interesting experiences in that area. Then he decided to go out to Concord, California, to teach. One night, while we were still in Blanding, I had seizures and the doctor couldn't stop them. He gave me morphine and told Lars to take me to Salt Lake the next morning.

That same morning, a celebration was going on up home because Grant had just returned from the Korean War. It was interrupted when the Blanding telephone operator told Mama to go to Salt Lake because I was in critical condition. I came out of it fine, though, and then we stayed with Mama in Idaho Falls that summer and then moved to Concord. During that summer, Lars painted the house and helped with the farm work. We have not been able to pinpoint why I have had seizures, but perhaps it has something to do with the many accidents I had while growing up.

When Lars sold the house in Blanding, we left about everything there, so all we had when we went to California were our three children and what we could pack in our car. Upon our arrival, we were fortunate enough to buy a fairly new house for a low price, and a houseful of furniture that a church member had to leave when they moved. There were no LDS buildings when we moved there, and the population was only 10,000; but after we had lived there for 38 years, and stayed in the same house, we had lived in five different stakes and the population was over 100,000.

In 1991, we decided to join our children who had moved to Utah, and so we sold our home in Concord and bought a home in Pleasant Grove. Carla and Ron, also living in Concord, decided to come, too. Now we have three of the families living in Pleasant Grove, and Vernon's family is just a few minutes away in Orem. We are hoping that Patsy will be able to come here in the near future, but she in Southern California and has a good job there as an administrative analyst and feels that she can't leave it yet. We enjoyed California, but are happy to be back in the "shadow of the mountains" and enjoy the blessings here.

We have always been blessed with callings in the church. My first job was as "leaflet agent" when I was about 15 years old. Later callings were as follows: MIA Beehive teacher, Stake Gleaner Girl President, Salt Lake Stake Gleaner Supervisor, camp leader and camp cook, Sunday School teacher and coordinator, Stake Gospel Doctrine teacher and Stake Nursery Leader; Relief Society as chorister, teacher, counselor and president; stake and ward nurseries, and welfare coordinator; Primary as a teacher, stake nursery leader, cub scouts and inservice leader.

Besides my full-time mission in 1944-45, I have been a temple worker in the Oakland, Provo, and now in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple. Now I am ward librarian since moving to Pleasant Grove.

Of course, Lars has always had jobs in the church besides his full-time mission and three stake missions. He has taught many classes including the Gospel Doctrine Class, has been Ward Clerk and Ward Finance Clerk; temple ordinance worker in the Oakland, Provo and Mt. Timpanogos Temples; counselor and secretary in his High Priest Groups, etc. He believes his most important callings have been as a husband, father and grandfather.

We have had a few hard times along the way, but feel that the blessings have far outnumbered the difficulties. I often wonder what my life would have been like without the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am so thankful to have had the parents I had who were willing to go through what they did so that we could have the Gospel in our lives.

III.e. PERSONAL HISTORY OF MAX HENNING JOHNSON

Max Henning Johnson, b. 19 Mar 1920-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI); d. 23 Nov 1987-IFI
Married: On 11 Aug 1944 to Minnie Marie Mikesell, b. 20 Dec 1922-Ashton, ID
Children: (1) Judy Dolores Johnson, b. 9 Feb 1946-IFI
(2) Michael Olen Johnson, b. 6 Jan 1948-IFI
(3) Patricia Ann Johnson, b. 15 Feb 1950-IFI
(4) Marilyn Kay Johnson, b. 17 Dec 1951-IFI
(5) Paul Henning Johnson, b. 21 May 1956-IFI
(6) Tamara Joy Johnson, b. 11 Feb 1958-IFI
(7) Teresa Sue Johnson, b. 1 Jul 1960-IFI

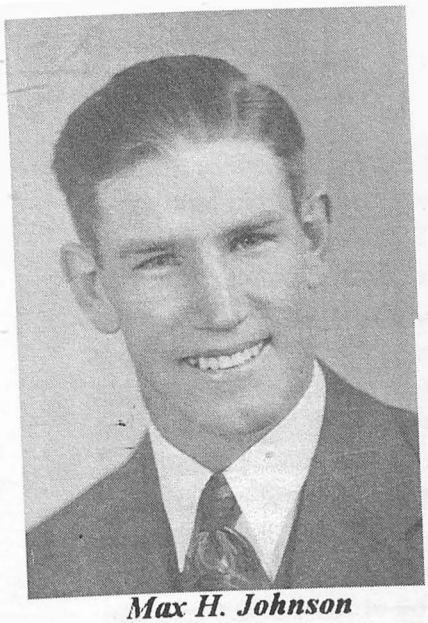
I was born on a farm about one mile west of Idaho Falls (then part of New Sweden; now it is West Broadway) on March 19, 1920. I was the fifth of eight children, having three brothers and four sisters. I have always had a "green thumb" and my father let me grow my first crop when I was just five years old. It was a patch of oats planted out in the apple orchard between four apple trees. When I was eight, he let me plant and care for the family garden.

The church and the desire to farm have been the main influences in my life. I was baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church in April, 1928, in the Idaho Falls Stake baptismal font by Leo Coles, of the Milo Ward, and confirmed by Hugh Bussy, a counselor to my father in the bishopric of the First Ward.

I attended grade school at Eagle Rock School, and during this period of time I also attended Primary and Sunday School in the old rock church on the corner of Park Avenue and "E" Street. Just before Christmas in 1931, I became quite nervous in school and couldn't seem to hold onto anything with my left hand. My parents took me to see our family doctor, J.O. Mellor, who examined me and said that I had St. Vitus Dance, which we now know as rheumatic fever. I had to stay home from school that winter, but recovered by spring and returned to graduate from the sixth grade.

That same spring, after three years of financial difficulties known as "The Depression," it became necessary to make a trade in farms to satisfy our creditors. We traded our eighty-acre farm in New Sweden for a forty-acre farm north of Idaho Falls. The years just prior to making this move we lived neighbors to a Japanese family, the Kanekos. The ages of those children were about the same as the children in our family, so we each had a special playmate. These friends told us about a haunted house that their uncle and aunt used to live in. They said, "There were soldiers that used to live there, and when they died, their ghosts would return every night at midnight and would come marching up the stairs and down a long hall." Well, as luck would have it, when we moved, lo and behold, it was to the same haunted house they had told us about.

I remember the first night in our new house was quite an experience. We had to move in the winter of 1931-1932. It had been one of those good old Idaho winters with plenty of snow and wind and cold temperatures. The roads were blocked with snowdrifts all winter so the only way to travel was by bob sleigh, and that was the manner



Max H. Johnson



Max & Marie Johnson - 1980s



Marie Mikesell



Max & Marie's Family - about 1967
Front: Teresa Sue Middle: Marie, Paul, Max, Tamara
Back: Patricia, Marilyn, Michael, Judy, Merrill Pack

in which we moved our furniture and other belongings. It was almost dark when we arrived with the last load of furniture. This new place had none of the conveniences to which we had grown accustomed. We had no electricity, plumbing, or telephone. We had to use kerosene lamps, chop a hole in the ice in the creek for water, and keep a path cleared to the little outhouse in back. This is the same house Marie and I live in today, the home where we have also raised our family. As yet, those "ghost soldiers" have never once disturbed my sleep.

In the fall of 1932, Margit, Sherwood and I attended the little one-room schoolhouse two miles north of our place, known as the Sage Creek School. The school bus for Idaho Falls schools passed in front of our place for the members going to high school, so the next year, we were allowed to attend Idaho Falls schools.

Because of my love of farming, I took vocational agriculture and joined Future Farmers of America in high school and enjoyed many leadership positions in the organization and attended some out-of-town conventions. I also loved sports and participated on the football and boxing teams. After graduating from high school in 1938, I farmed with my father. In the Fall of 1941, I was interviewed for a mission, but when I took my physical examination, it was determined that I had a rheumatic heart and the First Presidency declined my call. This same winter I was to be inducted into the service, but when I took the physical, they classified me 4-F (not physically fit for military service). Therefore, I stayed home and continued farming with my Father.

During this same time, the nurses in training at the L.D.S. Hospital attended Sunday School and M.I.A. in the Fourth Ward, of which I was then a member. I became acquainted with several of them, and when they had nurses' dances, I was always invited. It was in the fall of 1941 that I met Marie Mikesell through the much-appreciated efforts of our future sister-in-law, Lucille. I enjoyed her company and we went together all during her training period, and on August 11, 1944, we were married in the Logan Temple.

Marie had to finish her training that fall, so she continued to live at the nurses' home. Robert Woller, head gardener at the temple, thought this arrangement was ridiculous and told us, "Ven people get married, they should live together." Following her training here, Marie took a three- month post-training course in psychiatry at St. Luke's Hospital in Spokane, Washington. Following that, we finally did set up housekeeping together. Marie continued working at the hospital that year and was supervisor of the maternity floor.

Marie was born, the seventh of nine children, to Charles Andrew and Minnie Louise Porter Mikesell of Ashton, Idaho. Marie enjoyed a special place in the hearts of her parents and brothers and sisters, as the first child born after the loss of her next older brother, Blaine, who died as a nine-month old infant. She spent her first thirteen years on her family's ranch in Sarilda, about twelve miles west of Ashton, on the southern fringe of Island Park. Her family lost their ranch during the Depression, when a horde of crickets ate everything in their wake, including her father's crops.

She attended high school in St. Anthony, graduating at the age of seventeen. After working for a year in Rexburg in her Uncle Arthur Porter's book store, she decided to go into nurse's training at the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital. I'm glad she made that decision.

And so in due time after our marriage

came our children. Judy Delores was born first, followed by Michael Olen. The day he was born was a memorable one. We had a good old Idaho winter again, and suddenly on January 6, 1948, it warmed up and started raining, causing snow to melt fast. Our neighbors, the Paul Blaylock family, were away from home that afternoon. They lived in a basement home, close to a canal. Because of the weather conditions, the water overflowed its' banks and filled a trench that led to their bathroom. The bathtub drain became a geyser and two feet of water quickly filled their entire home. We called the fire department and had the water pumped out, but everything was soaked. We had arranged for the boys to stay the night with us. Just when we got them settled into bed, Marie had a sharp labor pain. I put her in the car, took her to the hospital, took Judy to Marie's sister across town, did the paper work back at the hospital, and then went back up to the delivery room. I was met by Dr. Rees who told me that I was the father of a fine son. We named him Michael Olen.

Patricia Ann's birth also occurred without me there because Marie had sent me home the night before and then couldn't contact me quickly enough to get there. Marilyn Kay's birth happened under almost identical conditions. She contracted pneumonia two days after her birth and almost died, but because of Marie's training, she noticed the symptoms in time and Marilyn received the treatment that saved her life. Paul Henning was born in the spring. I was out in the field preparing potato ground for planting. Our sister-in-law, Julie, got Marie to the hospital with just seconds to spare. Tamara Joy's arrival in February of 1958 was the first delivery I was actually able to attend. Our next door neighbors, the Richards, had a daughter the very same day. Our last daughter, Teresa Sue, came so fast that I wasn't the only one who didn't make it. This time, another sister-in-law, Lucille, came to the rescue. They rushed to the hospital, but couldn't find Dr. Rees in time. Dr. Joe Hatch was standing in the hall, so Marie had him deliver her. Our last child, a son we named Kaarhe Max, was lost due to complications in the seventh month of Marie's pregnancy. For the number of children we have, I have probably spent less time than anyone in the expectant father's room.

I have always enjoyed the fraternity of the church and have held the following positions: A member of the presidency of each one of the Aaronic priesthood quorums, enlistment director of the Sunday School, assistant S.S. superintendent, a counselor to the S.S. Superintendent, assistant scoutmaster, Explorer leader,secretary in the Elder's Quorum Presidency, Ward M-Man President, Stake M-Man Vice-President and President.

During this time, in the Fall of 1948, I was involved again in scouting and was attending a scouting school along with trying to attend two or three other meetings for various things during the week. I came down with a flu that turned to pneumonia and I had a severe recurring attack of rheumatic fever. I was in bed from Thanksgiving until the next February. I almost died, but because of Priesthood blessings and the fact that I had lived the Word of Wisdom, my life was spared. That winter was one of the worst we'd ever had, so I guess bed was a good place to spend it. Because of the effect of this illness upon my heart, I have to be careful not to over-exert myself, and I have followed this quite closely. I never work more than eighteen hours a day.

After my recovery, I served as general secretary to the Aaronic Priesthood, and following my release from this, in 1951, I was called to serve a Stake Mission. I was

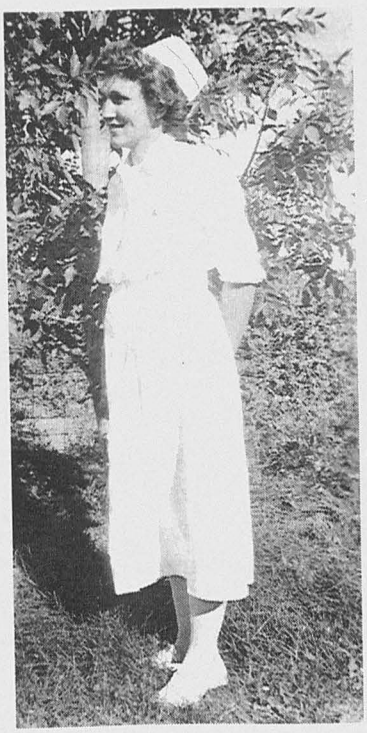
ordained a seventy by Marion G. Romney. I completed my mission and was given an honorable release in 1953. I then was sustained as ward clerk. When the nineteenth ward was created, I was called to serve as first counselor to Bishop Marsden Williams and was ordained a High Priest by Harold B. Lee. We were released after five years and I have since held callings of Sunday School teacher, MIA secretary, ward chairman of the genealogical committee, YMMIA superintendent, and as High Priest Group leader.

I have always been interested in rural community affairs and have been a member of the Farm Bureau since 1948, where I served as a county director for several years, two of those years as county vice president. I was elected to the board of directors of Idaho Potato Growers, Inc., in 1960 and served for six years.

Our family has always enjoyed a special bond with each other and with our brother's families because of the privilege and heritage of growing up and working on the family farm. Marie enjoyed a 40-year career as a registered nurse at the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital.

Our lives have been filled with joy as we have watched our children learn and grow. Each of our children have excelled in school, in music, and in church responsibilities. Next to my family, the Church has always been uppermost in my life. I have a testimony of the gospel. I know it is true and will lead us to eternal life and exaltation if we follow it's teachings.*

*(Note: This history was written by Max prior to his death on November 23, 1987. Recently, Marie completed 10 years of service as a worker in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. She asked to be released so that she could concentrate her efforts on genealogy work. In December of 1995, she sold their home and moved to Ogden, Utah, to be near to her son, Paul, and to the Salt Lake Genealogical Library. "Even so," she writes, "much of my heart will always remain with our former home, our farm, and my friends and family in Idaho Falls.")



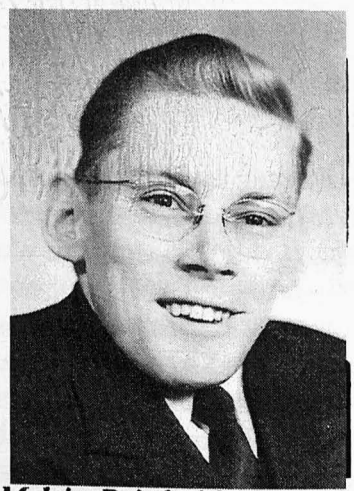
Left : Marie went into nurse's training in 1940 and had a 40-year career as a registered nurse.

Right: Marie & Max with the Idaho Falls Temple in the background. Max helped some in the building of the temple, using a team of horses to carry out miscellaneous tasks.





Margit Louise Johnson



Melvin Reinhold Blomquist



Wedding Day - 18 Mar 1949



Melvin & Margit at Swedish Missionary Reunion - Oct. 2, 1996



Margit & Melvin with children.
L. To R. - Steven, Dennis, Evan, Marlene.

III.f. PERSONAL HISTORY OF MARGIT JOHNSON BLOMQUIST

Margit Louise Johnson, b. 14 Sep 1921-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 18 Mar 1949 to Melvin Reinhold Blomquist, b. 1 Dec 1922-Salt Lake City, UT
Children: (1) Steven Melvin Blomquist, b. 19 May 1950-SLC
(2) Dennis Lynn Blomquist, b. 14 May 1952-SLC
(3) Marlene Blomquist, b. 30 Jun 1955-Murray, UT
(4) Milan David Blomquist, b. 26 Jan 1958-Glendale, CA; d. 28 Jan 1958-Glendale
(5) Evan Lee Blomquist, b. 8 Mar 1962-Glendale, CA

Earth life began for me on a farm west of Idaho Falls known as the New Sweden area. I was the sixth child born to Gustav Henry and Esther Johnson; the five siblings older than I are Estrid, Sigrid, Kurt, Ingrid, and Max, then me, Sherwood and Grant. I was born with club feet. Dr. J.O. Mellor, the family physician didn't have any particular knowledge as to what to do (and apparently no other doctor did at that time) so he experimented by putting my feet and legs in plaster casts when I was about three months old. That was short-lived because my circulation was cut off. (Mama told me she had to walk to town carrying me with those heavy casts to have them removed.) My parents learned of a neighbor boy who had been sent to a hospital in St. Louis for some corrections to his crippled body. His parents suggested that perhaps something could be done for my feet.

My parents were hard-pressed financially, but grandfather Gustaf Johnson came to the rescue and, as I have been told, paid for the operation that ensued. Hazel Krave, a cousin-in-law to my father, accompanied me to St. Louis by train. Hazel's parents lived in St. Louis and were very attentive to me during my hospital stay. They often took me for jaunts around the hospital area via wheelchair and brought special treats to me in the hospital. When my treatments were finished, my uncle, Clarence F. Johnson, who had been on a mission in the midwest, brought me home.

Waiting for my feet to heal, I didn't start school until I was seven. Even then, I had to wear special braces and shoes for a few years and hated them with a passion. The first school I attended was Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls was first called Eagle Rock), then Sage Creek, a little red country schoolhouse with eight grades in one room and a path to the backrooms, ('his'n' and 'her'n'), then Riverside, Idaho Falls Jr. High, and Idaho Falls High School.

After graduation, I moved to Salt Lake City to attend LDS Business College. World War II was in progress, so students were hired from the school as soon as they could type 60 wpm and take shorthand at 120 wpm. My stay was only about five or six months at the college and I went to work for Ideal Cement Co.

In 1946, I was called on a mission to Sweden. My mother had heard that some Swedish people from San Bernardino, the Blomquists, whom she had known in the old country, had been called to preside over the Swedish Mission. They had come to Salt Lake City where the Swedish community honored them and were bidding them

farewell for awhile.

At that time my papers were being processed for a mission. I had put as a preference where I would like to go as the Hawaiian Islands, only because it sounded exotic. The church had not been sending missionaries to foreign countries because of the war. They were just beginning to open foreign missions again. My mother was going to attend the Swedish function for the Blomquists and asked if I would like to go with her. That was the changing point in my life. She introduced me to President Eben R.T. Blomquist (my future father-in-law) and I told him of my pending mission. He asked if I could type and would I like to go to Sweden. My answer was "yes" to both questions, but I didn't think any more about it until my call came to Sweden. I learned later than Pres. Blomquist had a hand in that, having told Pres. McKay he needed a secretary. Four of us, Gerda Anderson, Anna Lindgren, Barbara Coombs, and I were the first lady missionaries sent to a foreign country after the war, other than members of families of mission presidents.

Upon arriving in Sweden, the four of us were sent out to different branches. It was interesting that I was sent to Vingaker because a family with the name of Rosen remembered Daddy when he was there on a mission and showed me pictures of him when he visited them. The descendants of this Rosen family were very kind to us during our stay there. Six weeks later I was brought into the office, where I remained the rest of my mission as secretary to Pres. Blomquist.

Melvin Blomquist was mission secretary. During this time we worked in the office together with other missionaries who were called from time to time to help with mailings, auxiliary work, and all the details of a mission. The Blomquist family had an apartment on the third floor of the building at Svartensgatan 3 in Stockholm, which also housed the mission office. The lady missionaries had a room on the same floor as well as the mission housekeeper and cook, Eva Carlsson. Melvin and other elders had a room next to the president's office on the next floor down and the kitchen and other quarters were on the first floor.

(A note of interest for our family is that Grandpa Lanzen did the tile work for the baptismal font at Svartensgatan 3 but it was later replaced. However, the ornamental facade on the building which has the name "Jesu Kristi Kyrka av Sista Dagars Heliga" was done by Grandpa and this still is there today, even though the church has sold the building. It is considered a historical landmark and cannot be removed.)

The missionaries studied together early in the mornings, ate at the same table, walked to the bathhouses together, attended all the branch functions there at Svartensgaten 3, and worked together in the office. Melvin and I also went into the "dungeon" to bring up the wood for the office stove. We came to know each other in the worst of times and the best of times. Often I was the first lady missionary down to the early morning classes and he would give me a lecture about being on time. That irked me because I wasn't the only one that needed it. Other times I argued with him about some of the points of doctrine that were being discussed. One day he said to me, "Sister Johnson, why don't you approach topics with a positive point of view instead of a negative." I was furious but mulled it over for a long time and decided he was right. Interestingly, the quality that endeared me to Melvin was his deep spiritual insights and his patience with everyone.

At the end of our missions (Melvin, his sister, Betty, and I were all released at the same time), the Blomquists took their family on a quick trip through Europe and invited

me to go along. Since then, Melvin and I have said that the trip was kind of a pre-honeymoon in light of what happened later.

When we returned to Salt Lake, I went to work for the cement company again and Melvin worked for a lumber company not far away. We dated for a few months and were married March 18, 1949, in the Salt Lake Temple by Ezra Taft Benson. We lived in various apartments and houses in Salt Lake until 1955, when we moved to California.

Three of our children were born in Utah and two in Glendale, California. Milan, our fourth, died two days after birth and we brought his body back to Salt Lake for burial in Wasatch Lawn Cemetery. The children attended schools in the Montrose area of Glendale and later in La Canada. Steven, Dennis, and Marlene all graduated from La Canada High School, and all three graduated from BYU in Provo.

Those eighteen years we lived in California were special years as we experienced many things through learning, growing, and doing. There were some difficult times, but we weathered them through and had enough good times to offset them. When we returned to Salt Lake, we were called to serve in the Swedish Branch of the church and were there eleven years, working with many of the people we had known in Sweden. Even though the branch was eventually dissolved, the Swedish people carried on many of the traditions that we love as Swedes. Many of the old-timers have passed away, but some of the younger ones are still trying to keep the special events alive.

Coming back into the ward in our area, we renewed relationships with many people that we knew way back when we first moved to the area. We've continued to have growing experiences, mellowing out in the process. We are now just past the twilight of our lives and try to hang on to all that's dear--our family and friends. We like to have the comforts of the world, but we don't have the desire anymore to accumulate a lot of "things." That is a daring statement coming from the packrat of all packrats! As I ponder the past, I can say it has been a great life.

Now, a few paragraphs about Melvin. He was the fourth child born to Eben R.T. and Ethel Johnson Blomquist. When he was three years old, he became ill after a family outing at Bear Lake. He was first treated for tonsillitis, but when he did not recover, the doctor determined that he had polio. For a year, he was completely paralyzed and was carried everywhere by his father. His family prayed for him and his father administered to him, at one point in his prayer saying, "If this child can live to be a useful servant in Thy kingdom, let him live. If not, we are willing to surrender him into Thy hands." The family moved to San Bernardino to have a better climate for Melvin's health, and they resided there many years, active in the church and community. Melvin eventually recovered from the polio, but it left him physically disabled for the rest of his life.

Melvin had almost completed a two-year mission in the New England States when his parents were called to preside over the Swedish Mission. He accepted his parents offer to accompany them to Sweden and so he spent 2-1/2 years as mission secretary.

On returning home, he worked at various places in SLC as an accountant. At the invitation of long-time friend, Max Skousen, he moved his family to California and with Max established first, Skousen Tax Service, and then Tax Corporation of America, the largest "in-home" tax service in the nation. When a processing center was opened in Salt Lake City, Melvin requested to move there and

operate it. During this time, he was still Executive Vice President and a director and travelled extensively throughout the Northwest and some of the eastern states.

Melvin's health began to give him some problems, so he had to retire from the business. What followed were a Herrington instrumentation (a bone taken from his leg, shored up with a rod up his spine, and literally screwed his height 5-1/2 more inches); a hip replacement, cataract removals and two corneal transplants.

Interestingly, it was after recovery from these operations that he accomplished the most long-lasting achievements of his life. These included: publishing the histories of his father's and his mother's families; volumes of his own history; organized his parents unpublished notes into notebooks for easy access; copied and organized Margit's genealogical records; did extensive family research; a great deal of temple work; extraction of church records as a stake calling; organized in notebooks other letters and memorabilia of his parents and children; submitted to the Church Historians's office for preservation much of the material he had, as well as computer disks of genealogical research for the Genealogical Library.

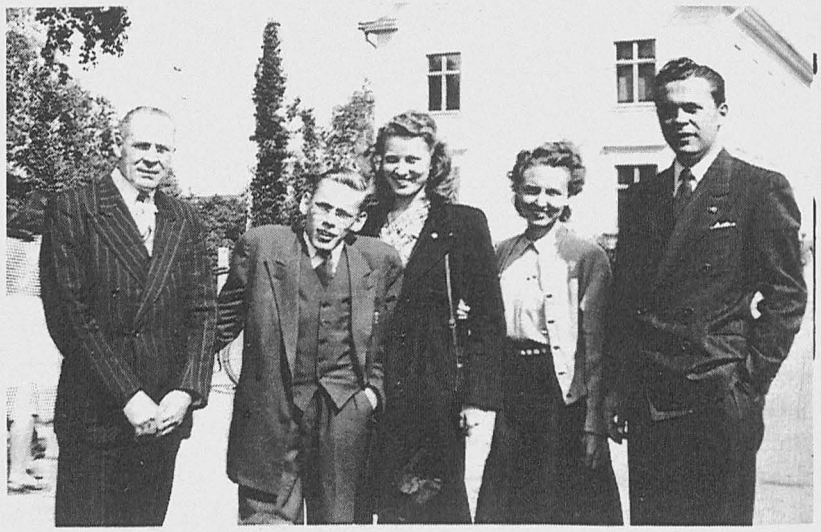
He served two full-time missions, two stake missions, several years as ward and stake clerk, and teacher of genealogical and Temple Project classes.

In the meantime, he formed Voices of Remembrance, a nonprofit organization for the purpose of recording life stories on tape. His brother-in-law, Fielding Harris, who was living in St. George at the time, sought out many old-timers to record. There were close to 500 tapes made. Melvin presented the original reel-to-reel recordings to the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City and copies on cassettes of those same stories to Dixie College in St. George, Utah, for historical purposes. At Dixie College, it is known as the Voices of Remembrance collection.

His eyes have dimmed and his lungs have weakened, so he can't do the things that have been his joy, but he is still the strength that keeps us both intact.



Ethel & Eben R.T. Blomquist. Melvin's parents; Margit's & Grant's mission president.



Margit & Melvin were on missions to Sweden 1946-48. Above - conference at Lulea, Northern Sweden, abt. 1947. L. To R. -Archibald Bennett, Head of Church Genealogical Dept., Melvin, Betty Blomquist, Margit, Ronald Folkerson.

III.g. PERSONAL HISTORY OF ORVAL SHERWOOD JOHNSON

Orval Sherwood Johnson, b. 4 Apr 1924-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 8 May 1946 to Julia Lee McLaughlin, b. 26 Oct 1922-Pocatello, ID
Children: (1) Carollyn Renee Johnson, b. 19 Feb 1948-IFI
(2) Maureen Johnson, b. 16 Sep 1950-IFI
(3) Lorraine Johnson, b. 12 Feb 1953-IFI
(4) Mark Sherwood Johnson, b. 19 Jul 1956-IFI
(5) Dale Sherwood Johnson, b. 7 Nov 1965-IFI

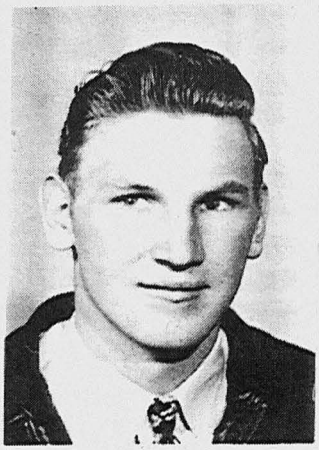
This is a short story of some of the events in my life. I'll only hit the peaks. The valleys are filled in on 10 cassette tapes I've made of my life. I was the seventh child of Gustav Henry and Esther Johnson. I was born in the new LDS hospital, built in 1923, at Idaho Falls. At that time our family lived in the New Sweden area west of Idaho Falls. While we lived there, I attended first grade at Eagle Rock School. When I was seven years old, Dad traded this farm for another farm north of Idaho Falls on the East River Road . The year was 1932. Max, Margit and I attended Sage Creek School, a one-room school with eight grades. Our neighbor, Mrs. Guy Benham, was our teacher. We rode a horse or walked to school about two miles. In the springtime that was great, but it wasn't so pleasant on cold winter days.

We worked on the farm putting up hay, herding cows along the road, and cutting seed potatoes to plant in the spring. We swam often in the canals and the river. Those years, the 1930s, were in hard times known as "The Great Depression." I guess we were poor compared to standards now, but every family was in the same boat then so we never thought much about it as kids.

Later, we attended town schools. Margit and I went to Riverside School. A.H. Bush was our principal and teacher. Margit was always an "A" student. I came along behind and muddied up the waters. Teachers would say, "I don't know why you can't be like your sister, Margit." After 6th grade at Riverside came my next challenge (or theirs), O.E. Bell Jr. High. It was a new school then. Ardell Watts gave me a job working in his store in the mornings before school, at noon, and on Saturdays. It was called Elm Street Grocery and it was just across the street from the school. He was a very good friend. We hunted rabbits and fished a lot together. In the summer and fall I also worked on the dry farms in the hills east of Idaho Falls, driving caterpillars and tractors. I cultivated the fallow ground to control weeds and, in the fall, cut grain.

I flunked 9th grade English at O.E. Bell. Mrs. Rottman said I had to take her class again, but I pushed steadily ahead and went to 10th, 11th, and 12th grades at Idaho Falls High School. One day I walked over to O.E. Bell to catch a bus home, and (Wow!) who should I meet but Mrs. Rottman. She said, "Are you not that Johnson boy? I believe you are supposed to be taking 9th grade English from me. I'll go check." She did, but I got on the bus and never saw her again.

During my high school days I worked on Louis Schwabedissen's dairy farm. It was a wild schedule. I would come home from school, eat supper, and go to the dairy and load milk on the truck for the 6:00 a.m. milk run. I slept in the hay loft of the barn. At 3:30 a.m., Dan Young, who was the herd



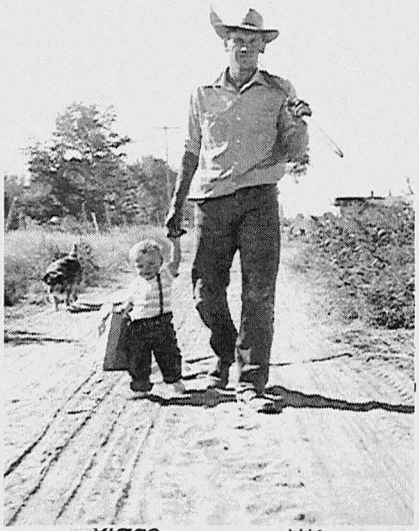
Orval Sherwood Johnson



Julia & Sherwood - 1990s



Julia McLaughlin



Left: Carollyn & Sherwood Down on the farm - 1949

Right: Julia was in nurse's training from 1942-45 and worked as a registered nurse 1945-1971.





Sherwood & Julia's Family
Front: Dale, Maureen, Julia, Carollyn
Back: Mark, Sherwood, Lorraine

manager, would wake me up and we would milk 37 Guernsey cows by hand. At 6:00 a.m., I would deliver the milk I had loaded the night before. I would then go home, eat, catch the bus, and go to school. I did all this for $10 a week. (Big bucks!)

The next phase of my life was more eventful. The big World War II was going full blast. All boys knew they were going to be drafted. I quit school in my last year. (I got my G.E.D. at Ricks College in 1958 and my grades were in the top 10% of the class. Surprise!) I didn't want to go into the army, so I joined the U.S. Marines. I was sent to boot camp in San Diego, California, in 1943. After boot camp training, they gave us aptitude tests. Being a farm boy and pretty good with machines, they assigned me to tanks.

We learned how to drive tanks and fire artillery on "Jacques tank farm" at Camp Pendleton. I was made a tank commander, and was supposed to get to come home. Instead, they gave me a tank and a crew and sent me to Hawaii for further training. I was then assigned to flame thrower tanks. After one year, on March 10, 1945, we were loaded onto ships. We didn't know our destination until we were far out to sea. They gave us extensive training about a little Island in the South Pacific called Iwo Jima, one of the last strongholds before Japan. We went ashore February 19, 1945. What was to be a pushover turned out to be one of the major battles of the war. There were so many casualties on both sides, Japanese and American; 53,000 killed and wounded in 35 days in just seven square miles.

After that battle, we were supposed to go on to Okinawa; instead, they sent us back to Hawaii for new tanks and troop replacements. Our next assignment was to invade the homeland of Japan. Our target was to be Sasebo, Japan. We boarded ships, then rendezvoused for 49 days waiting for all the rest of the ships to gather for the big invasion. We went in circles, just waiting. This was in the vicinity of Eniwetok Island. It was so hot, about 120 degrees. It was then that the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan, ending the war. Instead of invading Japan, we went in as occupation troops. We did guard duty and emptied caves full of military supplies. We hauled the weapons out to sea and dumped them. I was at Sasebo and Nagasaki about nine months until I was sent home in April, 1946. I was on a troop ship with 2100 troops. (That's a whole other story.)

On April 16, 1946, I went to a Marine base where they gave me a new uniform and $89 mustering-out pay. I got on a bus and went home. There were no bands. The war was over. Harry S. Truman was the President of the United States. He said the reason they dropped the bombs was that we would have lost 170,000 men making a landing on Japan. That's where I was. Thanks, Harry.

A month after returning home from the war, I married Julia McLaughlin on May 8, 1946. Julia was born on 22 Oct 1922 at Pocatello, Idaho, to Benjamin Leroy McLaughlin and Bessie Augusta Miller. She has two sisters, Maxine and Genevieve, and a brother Benjamin. She went to Pocatello schools and graduated from Pocatello High School in 1942. She had always wanted to be a nurse since she was a little girl, and so, after high school, started nurse's training at the LDS Hospital in Idaho Falls. The nurses in training had been living on one of the floors of the hospital, but Julia's class was the first one to live in the new Nurse's Home next to the hospital. Julia graduated as a registered nurse in 1945 and worked as a nurse 25 years, retiring in 1971.

Julia is a talented artist, and a couple of times could have received scholarships to

pursue a career in fields related to art; but her dream was to be a nurse. She loved art, but did not want to pursue it as a career. She was encouraged by an art teacher in school, and one year won the Idaho state "poppy poster" contest. (Back then, this was part of a charity drive to raise money for disabled World War I veterans.) Over the years, she has made hundreds of posters and illustrated booklets for church and school, etc. She also loves to make quilts and do other stitchery. She has combined her art talent with quilting; designs in the numerous quilt blocks tell stories of family members and family history. She also loves to read and has built up a substantial library of her own books.

Continuing with my story, I farmed jointly with Kurt and Max for 13 years. When the crops were good, the prices were poor, and when the crops were bad, we couldn't sell, but the prices were good. After years of hard work, we finally moved into town where I took a job with Goodwin Builders. I was there for ten years, followed by Heyrend Construction, and then I went into the excavating business for myself. I have been a backhoe and crane operator for about 30 years of my life.

Julie and I have been blessed with five wonderful children, Carollyn Renee, Maureen, Lorraine, Mark Sherwood, and Dale Sherwood. All five children have been through the temple and have been a great source of joy to us.

It is fascinating to see how my life has been molded. I have felt the influence of the Lord in directing our lives every day. I have a testimony of the Church and of Jesus Christ. I've held about every position there is to hold in a ward, some Stake jobs, Stake Sunday School Superintendent, High Counselor, Bishop's Counselor, and Bishop. At the present time, Julie and I are serving a mission at the Family History Center, where I have served for three years.

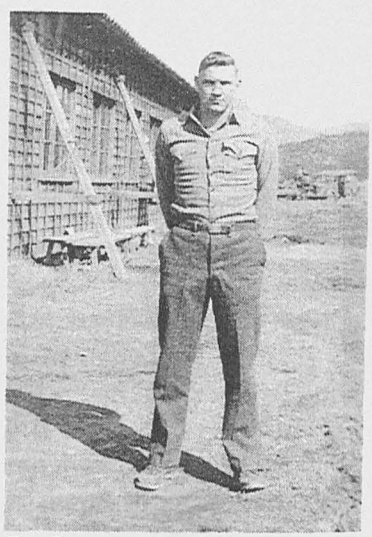
It has been a good experience working with the Lord. Life is getting closer to where I'm going than to where I've been. I'm still looking forward to new and better experiences, whether in this life or the next. Life is good. This is my life , as far as it has been translated correctly.



Grandpa Lanzen & Sherwood 1924



With Marine Corps buddy, Elbert Robinson (left) from Idaho - 1943



In Japan 1945-46

III.h. PERSONAL HISTORY OF GRANT IVINS JOHNSON

Grant Ivins Johnson, b. 9 Aug 1928-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 6 Jun 1956 to Evelyn Estella Shaw, b. 2 Mar 1935-Hutchinson, KS
Children: (1) Angela Rae Johnson, b. 11 Nov 1957-IFI
(2) Kathryn Estella Johnson, b. 24 Nov 1959-Roosevelt, UT
(3) Gary Grant Johnson, b. 15 May 1961-Logan, UT
(4) Kenneth S. Johnson, b. 1 Jun 1963-Logan, UT
(5) Ronald Cecil Johnson, b. 9 Mar 1970-IFI
(6) Janette Evelyn Johnson, b. 9 Nov 1971-IFI

I was the eight child born to Gustav Henry and Esther Johnson. I was born at home when we were living on the family farm west of Idaho Falls. We moved from there, to the farm on East River road, when I was just three years old, so I don't have many memories of our time there. I attended Riverside Grade School, O.E. Bell Jr. High, and graduated from Idaho Falls High School in 1946. My favorite school teacher was my beautiful red-headed second-grade teacher, Miss Moffitt. She encouraged the children in her class to write letters to her about their lives and what they thought. I'm sure it was her way of helping us develop our spelling and writing skills. I recall that she died early in life of a heart ailment, being only in her late twenties.

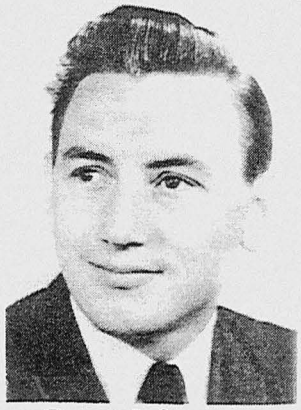
Early in life I gained a love for reading. Maybe I got this from my dad. My older brothers and sisters have mentioned that I was reading all the time. My favorite place to read was the woodbox back of the kitchen stove. We had a large set of Books of Knowledge and I had pretty well read all of them by the time I got through grade school.

My love for woodworking, a gift from Grandpa Lanzen, I'm sure, grew when I took shop from T.V. Hanks, in Jr. High. Then he transferred over to I. F. High School, so I had more classes from him. He taught us how to build houses by making small scale-model houses.

After high school, I went to Ricks College and graduated in 1948. My roommate was my cousin, Kim. We went home every weekend as there wasn't much going on then on campus. There probably wasn't more than 400 students at Ricks back then, and a lot of them were World War II veterans going there on the G.I. Bill.

One of my special memories is traveling through Yellowstone Park in 1944 on bicycles with three of my friends, Dean Blaylock, Don Forbush and Leavitt Grover. Uncle Carl gave me an old bike out of his junk pile. I took it home and put some new parts in it and painted it John Deere colors--green and yellow, and painted my Jungle Jim hat to match. Hart's Bakery was a good sized bakery in Idaho Falls then. We caught a ride to West Yellowstone on one of their bread trucks.

WWII was going on, so there were very few people in the park, mainly because of gas rationing. We mostly camped out, but stayed in a cabin at Old Faithful. Lots of bears visited our campsites every night. We would rattle tin pans to scare them off. Even though this was in July, sometimes we were the only ones watching Old Faithful erupt. We were surprised to learn that the park rangers were keeping track of our progress through the park. Sometimes they would



Grant Johnson
Sweden 1948-51



Grant & Evelyn Johnson - 1980s



Evelyn Shaw
Burbank, CA - 1956



Evelyn on our engagement day - March 17, 1956.



Grant & Evelyn's Family - About 1976
Front: Janette, Grant, Evelyn, Ronald
Back: Kenneth, Angela, Gary, Kathryn

come and talk to us and would especially warn us about the bears. Of course, we already had first-hand knowledge about them. We stayed in the park about a week. The day we left the park, we went 65 miles, from Norris Geyser Basin to Laird's Ranch, near Hebgen Lake, Montana. Norman and Vella Laird were our neighbors and they spent summers at the ranch. They were very hospitable, showing us around the area. We rode horses and fished, etc., for about a week and then we caught the bread truck back to Idaho Falls. We learned that twins, Norman and Norma, were born to Bill and Dora Frei, our neighbors, while we were in the park.

In the fall of 1948, I entered the LDS mission home in Salt Lake City to prepare for a mission to Sweden, and spent from Dec., 1948, to July, 1951, in that land. I was with my first companion, Dean Collett, for eight months in Stockholm. My first mission president was Eben R.T. Blomquist, who went home in June of 1949. The next mission president was my Uncle Clarence, who came over with Aunt Annie and their two daughters, Lyda Fawn and Ilogene. They got there in September, 1949. Their son, Rene, was finishing up his mission there about that time. I also labored in Uppsala, Trollhattan, Goteborg, and Vanersborg.

My dad's cousin, Emil Gustavsson, lived in Trollhattan, and my companions and I would spend a wonderful weekly visit with him and his wife, Alida. Emil also took us down to visit his brother and other members of his family who were living on the old family farm at Vallby-Vastra. At the end of my mission, Uncle Clarence and I travelled around southern Sweden visiting other relatives. It was a double privilege to be with him. He was not only the mission president, but was also my Dad's brother.

For about a month at the end of my mission, I traveled through several European countries with another missionary, Ray C. Hillam. We had our third-class railroad tickets paid for ahead of time, but otherwise got hotel rooms, food, etc., and lived that whole month on $200 each. We went to Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and England.

We stayed at LDS mission homes in Frankfurt and London and so met quite a few missionaries in those countries. Germany was still in ruins from WWII. Railroad stations were barely usable, with broken-out windows, and full of holes from bombs, shrapnel and machine-gun bullets. This was in 1951, six years after the war, but they still hadn't been able to do much rebuilding. In Cologne, we took a streetcar several blocks to get to the apartment where we stayed. All the buildings in all those blocks were still piles of rubble. The apartment building where we stayed was the only restored building on that whole block.

In Switzerland, we stayed in the home of Willie Zimmer, one of the architects for the Swiss Temple. His daughter, Lola, showed us around Basel, their home town. She took us to the place where France, Germany and Switzerland come together, so we stood in three countries at once.

At the railroad station in Basel, a man came up to us and asked if we were Mormon missionaries. When we answered "yes," he introduced himself as a member of the church from Basel, Marcell Chappuis. As we travelled together on the train down to Rome, we talked to him quite a bit. He wondered if we might not like to visit his sister and her family in Bologna. They were members of the church and would appreciate a visit from us, he said. Later, we did travel to Bologna and visited them, and they were so happy that we would come to see them. His sister's husband was Dr. Fabio Cagli and they had two little daughters. He was Jewish and said

that the restored Gospel as taught by the LDS Church was the only Christian church that could appeal to the Jews. As far as they knew, they were the only LDS family living in Italy at that time. They had heard that there was a man who was a member of the church living on the island of Sicily.

In Rome, we visited the old Roman Forum, the Coliseum, the catacombs, the 2000-year old Tivoli Gardens, and some of the Catholic cathedrals. While at St. Peter's Cathedral one day, we saw lots of people going toward a building off to the side, so we decided to follow the crowd. We passed by several sets of Swiss Guards and eventually found ourselves in a large room (standing room only) with about 300 other people. We found out that we were going to have an audience with the Pope. Presently, several bearers carried Pope Pius XII in on a sedan chair, and as he moved down through the crowd, he waved his arms in blessing. At the front of the room, he got down from the sedan chair and from a raised area spoke to the crowd in several languages. Then he walked back through the room, touching people's heads and blessing handkerchiefs which people held out to him. He appeared to be a very kind and humble man.

We went to Venice and rode around the canals in a gondola. We went to Pisa and walked up the hundreds of steps to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Fortunately, it didn't fall over that day. In Paris, we stood at the base of the Eiffel Tower, but didn't go up because it was foggy that day and we wouldn't have been able to see anything. In London, we went to Hyde Park, the famous place for open-air speakers. Some of the missionaries spoke there, and Ray Hillam did, too. I"m glad I didn't, because the hecklers were out in full force that day.

We finally got back to Sweden and a couple weeks later we were onboard the liner Stockholm headed back to the USA in July, 1951. The two other missionaries going home with us were Bryan Renstrom and Keith Bergstrom. Keith later married my cousin, Ilogene. The ship's purser called us down to his office one day and said that we LDS missionaries ought to loosen up and associate more with the other people onboard. He asked us if we would like to be in charge of the 4th of July program onboard and we said sure. So Bryan, a natural-born comedian, was the MC on the program, Keith played his marimba, and we formed a quartet and sang a few numbers. I think we involved a few other people, too. Anyhow, it was a great success and the rest of the trip home, we were well-known on the ship.

When we arrived back in the U.S., Ray's parents met us in New York City. They had bought a new Pontiac in Detroit and invited me to ride back to Salt Lake City with them. In New York, we went to the top of the Empire State Building, then went to a major league baseball game at the Polo Grounds, and saw a show at the Radio City Music Hall. It had the Rockettes dancers, a variety show and a movie. On the way back to Salt Lake, we visited many LDS Church history sites starting with the Sacred Grove and the Hill Cumorah. Most of the sites were not improved like they are today, and we saw few other people at the various places.

Home from my mission, I worked for my brothers on their farms for three months and then was drafted into the Marine Corps on Oct. 27, 1951. I spent boot camp in San Diego and basic training at Camp Pendleton, California. In April of 1952, I was shipped out to the Korean War. Fortunately, because I had a couple years of college, I was assigned a fairly safe job at H&S Company in the message center of the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment. We lived out in the Korean hills in tents and sandbag bunkers.

The only Koreans we saw were the laborers who worked for the Marines, hauling supplies up the hills on their backs and helping build bunkers, etc. We never saw Korean civilians because they had been evacuated from the area. Villages and homes had been obliterated by the war. I was happy to return to the USA in May, 1953, and got an honorable discharge on Oct. 27, 1953.

I enrolled at BYU in January, 1954. My roommate was a long-time friend, Blaine Blaylock. Using the G.I. Bill for financing, we took classes in Industrial Arts and drafting. I went to BYU for over two years. During summer vacations, I worked for my brothers on their farms.

In November of 1955 at a social on campus, I saw this beautiful girl. As she looked my way, I had the distinct impression that she was going to be my wife.

I officially met Evelyn Shaw the following February, and found that she had been living only two houses away from mine. She is the daughter of Harold Cecil Shaw, an electrician and farmer, and Estella Leon Hall, a nurse and homemaker. When Evelyn was seven, her family moved from Hutchinson, Kansas, to Orem, Utah, where her father had a job helping to build the Geneva Steel plant. In 1946 her father bought a farm at Montwel, near Roosevelt, Utah.

Most of Evelyn's new friends were members of the Montwel LDS Ward near her home. She was baptized into the church in Nov., 1950, by her older brother, A.D. Shaw, now a prominent Utah artist. He has become well-known for his paintings of life on a Utah farm and Americana. She says the church's teachings have been the most influental thing in her life to help with raising children and in making life's journey.

Evelyn and I dated some, and though she had a number of other suitors, I won out, and we became engaged on March 17, 1956.

Evelyn and her sister and two brothers loved to roam the thousands of acres of open country next to their farm. Some of this land was on the Ute Indian Reservation and some belonged to a Frenchman who ran sheep there. She often found arrowheads and other interesting artifacts in the sagebrush and cedars, ravines, hills and sandstone bluffs. She often rode around the hills on "Old Willie," her favorite horse. When she got a little older, she sometimes drove a tractor to help her dad on the farm.

She got a job as a telephone operator in Roosevelt when she was a senior in high school. She began saving some money to go to college and eventually had enough to go to BYU for a couple quarters starting in the fall of 1955.

Evelyn had an interview, arranged by one of her other boy friends, in the spring of 1956 with the Rose Marie Reed Modeling Agency in Los Angeles. Even though she and I planned to be married in June, we decided to go to California. Evelyn relinquished her modeling career because of her upcoming marriage, but we worked down there for a couple of months, having a good time, seeing all the sights. Evelyn was a secretary for a company that built swimming pools and lived in Burbank with friends. I worked as a landscaper and roofer and lived with my sister, Margit, and her husband, Melvin, and their children, first in La Canada and then in Glendale. My mother was also living with them. Upon returning to Utah, I graduated from BYU in June, 1956. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 6, 1956, by Elder Elray L. Christiansen. Attending the temple with us were my mother, Sigrid, Kurt and Lucille, Evelyn's brother A.D. and his wife, Ina, and Wayne Blomquist, Melvin's brother. We had a wedding breakfast at the top of the Hotel Utah and receptions in the Montwell Ward

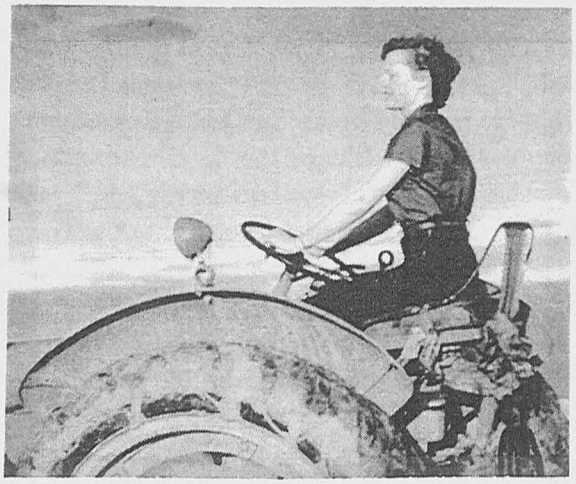
and our home ward in Idaho Falls. We honeymooned at Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado and visited Evelyn's aunts and families in Denver.

Over the years, I taught a lot of classes in the church and held a number of positions including Bishop's counselor and finance clerk. I have served a couple of Stake missions; the last one Evelyn and I enjoyed together. I worked many years as a draftor, designer and technical writer for the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory at Idaho Falls. I also worked at the Thiokol Chemical Corporation out of Brigham City, Utah, and Hallway Manufacturing Company in Idaho Falls. I retired from the INEL in 1994.

My hobbies are music, woodworking, crafts, and gardening. I have enjoyed compiling and editing this family history book. It has given me more incentive to write up my own detailed family history and organize all the family photos, letters and other memorabilia. We have turned our place into a small park and that takes quite a bit of time in the summer, but I enjoy it.

Evelyn has always had a thirst for learning and has collected a small library of her own. She enjoys photography, bird watching, sewing, quilt making, compiling family histories & photo albums, needlepoint and the computer and all it offers. Her greatest desire has been to be a good mother to our children, now grown up and having children of their own. She has taught them to love work, to be independent, and to love and serve the Lord.







Left above: Grant & Evelyn with their first child, Angela - 1958.

Above: Evelyn and her sister, Sharon. Evelyn is riding her favorite horse, Old Willie - about 1950.

Left: Evelyn driving the tractor to help her dad on the farm.

SECTION IV

MEMORIES OF FAMILY LIFE WITH G. HENRY & ESTHER JOHNSON

(As told by their eight children)



Family Reunion - New Sweden - 1933
Front: Sherwood, G. Henry, Grant, Esther, Margit
Back: Max, Estrid, Ingrid, Sigrid, Kurt



Estrid & Esther - Feb. 1912



Estrid - four months old.



Front: Margit, Max, Ingrid, Kurt
Back: Sigrid, Estrid, Irene Christenson
About 1923



A visit to the girls in Salt Lake.
Front: Sigrid, Ingrid
Back: Margit, Esther, Henry, Estrid

IV.a. MEMORIES BY ESTRID JOHNSON SUNDSTROM

Papa was an idealist when he was first married, like many new parents are. He hadn't counted on a stubborn and self-willed eldest child. When I was about three years old, I got a new pair of shoes for Sunday, so I just wore my older ones around the house. How I loved those new shoes! They were black patent leather, buttoned up the side of my ankle, and had a black and red tassel on top.

One morning while getting dressed, I started to put my shoes in the oven to warm them up. Papa took them away from me and told me not to put them in the oven. He turned his back and I started to do it again. I received a spanking that time. When Papa and Mama both went out of the kitchen for a few minutes, I disobediently put the shoes back in the oven. Soon my parents smelled something burning and Papa came out and opened the oven door. My shoes were charred. That is when I really cried!

My father had a very good command of words, and was therefore a very eloquent speaker and writer. He studied several subjects in addition to religion, which was his first love. He enjoyed astronomy, and sometimes on a summer evening when it was clear, he would take us outside, point out the stars in the Milky Way, and tell us the names of some of the larger stars.

When I was sixteen, Papa was called to be the bishop of the First Ward. He continued to serve in that position even after we moved out of the ward boundaries. On Sundays he used to spend the time between meetings visiting ward members. Usually we didn't see him on Sunday from the time he left early in the morning until he got home late at night.

As the older children became teenagers, Papa had his counselors take care of church business during the week. I think he felt that Mama needed some support in handling us.

I think Mama would have liked to do more things with us children, especially the girls, but she just didn't have the time. I remember, however, that she did help me fix up a playhouse in a small building behind our house. Papa had it torn down a short time later, however, because it really didn't have much utility and was unsafe.

In the earlier years, Mama didn't attend church very often. Sunday School was from 10:00 to 11:30 a.m., with Sacrament Meeting from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. (This gave the farmers time to do their milking in between meetings.) On Sunday mornings, Mama was busy getting everybody else off to church. Then she had to get dinner ready for us when we arrived home, so she just didn't have time to go. When she didn't have any small children, however, she started going to fast meetings once a month which were held from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m.

It seemed as if we walked into town most of the time when we were growing up. We also walked to school until I was in the eighth grade, at which time we got a school wagon, pulled by horses. The next year, and in the years thereafter, we had a school bus.

As a family, sometimes we had transportation, sometimes we didn't. Papa used a team and wagon for years when he went to town to get supplies. We also had a white top buggy with two seats that the family would use when we all went somewhere together. I don't remember using that for very long, however. Papa eventually took the wheels off of it and put it behind the well house for us girls to use as a playhouse.

Before my brothers were old enough to help on the farm, Papa sometimes hired help.

We also had couples stay with us, who usually brought children with them. The husband would help Papa on the farm, while his wife was supposed to help Mama - especially with sewing. Sometimes the women were good help, but oftentimes they were not. I can imagine what a strain it must have been for Mama at that time. She not only had her family to take care of, but had a great deal of extra housekeeping, laundry, and meals to prepare. It's a wonder that she didn't go stir crazy since she seldom got away from home. People didn't seem to think of things like that in those days.

When the depression hit in 1929, potatoes went to 10 cents a hundredweight, so the farmers couldn't afford to haul them to town. Some of the farmers plowed them under for fertilizer. Others did as Papa did - we ate a lot of potatoes and fed the rest of them to the livestock. I think Mama fixed potatoes every imaginable way possible. But we never went hungry!

Papa was on the verge of losing the farm, so he made a three-way trade. Our neighbor, August Johnson, got our farm. A man north of town on Est River Road gave us his farm and he got August Johnson's farm in Shelley.

I was twenty at the time we moved - March 2, 1932 - the day the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped. We were back to pioneer days again - no electricity, no water in the house, and no telephone. The other places where we had lived always had a telephone. Now we were on an east-west road between two main roads; the main roads had power and telephone lines, but ours didn't. It simply would have cost too much to run lines to our place at that time. We did, however, have a roof over our heads and something to eat, so we felt that we were fortunate. We ran out of coal soon after we moved, so Papa cut down a few of the numerous trees on the place, and we used wood and sagebrush for firewood. Somehow, we survived!

One weekend, a family member asked me if he could borrow some money. I replied that all I had was my tithing. He said he was expecting some money in a week or two and would pay me back. As it turned out, he didn't get the money right away. The next month I couldn't scare up enough money to pay my tithing, and I was really having a struggle to make ends meet.

One weekend when I went home, Papa asked if I was paying my tithing. I don't know why he asked me that, because I hadn't told him about my problems. When I recounted what had happened to my tithing, he didn't say much, but I knew what he would like me to do. I determined to follow his advice on tithing, so when I received my next check, I shut my eyes and paid my tithing before I paid anything else. I juggled my bills for a couple of months and everything turned out just fine. After that I always made sure I paid my tithing first to enjoy its blessings. I really thank Papa for that advice.

When Max and Marie were married, Max was helping Papa on the farm, so my parents invited Max and Marie to live with them. Later Mama and Papa moved to an apartment upstairs because they didn't need as much room. Shortly after moving to the apartment, Papa started to feel a dull pain in his side. For awhile, the doctors treated him for various things, but finally sent him to the Mayo Brothers Clinic. While he was there they operated, which alleviated the pain, but he was told that he had colon cancer and had only three months to live.

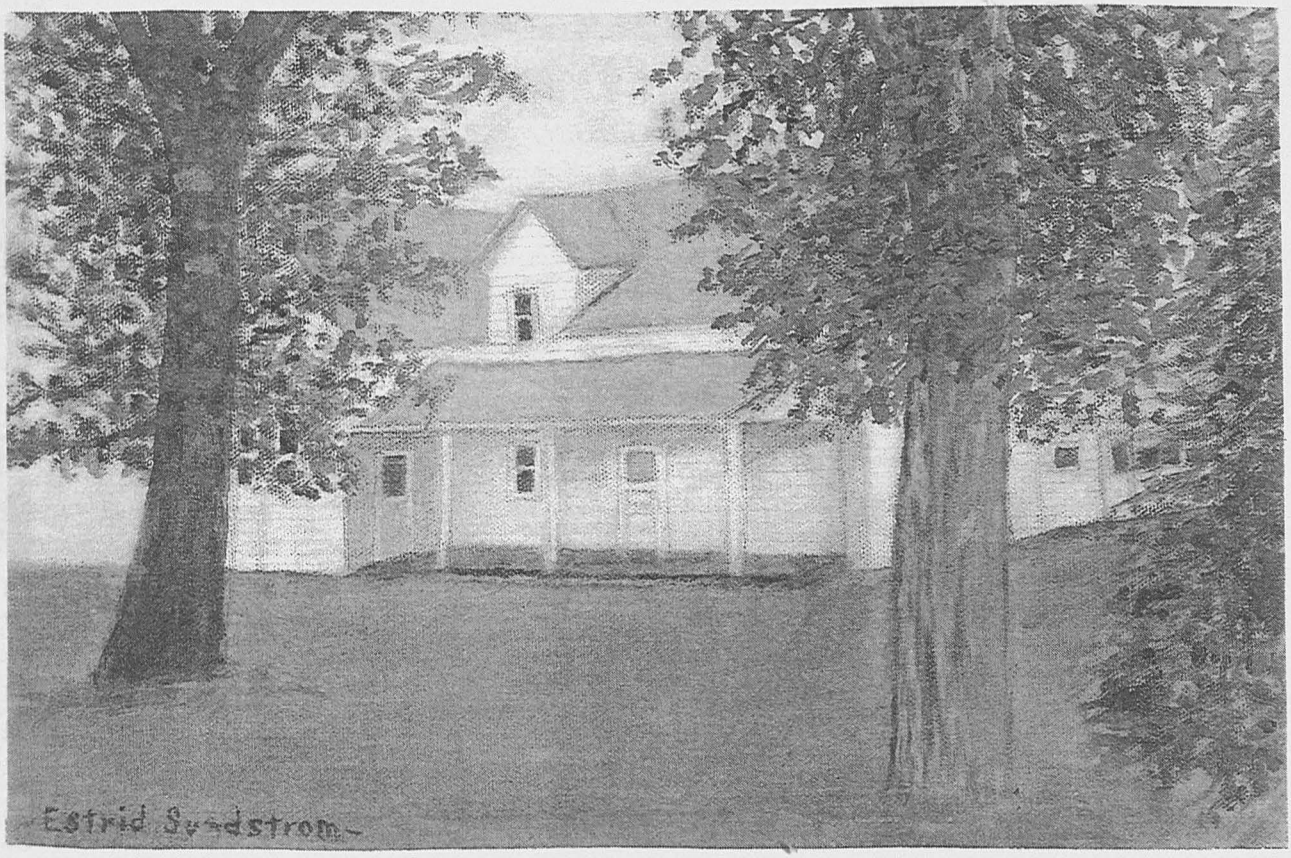
At first he said it came as a great shock to him, but he later was able to accept it. He arranged for his funeral and burial and anything else he felt he should take care of. He felt fairly well, but after three months he became ill and had to be hospitalized. After

a few days he slipped into a coma and passed away. He said before he died that he had experienced most of the things he wanted to in life and had seen his family grow to maturity.

After Papa died, Mama stayed in her apartment for awhile, but later moved to Salt Lake City to be with Sigrid. She next lived with Sherwood and Julie for awhile, and then down to Lars and Ingrid in Corcord, CA, for awhile, and then down to Margit and Melvin in LaCanada. Later, she lived with me for a time, but then insisted on going to Idaho Falls to live in the LDS nursing home. The brothers and their wives visited her often there, as did other relatives and friends. The boys bought her a portable TV, and the sisters-in-law brought her birthday cards so she could send them to family members.

I received a postcard Mama had written about three days before she went into a coma. She said she couldn't see very well. The last word on the card was trailing off in a curvy line. I don't remember if she even signed it. After two years in the nursing home, during which time she stayed alert, she went into a coma for a couple of days and then passed away.

Both Mama and Papa lived good lives and worked hard to teach their children how to live - not only by telling us what we should do, but also through example. No matter how difficult things were, they worked hard and persevered, depending on God for guidance. They left us a real legacy. In spite of all the hardships, they felt that they had lived full lives, and I know they thoroughly enjoyed their family and were proud of us.



One of Estrid's paintings of the home place -1995.



Ready for Sunday School (or the day we wore the hats) - about 1940.
L. to R.: Grant (front), Sherwood, Esther, Estrid, Ingrid, Margit, Sigrid, Kurt



Esther & Sigrid on Temple Square

THE BEEHIVE SENTINEL

'They're life-savers'

LDS couple helps many at Rotary convention

HUNDREDS of Rotarians from around the world were exposed to the Church's genealogical efforts, thanks to the efforts of two full-time missionaries in Las Vegas.

Elder Spencer and Sister Sigrid Van Noy, now on their fifth full-time mission, distributed genealogy pamphlets at the International Rotary Convention, attended by 30,000 delegates here June 1-4.

The Van Noys are missionaries at the Las Vegas Branch Genealogy Library during the day and spend their evenings proselyting.

They were invited by the Rotary convention leaders to man the booth of the International Genealogy Fellowship of Rotarians for three days, giving out information and answers.

They distributed some 300 copies of the Church-produced pamphlets, "A Guide to Genealogy Research," "Why Genealogy?" and "In a Granite Mountain."

They also provided a list of the Church's branch genealogy libraries throughout the world.

Dwight H. Lindholm, president of the Genealogy Fellowship, wrote to Nevada Las Vegas Mission President Loren V. Chapman and branch genealogy library manager Earl Brunner to thank the Church for the help.

"I want to thank the LDS church for this public service rendered to hundreds of Rotarians all over the world in explaining the services of the LDS church in genealogy and giving information regarding genealogy in general," Lindholm wrote. "Your missionaries were wonderful. They were life-savers."



Elder and Sister Van Noy: Distributed genealogy literature to more than 300

IV.b. MEMORIES BY SIGRID JOHNSON VANNOY

While reminiscing about my parents, all of the beautiful memories come flooding back - starting with the farm in New Sweden. We had everything that money could not buy. Over the fence a short distance from the house was the best swimming canal anywhere. We swam in it daily, and would even break the ice in November, if necessary.

Then there were the cherry and apple orchards, full of robins and other birds. We had gooseberry, current and raspberry bushes, along with strawberry patches and wonderful gardens. My father always insisted on the family eating plenty of good food. I remember that before leaving for school, we would eat whole wheat cereal with thick cream. Mother was a wonderful cook and was always baking hot bread, which we ate with plenty of butter.

My father's thoughts were always on the gospel. He would be busy plowing in the fields and then suddenly come to the house to look up something in the scriptures. Father despised any slang in speech and didn't like any ridiculous music playing. Instead, he bought beautiful classical or religious records.

Although we were never forced to go to church, we didn't want to miss our meetings. We felt that Father was a righteous leader and we would be losers if we ever stayed home, unless we were sick. Mother would put on a special Sunday tablecloth each week. Sundays were special days to us. I remember once, just two days before my father's death, I had returned home for the weekend. I stayed home from church that Sunday, because I felt I would never get to see him in this life again. When Father discovered me sitting in the next room, instead of at church, he asked me "Have I been such a poor example in my life to you, that you are not in church where you belong?" That was quite a lesson.

When I went to Portland, Oregon, in 1938 to work for the government, my father wrote me a letter and said, "Search the scriptures, for there you will find spiritual insight." Since I idolized my father and mother, I remembered this always.

My mother was always there for us, never demanding anything of anyone. She was just kind and sweet, working every minute to make things as good as she could for our family. Both Father and Mother were constant, faithful and true. They were true pioneers. They endured a great deal as did the pioneers, but they never faltered - ever!

A few years ago I was speaking with a patriarch and said, "I had such idealistic and marvelous parents, how can I ever repay them for all they did for us eight sons and daughters?" The patriarch replied, "Always be faithful to God's work in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints."

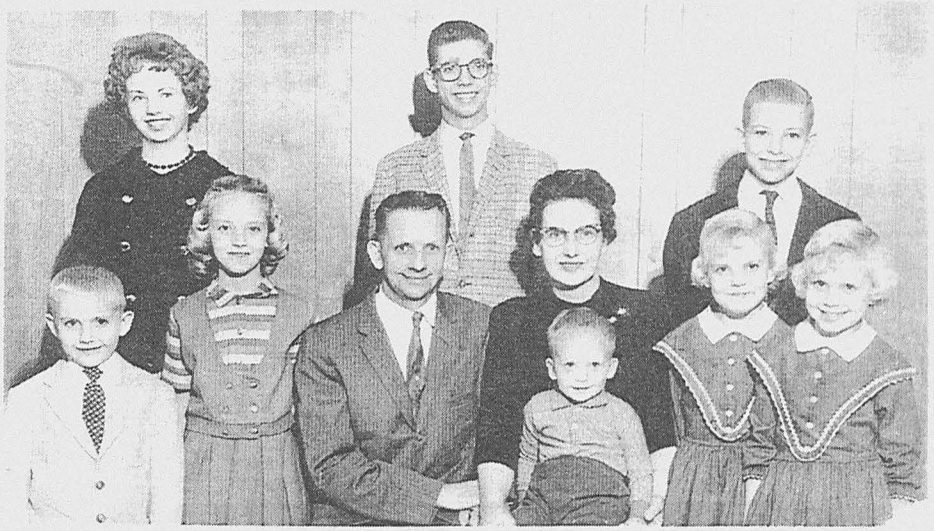
I could go on and say many more things about the grand memories of my parents. However, I will simply strive forever to become worthy of them by doing my best to further the work of God. The prophet Joseph Smith said, "The spirits of the just are elevated to a greater and more glorious work; Hence, they are blessed in their departure to the world of spirits. Enveloped in flaming fire, they are not far from us, and know and understand our thoughts, feelings and emotions." There are no words on earth which could express my love, appreciation, and eternal desire to become worthy of such beautiful parents.



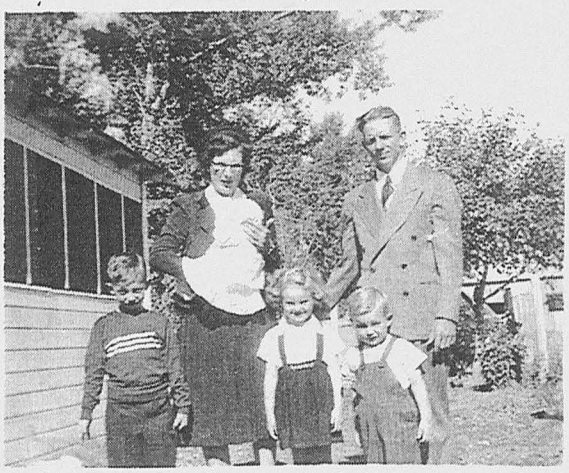
Kurt & Lucille Johnson
Married - Oct. 7, 1942
Salt Lake Temple



Young dancers
Jean & Jerry



Kurt & Lucille's Family - About 1960
Front: Glen, Cecelia, Kurt, Lucille holding David, Sonya, Siri
Back: Jean, Jerry, Clinton



At the old home when it was on the north end of the farm - 1950. It was moved to the south end in 1952.
Front: Jerry, Jean, Clinton
Back: Lucille holding Cecelia, Kurt

IV.c. MEMORIES BY KURT LANZEN JOHNSON

My father was the eldest of eleven children, eight sons and three daughters, born to Anna Christenson Johnson and Gustav Johnson. He held several jobs when he was young. He attended Ricks Academy and later attended the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City where he trained to become a bookkeeper. He worked as a bookkeeper for a few years, but most of his working life was spent as a farmer.

Pop, as he was called by his children, served an LDS mission to Sweden from 1905 to 1908. While serving as the mission secretary and singing in the branch choir in Stockholm, he became well acquainted with one of the young women in the choir, Ester Lanzen. When he was eventually transferred from Stockholm, after serving 15 months there, they had somewhat of an understanding with each other. At his new place of labor, he wrote to the mission president to receive permission to correspond with her, with the thought that perhaps he would ask her to marry him before he went home. The mission president later called Ester out of a choir practice to tell her that Henry Johnson wanted to marry her. She was surprised and flustered under these circumstances, but said "yes" to the proposal.

Ester came over from Sweden in 1908 and came out to Salt Lake City where Pop was attending the LDS Business College. It was there that their real courtship took place. During that time Pop also sang in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir under Edward Stevens. Gustav Henry and Esther were married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1910 and then moved to Idaho Falls.

When they arrived in Idaho Falls, the young couple were met by Henry's father at the railroad station and he took them out to meet the family. They lived with his parents for a short while, until they were able to move into their new home. It was out on First Street and cost $500. It was in this home that my two older sisters, Estrid and Sigrid, and I were born. While we lived there, Pop worked as a bookkeeper, for about six years, for Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company (CW&M), a company that principally sold farm machinery.

Pop later bought 80 acres and a home in New Sweden along the street which is now called West Broadway in Idaho Falls. While we were there, my father went into partnership in a creamery business, Sunnyside Dairy, with his brothers Carl, Clarence, and Oscar. His younger brother, Vernon, was the manager. I remember hauling the milk from our farm to the creamery. We took the back seat out of our Model-T Ford, which allowed us to haul three cans of milk. I wasn't quite twelve years old, but as the eldest son, it was my responsibility to drive the car. I was small for my age and could barely see over the steering wheel.

While living in New Sweden, my dad was a member of the Bull Association and he kept bulls for the neighbors who couldn't afford to have their own. They would drop off their cows to have them serviced, which provided my dad with a little extra income. I can remember that some of those bulls were very mean. Once when a bull escaped, Pop went out with a club to bring him back to the corral, but the bull knocked him down. The bull was down on his knees ready to gore my father when Pop hit him on the head with the club as hard as he could. The bull backed



Farmer 1946-1980s

The occupations of Kurt L. Johnson



Kurt & companion Glen Borg
Swedish Mission 1936-39



Idaho House of Representatives 1967-1984



USAF pilot's training during WWII-1943

up, giving Pop enough time to scramble over a fence. I remember watching as Pop walked down one side of the fence with the bull on the other side, all the way to the house, wondering if the bull was going to get him again.

One of my fond memories is of the threshing crews. The grain harvest was a big event where the neighbors all cooperated with each other. There were usually about ten or twelve men on a crew. The grain was cut with a binder, pulled by three horses, which would tie the grain into bundles. The neighbors would bring their wagons and teams and the pitching crew would pitch the grain bundles onto the wagons. The wagon driver would load the bundles neatly so they wouldn't fall off and then would haul them in to be threshed. One of the neighbors owned the threshing machine which was driven by a steam engine using a long belt. As the kernels of grain were threshed out, they would be augured into a wagon with a big box. When the wagon box was full, it was driven over to the granary and the grain was shovelled into the bins by hand.

Several of the neighbor women would also participate in the threshing operations by helping each other prepare luscious dinners (served at noon) for the threshing crew. The huge meals are still a fond memory to me. It seemed like each of the women had a particular specialty. I don't know if they tried to outdo each other, but the meals were wonderful. This tradition continued for many years and was always a special event. Neighbors then enjoyed a closeness that we seem to have lost.

In the farm house in New Sweden, the stairway going to the upstairs was on the outside of the house. There was no heating in the upstairs' bedrooms. During the winter, we would heat big cobble rocks on the stove, wrap them in cloth and put them in the bottom of our beds to warm our feet.

Recreation was not furnished to children at that time, so we had to provide our own. One of our favorite activities was swimming in the canals. We didn't know there were such things as swimming suits. If boys and girls swam together, we wore cutoffs made from wornout pants.

In the winter, sleigh riding was one of the big events. As we got older, we would go out west of town and use the horses to pull the sleigh to the top of a hill. We would then unhook the sleigh, pull the sleigh tongue back over the top, and use the tongue to steer as we coasted down the hill.

We also enjoyed skiing, which was usually done by pulling each other behind a riding horse through the fields using a long rope. We found that if we turned the horse in a tight circle, it would accelerate the speed of the skier faster and faster until he would crash and plow through the snow fifteen or twenty feet. We literally wore out skis.

We enjoyed a wonderful family life. Long before it became a church program, my father would conduct family home evening regularly, although we didn't call it that. Dad was a philosophical and wise man. He had a great gift of teaching and explained many things relating to the gospel with a simple beauty. He used to like to analyze people's personalities by their features. When he first met my future wife, Lucille, he told her that she had a strong-willed nose. She was offended at first, but later came to realize that he was paying her a compliment.

Mom's mother died in 1912. Her father, Grandpa Lanzen, came to live with us four years later. Grandpa Lanzen, whose name I bear, was a wonderful craftsman. While living in Sweden, he constructed the baptismal font and the tile work around it at the mission headquarters in Stockholm. After coming to live with us, he made beautiful handcrafted toys for his grand-

children, including sleighs and wagons. With no electric tools, everything he did was hand-crafted to perfection. Mom had a special relationship with him - she took care of him and he took care of her.

Pop treated everyone with genuine respect. During the last five years of his life he was a worker at the Idaho Falls Temple and he usually walked to town. One of our neighbors, Gene Waddell, who had few, if any, redeeming qualities, used to haul restaurant leavings on a wagon to his pigs. Occasionally, Waddell would be going to or coming from town the same time as Pop and would always offer Pop a ride, which he gratefully accepted. (The wagon would have to be seen to be appreciated. There was a seat up on the front of it which would hold a couple people, one being the driver. Behind that was the wagon bed which held several barrels to hold the slops. The barrels and wagon bed were filthy, with dried, encrusted slops which had spilled out of the barrels.) Waddell would drive Pop into the yard and they would be chatting like old chums. His friend and neighbor, Edna Blaylock, said, "Henry, I don't think it's becoming of you to be riding on that garbage wagon with Gene Waddell." Pop responded, "That's about all he has to offer me." Another time he said, "I am the closest he will ever get to the church."

Pop's advice to his children was wise and gentle. When I was dating Lucille, I knew that I would soon be drafted. With the clouds of war gathering, I felt that it would not be right to marry her since my future was so uncertain. Pop confronted me one day and I expressed these thoughts to him. After listening to me he said, "After all the time she has given you, don't you think that she should have a say in this matter?" The rest is history.

Pop expressed himself beautifully and his Sunday School lessons were famous. People used to come from other wards to attend his classes, and he spoke at hundreds of funerals. He had difficulty sleeping very long and used to arise very early in the morning to read scriptures as well as secular materials. This gave him a wealth of knowledge he could draw from when teaching.

His writing was also poetic and beautiful. His mission journal was a masterpiece. Just one example of his writing was received from the Mayo Clinic when he found that he had terminal cancer. Writing home to his family he began, "The hand of death is upon my shoulder. I look the other way, but the gnawing in my vitals tells me that he has a point in his favor."

Like most people, Pop had many things he wanted to accomplish before he was called home from this life. When he found out that he had only a few months to live, it was at first a little hard to take. Then, he seemed to accept his fate, and even looked forward to the journey. As people came to him to express their sympathy, he instead was able to comfort them and give them more joy and hope in looking forward to that time we must all face.

He planned his funeral, took care of all the details of his life that he could think of, so our mother would have less of a burden after he was gone. I am grateful to be the son of this good man, and look forward to that time when I can meet him and my mother again.

IV.d. MEMORIES BY INGRID JOHNSON ANDERSON

One memory that comes to mind is the difficulty that Mama had disciplining us. She was so mild and didn't have much of an air of authority. Often, when she asked us to do our chores, we would not pay much attention. Sometimes she shook our arms gently in frustration. Perhaps it was because she grew up pretty much as an only child in Sweden, her brother having died when she was young, or perhaps because her parents were also very mild. How could she be prepared to deal with eight children?

Papa, however, did have an air of authority, most likely because he was the eldest of eleven children and his mother had been a strict disciplinarian. Since Papa was a farmer, he was in and out of the house quite often. Somehow he always seemed to sense when we weren't minding Mama and would come into the house and ask, "Did your mother have some work for you to do?" Of course we had to answer in the affirmative. Without raising his voice in the least, his next words would be, "Well, don't you think that you had better do it?" We did.

It didn't seem unusual to me then, but now I look back and marvel that Papa was able to accomplish so much. When we lived over on the west side of town, he managed not only the farm, but a variety of shade trees and flowering shrubs. When I think of him in those days, I picture a slender, ruddy-faced man wearing an old hat, overalls and irrigation boots, with a straw in his mouth. He had nicknames for us when we were children, and I can still hear him say to me, "How is my little Inry today?"

Mama used to do a lot of canning and had to stand over the hot coal stove to do it. We did most of the picking, however. We especially enjoyed picking bushels of peas. Those sweet Idaho field peas were so good - we ate almost as many as we picked. We would later sit on the lawn and shell the peas while talking and visiting.

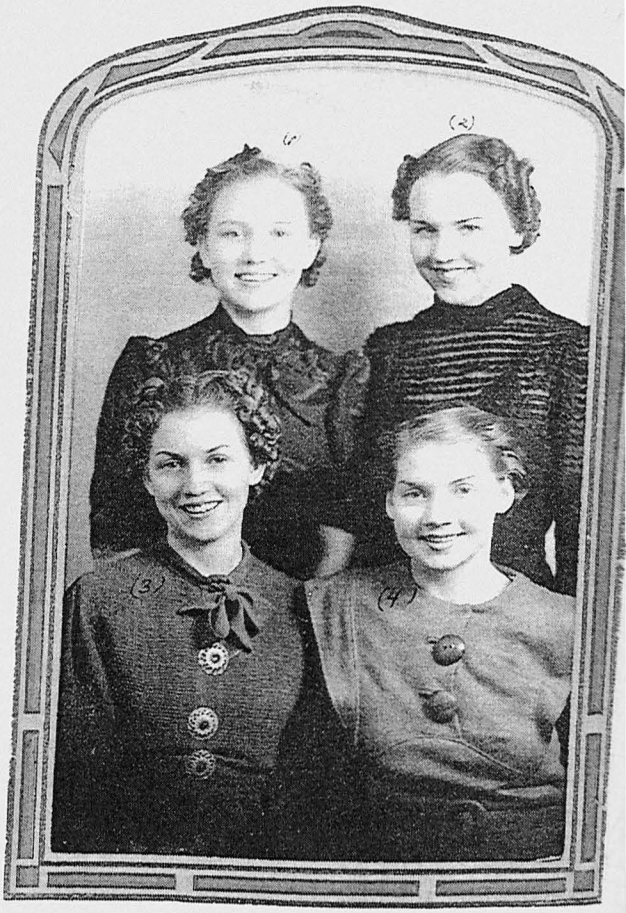
I have often wondered how Mama could prepare such delicious meals with so little money. In those days, we had a long ride on the school bus and were famished by the time the bus dropped us off. We would all go running as hard as we could toward the house. When we tore through the door, Mama always had a hearty meal prepared for us. There was no picking at food then, as I see children do now. After dinner, I used to follow Mama around and tell her the happenings of my day at school. She always listened as though she thought it was exciting to hear what I had to say.

Mama was always dreaming of the things she was going to do to 'fix up the house,' but her dreams were always put on the back burner. Every so often, Papa would come home with some furniture in the wagon that he had purchased at an auction sale. I guess that Mama would have enjoyed helping to pick out the furniture, but she didn't complain, at least not in front of the children.

It seems to me now that she was a servant to us all. How hard it must have been for her when we moved from the west side of town to the big house north of town. It was during the depression, and she and Papa were close to losing everything for which they had worked so hard. After having an electric washing machine in the old house, Mama now had to scrub on the washing board. We must have taken it for granted that mothers were supposed to perform slave labor, because we could have offered to help her. When some of our neighbor women seemed overburdened, Mama would send one of us



Lars & Ingrid - Wedding - Dec. 20, 1946



Sisters - About 1938
Front: Ingrid, Sigrid Back: Margit, Estrid



The Anderson Family - About 1963
Front: Ingrid, Christine, Lars, Anita
Back: Vernon, Patricia, Carla



Ingrid & Lars

girls over to help them.

Mama had kind of an air of aristocracy, and it must have been difficult for her when there was no money for good clothing. She always tried hard to see that we were dressed decently, however. I remember that sometimes she called some of the town women 'snooty.' It must have been that she felt inferior to them at the time when we lived at the poverty level. So often on the farm there were disappointments. Perhaps there were early or late freezes, the prices for crops plummeted, or one of the other hazards that accompany farming occurred. Each time it happened, Mama would say, "Next time it will be better."

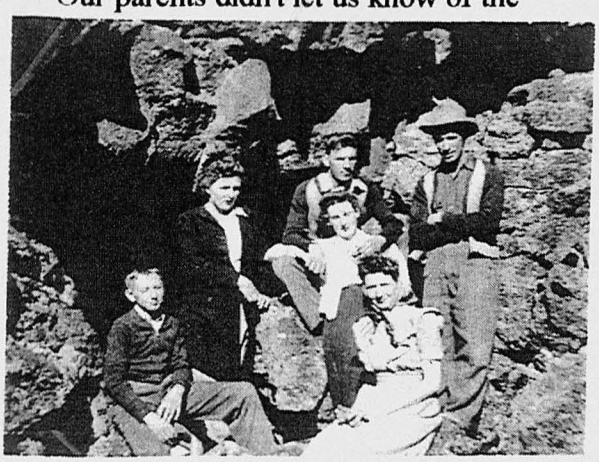
I often thought how brave Papa was when he went out in bitterly cold weather to take care of the livestock and the milking, but he did it cheerfully. I can still see his frosted eyebrows coming back into the house after taking care of the chores. He didn't grumble when the weather was so bad that the school bus couldn't get through. He would have to hitch up the horses to the sleigh and take us to school and then come back to pick us up. Each time he saw to it that we were warm and comfortable, putting quilts on the hay and also on us. He didn't have much protection as he sat up front and held the reins. (And to think that I used to fuss because my clothes got wrinkled!)

Our parents didn't let us know of the agonies they suffered during the depression, when it looked as though they might lose everything. However, it must have been because of their faithfulness that the Lord helped them to pull through. Papa was the bishop of the Idaho Falls First Ward at the time. It must have been depressing because so many ward members were in dire circumstances.

Papa seemed to have quite an eternal perspective of life (perhaps Mama thought at times that it was too much of an eternal perspective). He didn't worry too much about making money. He loved the farm and received great satisfaction from being out in the open fields midst the rows of potatoes and the fields of grain.

Papa loved to sing, and he and Uncles Clarence, Oscar and Vernon had a quartet. They really harmonized well and were popular in Idaho Falls. I remember them singing at our family gatherings often.

After Papa passed away, Mama remained courageous despite her battle with Parkinson's Disease. When she came out and stayed with us for awhile in California, she would sometimes lose control of her bodily functions. One day when I was taking care of her, she laughed and said, "I used to change you, and now you are changing me." She didn't let her disability make her bitter, but took it the way she did all the disappointments in life - mildly and patiently.



An outing to "the lavas" - about 1942 BT (before television).
Front: Grant, Ingrid
Back: Marie, Sherwood, Lucille, Max



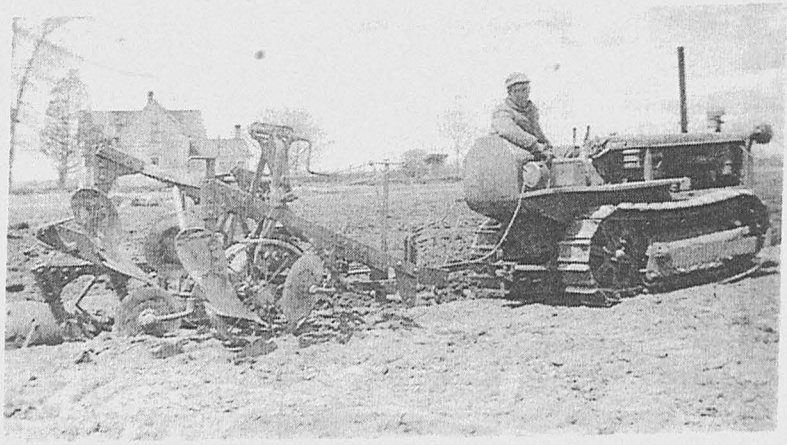
Young Max Johnson

Scenes from Max's life as a farmer.



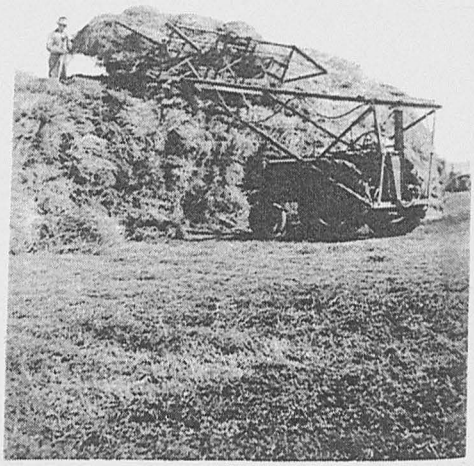
Above: Plowing the garden the old way with Babe & Chub and a hand plow.

Left: Plowing a field with the D-2 Caterpillar and a two-way two-bottom plow.





Raking hay.



Stacking hay with the Farm Hand. Henry on the stack; Max on the tractor - 1949.

IV.e. MEMORIES OF MAX H. JOHNSON

Compiled by Grant Johnson

Max had already passed away before it was decided to compile this family history, so we do not have his memories of family life. Much can be learned about his memories by reading his personal history. The following accounts were contributed by his wife and brothers and sisters.

As Max was the fifth child born to his parents, he always liked to say that he was a Chinaman because every fifth child born in the world is Chinese. He was born on March 19, 1920, on the farm in New Sweden. From a very early age, it was seen that he was born with a "green thumb" and would follow in his father's footsteps as a farmer. At five, he had his first "crop" which was a patch of oats out in the apple orchard. At eight, he took over the responsibilities of the family garden.

After graduating from high school in 1938, he farmed with his father. In the fall of 1941, he was interviewed for a mission, but when he took his physical examination, it was determined that he had a rheumatic heart and the First Presidency declined his call. That same winter, he was to be inducted into the armed services, but after taking the physical, was classified 4-F (not physically fit for service). Therefore, he stayed home and continued farming with his father.

Although his father believed that school sports were for young people in the city and that country boys got enough exercise on the farm, Max participated a great deal in sports at school. He was husky and strong physically and played football, was on the boxing team, and also went out for track.

* * * * *

Margit relates the following about Max: He carried his books back and forth from school, but was usually too tired to study when he came home. Daddy told him that he probably should just carry a couple of bricks and save the wear and tear on the books.

Often, when Max and I walked past the city dump going to and from town, he told me that someday he was going to be rich and was going to make a beautiful park all along the river where that eyesore area stood. Well, he didn't do it, but someone else had a "like" vision and they were able to get the money appropriated, and so they fulfilled his dream. Freeman Park covers that whole area now.

Mama sometimes made a huge pot of "bruna bonor" (Swedish brown beans) and left them on the side of the stove to keep warm. Max came in from the field for a respite now and then and would feast on a big bowl of beans. How he loved them - seasoned with vinegar, cream and sugar.

Max and I were the closest to each other in age of all our brothers and sisters. Perhaps that is why we associated with the same friends - the Marshall twins, the Goddards and the West boys - for special functions during our high school days..

* * * * *

Although he did well in sports, the strenuous regimens required further damaged his heart and he lived with an enlarged heart the rest of his life. Although he lived to the respectable age of 67, he probably would have lived another twenty years if he had not had the heart condition.

While he was on the boxing team, his poor parents wondered if they would have a house left. It seems like he splintered half the

doors in the house honing up his punching skills. One spring while on the track team, he decided to race the school bus to school. He started running the same time the bus left our place, ran the four or so miles into high school and got there the same time as the bus.

* * * * *

Sherwood has the following memories of Max:

Max was four years older than I was. We were good friends in a competitive way and had many good experiences together through life. Even as a child, Max had inventive wheels turning in his head night and day; i.e, he looked for something to invent, build or tear apart.

Martin Ricks and Max dug a big hole in the orchard and made an elaborate underground house with a board chimney, etc. On the entrance to their cave house was a big sign, "Stay Out!" I assumed that meant me: I was too little for that big stuff.

Going to School - Kurt took Max and I down to the orchard just before I started school. He wanted to touch up on his barbering skills. He cut off all our hair. I'm sure it looked neat. My first day of school, they dragged me to the bus and I was crying. I didn't want to go because I didn't even know how to read or write. I got there, anyway.

When it was time to have my baby teeth pulled, Max was supposed to take me to our dentist, Dr. Nielsen, after school. Max waited for me, but instead of meeting him, I ran all the way home - twice. He was mad because he had to walk home, too. That's when we lived in New Sweden (West Broadway).

I think Max was misunderstood. Some people thought he was unfriendly, because he had a way of expressing himself very directly. He shot from the hip, and sometimes he missed the target. His intentions were good, but sometimes he didn't come across right.

He would never look directly at you when he talked to you, but would kind of stand sideways. I'll tell you why, and then maybe you will understand. When we were little, we were at Uncle Carl's farm one day. Cousin Claude had a new axe and he was going to show everyone how to chop wood. He swung the axe just as Max walked up. It cut the side of his head and severed the nerve to his left eye, taking the sight from that eye. From then on, the only way he could see people was to stand sideways to them.

It's hard to judge people if we don't know all the makeup of their lives. Max always felt it was his earthly duty to get me through life, and to the celestial kingdom. In my younger days, I was just as determined that I wasn't going to go there. Thus, we strained each others patience and nerves.

Early Innovations - Max and the neighbor boys, Joe and Henry Kaniko, Bruce Evans, and some others, started making two-wheeled carts. Each one tried to outdo the others. They made them out of every conceivable thing that would hold together. We had a big, black mare named Betty, and she was quite fast. They harnessed her up and then hooked about six or seven of these carts in tandem behind her. They would ride up and down West Broadway, which was a dirt road then. On one of these occasions, when I was about six years old, I was riding in the second cart of one of these trains. They turned into Kanikos place and I fell out of the cart. All of the carts went clattering over me. The wheels on the last cart were made from the front wheels of an old grain binder. They were made of steel and were V-shaped, and when one passed over me, it cut the back of my head. I still have the scars to this day. Those were the good old days?

When Max was about ten years old, he came down with a disease they didn't know

much about. His muscles jerked and he didn't have much control over his actions. They called it St. Vitus dance at that time. If he went to butter a slice of bread, he would shake it all to pieces. Mrs. Andrew Myers, a neighbor, said he needed to take cod liver oil. She would bring him bottles of chocolate cod liver oil, which made it more tolerable to take. In later years, he was diagnosed as having rheumatic fever. He was boxing and working hard, so in turn, these things were hard on his heart. His heart became enlarged, which is a sign of heart damage. In later years, he had to slow down and change his routines to things he didn't like to do, but in order to keep living, he had to follow doctor's orders. He eventually had a heart operation in which they replaced one of the valves that was leaking. He lived about eight years after this operation.

Scouting - Max always put 100% into whatever he did. He was very active in scouting and was always working on merit badges. I think he became a Life Scout. All of Max's friends from town would come out to the farm. (This was the place north of Idaho Falls.) There was a grassy spot across the creek that had a lot of willows and made an ideal spot for camping out. They slept out there overnight a lot - cooking suppers, etc. Bill Pearson was one of them. He would go down to the Wandamere dance hall south of town after they had their Saturday night dances. He would find an empty whiskey bottle and would drain the few drops left in many whiskey bottles into the one bottle. Then he would bring the full bottle out to their campouts and would pour the whiskey on the fire, starting it with a big puff.

They used to camp by the river, also. I tried to be one of the big boys and would camp out with them. Max was always trying to get rid of me, but being somewhat determined, I always stuck it out.

Woodcutting - The thing that was the most intriguing, when we moved to the East River Road farm, were all the big poplar trees on the place. Trees were everywhere, and there was a big apple orchard. These were the years of the Depression, and everyone used the resources that were at hand. We had two or three wood-burning stoves and so it was inevitable that the trees would have to come down. Nearly everyone in the family, especially the boys, participated in this project.

Grandpa Lanzen lived with us then. One thing he didn't like was idle boys. He would come and tell us, "Saga ved" (saw wood). For this task, we used a big hand-powered crosscut saw with handles on both ends.

The trunks of these trees were huge and it would take a lot of digging to get down far enough and out far enough to get at the roots. We would cut through these with an axe. When we felt we had dug enough and cut enough roots, we would fasten a big, long cable high up in the tree. Max would hook four head of horses onto the cable and pull the trees over. They would come down with a big, thundering crash, and the horses would stand there and shake.

There was one of these trees that we later learned was not dug out enough. Max was hooked up to the cable and started to go, but there was too much slack in the cable. The horses started to run and when they got to the end of the cable, he hollered, "Whoa, whoa!" The tree bent way down and then whipped back, jerking the horses backward. When they got their footing again, they just stood there quivering. They thought Max had a lot of power in his voice.

We sawed and split wood all winter long and had big piles of wood here and there. I always liked the smell of green wood and coal burning in the living room stove.

Rabbits - These animals were a part of

Max's and Kurt's life for several years. A lot of people ate rabbit back in those days. They had them in New Sweden, and traded bucks and does with cousins Don and Lin, friend Arthur Park, and Aunt Rhoda's last husband, Shay Hampton. When we moved to the farm north of town, the rabbits were brought along, too. They built nice wire pens for them in the barn.

Eventually Max and Kurt felt they wanted to move on to bigger and greater things in life. That was the day I inherited all the rabbits, the pens and the responsibilities of a big rabbit owner. There were some 50 does and their litters. I was really thrilled with the prospects and potential that was ahead for me. I fed and watered them, cutting hay and getting bags of carrots to feed them. I gave them the utmost care for about two weeks. Then their care started to cut into my time for other activities.

One day, I went out and opened all the doors to the rabbit pens. Now they had all the freedom we were both seeking. Rabbits really propagate when they are left on their own. They dug under the foundations of the house, which are made of lava rock, and undermined some of the house supports causing the house to drop as much as six inches in some places. Dad was very unhappy about this, to say the least, as we had to get under the house and try to shore some of these places up again. They dug holes in the spud cellar and in the cow barn. They got out into the sagebrush areas next to our farm and crossbred with jackrabbits. You never saw so many different and odd colors of rabbits. For many years, new litters of little bunnies would come out from under the house. Lindgrens came out from town for a few years and caught many of them live in box traps and the ones they didn't catch eventually died out. The plague was over.

Workaholic - Max loved to work. He awoke early and worked all day into the night. In the early days on the farm, nearly everything was done by hand - pitching hay, threshing, weeding, thinning beets, cultivating potatoes, etc. He never wore a shirt in the summer time and his sun tan would make him almost black. I remember cleaning corrals with the manure about two feet deep. We would use big manure and spud forks to load the manure spreader. A forkful of manure was very heavy and we would scoop up the manure day in and day out. He would never let up until the job was done. He expected the same from me. I did it (grudgingly). That was a real back-breaking job.

Max decided we were going to have a nice, big lawn around the house. He used the Miskin Scraper and four head of horses to do the main leveling. To finish off the job, he and I hauled dirt from the hill by our farm using a wagon and team of horses. The wagon had a bed made out of removable 4" x 6" planks. We would load up the wagon and then bring it down to the lawn and pull it over the place needing fill. We would pull the sides off the bed and the dirt would fall out and then tip the planks sideways and the dirt would fall out the bottom. We hauled many a load of dirt that way.

He was never finished with one project before he had two more laid out ahead. We always finished off a days work with a good swim in the canal or river. Of all his projects, I think I was his biggest challenge.

Dirty pants - When Max went to high school, they had fads like they do now. Dirty (yellow) corduroy pants were the in thing back then. They wore the same pair of pants every day and it was a cardinal sin to wash them. By the end of the year, they would almost stand up by themselves. The blacker, the better. They had pen drawings on them,

too, such as "IF High." Mom was always so embarassed to send him to school without washing them. He would have a fit if she even mentioned it. They looked and smelled like a road-killed dog pelt. Oh, well, to each his own.

Boxing - Max was very athletic, and enjoyed participating in sports. He ran to and from school to keep his muscles in tune. He went out for boxing in high school, and was a real plague. He punched everything he came in contact with. He pounded the doors in the house until all the panels were either split or loose. Dad used to tell him to go out and pound on the trees as he wouldn't hurt them. He loved to punch me around, and he would playfully tap his sisters some, too. He would come up and pound on my arms and practice his fancy footwork jig. I couldn't lick him, but I could make him duck and scatter when I would pick up a rock or a stick or a club. Then he would back off.

They had a scout banquet in the basement of the old tabernacle. Max and Shirill Kirk put on an exhibition boxing match. All went well for two rounds. Then Shirill gave Max a right haymaker to the chin, and the lights went out for him. He never fought much after that, but you have to give Max an A for his efforts. He was as feisty as a game cock.

Runaway horses - We lived next to the Spencer Fox Farm. They used to get killer horses in to feed the foxes. If there were any good ones, we would ride them. Some had good dispositions, and some were pretty bad. There was a particular white horse. He was great to ride, but he would run away at the drop of a hat. When he ran, he would sometimes take the bit in his teeth and then you couldn't control him.

Max and I were going to a show one Saturday on this horse, and we had just rode out of the driveway. Kurt and Richard Strahle were on the other side of the road. Richard thought it would be fun to hit the horse with a rock. He threw it, but instead of hitting the horse, it hit me in the back of the head. This must have spooked the horse and Max couldn't hold him. He ran clear up to Marshalls before he could stop him. In town, we tied the horse in kind of a depression where the Saving Center is now and we went to the show. Our neighbor, Clyde Mace, knew the horse liked to run, so while we were in the show, he took one of the reins off the bridle. Going home, we did pretty well until we got out of town, and then the horse really wanted to go home in a hurry. He started to run when we got to Goddard's place and Max couldn't hold him with just one rein. All we could do was hang on.

When we got to the corner where we should turn to go to our place, the horse went straight ahead instead. Up this lane a ways was a big ditch crossing it - with no bridge. The ditch had a high bank and we knew he wasn't going to stop. He cleared the bank on the one side of the ditch and crashed into the bank on the other side. Max and I were catapulted out about twenty feet into the brush and dirt. When we got back on the horse and rode home, we were all well shook up and humbled. Even the horse.

Sage Creek School - Max, Margit and I went to the little red schoolhouse on East River Road. There were eight grades in one classroom. Mrs. Benham, our neighbor, was our teacher. We walked or rode horses to school. We hauled hay on Saturdays and stored it at a little shed by the school where we kept the horses during school hours. I was in the fourth grade, Margit in the seventh and Max in the eighth. Mrs. Benham was always giving us prizes for being the best of something-or-other. That kept our interest.

Max and Bill Bellin had a sort of rivalry. Each one wanted to have Lois Mickelsen ride home with them on their horse. Most of the

time, while they were bickering with each other, she would walk home and leave them both. When the weather was warm, we walked to school a lot. River Road then was a very narrow dirt road. Willows, trees, rose bushes and wild currents hung out over the road and almost covered it in places. It was pleasant to hear the birds singing as we walked. Blackbirds would dive at us to protect their nests and meadowlarks sang on the fence posts. It was very peaceful.

When we rode to school, our transportation was a little horse named Molly. She was Kurt's horse, but she baby-tended all of us. Max put a big saddle on her which would take up two-thirds of her back. Margit sat in the middle and I hung out over the rear end. Max forgot his lunch one day, so we went back to get it. We would be late for school if we didn't hurry, so Max put Molly into a gallop. We had a big ice pond in our front yard. Instead of turning in at the gate, Molly took a shortcut across the pond. She fell down and sat on my feet. Margit was in my lap as we skidded across the pond with Molly in a sitting position with her front feet out ahead of her.

Potatoes - Max's first love was potatoes, either eating them or growing them. When he was about twelve years old, Dad let him raise his own potatoes on an acre of ground. He cared for them very diligently; watering, weeding and cultivating, etc. When he sold them, he got about $200.00.

One Saturday morning when we were out milking the cows, he said, "Sherb, when we get done with chores, we're going to town to spend some money." He was feeling very generous that day. We saddled the horse and went to town. First we went to a show at the Gayety Theatre; then went to J.C. Penneys. He bought me a black and red checkered shirt, a pair of overalls and tennis shoes. Then he bought some clothes for himself. That was always a great day in my life.

From that day on he grew potatoes. He was a very good farmer and tried to keep up on all the latest methods. The only thing that held him back was money. He loved to dig in spud dirt and wouldn't use a shovel to check how his spuds were doing. He would get down on his knees and pull off the top of the row with his hands. Then he would take his crooked index finger and dig on each side of a potato. After he looked at the spuds, he would put them back and push the dirt over them again. This dirt he pushed back was always rich and mellow, because he followed the best practices of crop rotation and soil management

Late in the evening of November 22, 1987, Marie called Grant and I to come over and give Max a blessing. He told her he wasn't feeling very well. I pronounced the blessing and one thing I asked the Lord was that he be permitted to finish his mission here on Earth. We talked a few minutes and then Grant and I were going to leave, but he wanted us to stay and talk. So we stayed awhile longer and he said he felt so much better after the blessing - and we could see a big improvement over when we had come. We had a good visit with him and talked about many things from times past. It was getting very late when we finally left.

About 2:00 AM the following morning, Max's heart gave out and that ended our brother's mortal life. His mission was completed. The doctor had told him that if he ever got infection in the valve that was replaced that it would be fatal, and that is what happened.

* * * * *

For a few years, our potato cellar was an old one with concrete walls that we fixed up to use. It was almost a half mile north of the house. One day Max, Sherwood, Dad and I

(Grant) were making repairs on the cellar. Max and Sherwood were supposedly fairly "grown up" by then, Max being about twenty and Sherwood sixteen. Although Sherwood didn't go out much for sports, and Max was the strongest then, he was taller and in some ways more athletic than Max. There was a wagon and a team of horses and tools and materials on the wagon. Sherwood was on the wagon and Max asked him to do something. Sherwood said, "Do it yourself." Max came after him and Sherwood jumped off the wagon and started running. Max took off after him and they went through the fences and the sagebrush and the farmland. They ran down to the corrals and around the barns and the house. Sherwood would jump over the fences and the corral bars and Max would have to climb over them. Eventually, they ran back up to the cellar, and by then they were too tired to do much of anything. By then, Dad and I had most of the job done, whatever it was. Dad expressed his disgust at the boys and wondered why they didn't use all that energy to get the job done.

Our father grew up in the horse-and-buggy days, and never was really at home with motorized vehicles and equipment. Although he learned to drive a car, he was never comfortable with it and would rather that one of his children drive. I don't think he ever drove a tractor. He handled horses and horse machinery well, however, and had a good instinct for growing things and knew about soils and what it took to grow good crops. He probably would have been an excellent high school teacher or college professor, as his bent was for learning, studying the scriptures, languages and other intellectual pursuits. His brothers that farmed adapted well to the age of mechanization. Carl and Oscar were ahead of their time in inventing potato combines, bulk hauling of potatoes and other farming innovations.

Max and his father generally got along pretty well on the farm. I think our father could see that one of his sons would one day take over the farm, and Max was the natural for it. If there was any friction, probably most of it came from Max wanting to implement more mechanization into the farming operations. He followed his uncle's innovations with keen interest and wanted to adopt many of them immediately. However, these took time and money, so they weren't adopted as fast as he would like.

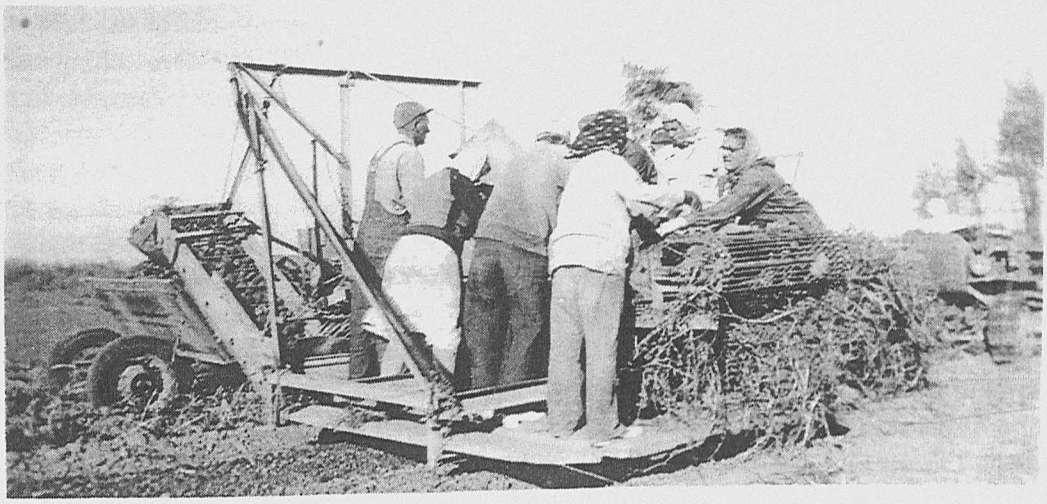
World War II, for the U.S., lasted from December, 1941, to August, 1945. It was kind of a transition time for us, as it was for many farmers. Some were getting tractors before the war, but many farmers, like us, still relied on horses and horse machinery. For several years before we got a tractor, Dad had someone come in with a tractor and do the plowing. This was a job that was kind of hard on horses and went pretty slow. It must have been the year before we got a tractor, about 1942, that Dad decided he would plow a whole 12-acre field with horses. He would go out every morning and harness up five head of horses and head up to the field. He would plow about an acre a day, and then he would come back down to the horse barn and unharness the horses and feed and water them, etc. I think it took him about two weeks, but he seemed to gain a certain amount of satisfaction from it.

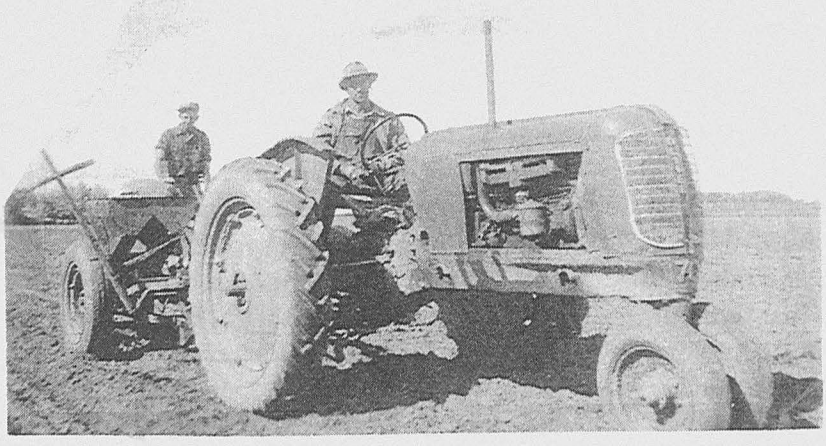
Potatoes, then as now, was the big money crop for Idaho farmers. Harvesting them was a lot of work, and farmers were always under the gun to get them out before the frost worked too far into the ground. Before the war, Dad would hire transient workers to come in and pick the potatoes. Some of them were very good workers and a pair of them could pick up to 400 half-sacks a day. This took a strong back and a steady pace all day long. Then the sacks had to be loaded



Left: The spud carts pulled by our faithful horses, Bus & Skeet. Rex Olson and Grant on the front cart, Dean and Blaine Blaylock on the back cart - about 1944.

Below: Our first potato harvester, about 1949. Sherwood, on the left, running the picking table crew.





Left: Planting potatoes. Max on the tractor, Kurt on the planter - 1950s.

on a wagon and hauled to the spud cellar, where the potato sacks were emptied through openings in the top of the cellar. This was even harder work physically, and many a farm boy got in shape by bucking potato sacks.

As the war carried on, the transient workers were no longer available. They either went off to the armed services or went to steady, high-paying jobs in the war plants. That was when the schools started letting the children out so they could work in the potato harvest. Some of the children were pretty good workers, but many were not too reliable. In the mornings, they would pick the spuds with a great amount of energy, but in the afternoons, they were assailed by great amounts of lethargy. Farmers tore their hair out in the afternoon as they surveyed row after row of potatoes dug out, but not picked. Finally, late in the afternoon, the potatoes would get picked and this meant that the haulers would have to work till 10:00 o'clock at night to get all the spuds to the cellar. Then it would start all over again the next morning.

In 1943, things got especially bad. At harvest time, we didn't have any potato pickers, except my friend, Rex Olson, and I. Dad would dig out a few rows for us and we would pick until 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon and then Rex would have to go to town and do his paper route. Kurt came home from the army for a few days, and he and Max would haul the potatoes in to the cellar. This went on for several days and it looked like we were going to lose some of our potatoes to frost. It was then that Dad and Max got several German prisoners-of-war to pick the potatoes. They were good workers and picked up every single potato, even the tiny ones. Most of them were glad to get out and do something useful.

About this time, Uncle Oscar started harvesting potatoes in bulk, using carts instead of sacks. Max talked Dad into going this way, and so 1944 became a very busy year. The farming went better that year because we had gotten our first tractor in the fall of 1943. It was an Oliver 70 and the back wheels had big steel cleats instead of rubber tires. The spring of 1944 was one of the rainiest on record. June was especially wet. Some of the farmers didn't have to irrigate their grain even once that year before harvest.

Besides building bulk spud carts that year, we had to build a new spud cellar in order to use the carts. In June, a man from the canal company dug the cellar hole using the dragline they used to clean irrigation canals. Max was especially busy that summer, not only doing much of the farming, but also building the spud carts and seeing that the cellar was built right. Its structure had to be stout because the spud carts were to be driven right up on top of it. After the structure was pretty well up, Max spent many a day with the scraper building a long dirt ramp up the back of the cellar. Dad and I hauled the heavy logs one by one up the ramp for the top of the cellar. They were laid side by side down the whole length of the cellar. Boards were closely nailed to the rest of the cellar and then these were covered with net wire, willows, straw and dirt. The logs on top of the cellar were treated to prevent decay and were then covered with straw and dirt.

The harvest went pretty well that year. Dad would dig the potatoes and Max ran the two rubber-tired spud carts. Each one held the equivalent of forty half-sacks and was pulled by one of our big Shire work horses, Bus and Skeet. Some of my friends and I picked the potatoes. We used regular spud baskets, and unlike picking in sacks, it didn't matter if the baskets were full when you

dumped them. When the cart was full, Max would take it into the cellar and the pickers would start filling the other cart. It wasn't easy for kids to goof off in an operation like that. We had to work together. Max would drive the cart up on top of the cellar, slowly turn the horse and cart until the back end of it was over the chute and then would dump it. The cart load was somewhat balanced, with a little more of the weight toward the front. He would use a chain hoist on the front of the cart to get the load started and then he would open up the back gate and the spuds would tumble out.

I remember one incident with the carts, but there might have been others. One day, one of the big Shires got spooked about something and ran off with an empty cart. He ran out of the field and down the road to the corrals. Everyone feared the worst, but when we caught up to him, he was stuck in the doorway of the horse barn with the cart still intact behind him.

We used the spud carts for a couple years or so, then Max built spud wagons. These were four-wheeled outfits pulled by a team of horses and they had two boxes on them, each holding 40 half-sacks. With these, he could drive up on the cellar and then push the boxes sideways off the wagon and they would dump their contents into the chute.

In 1946, Kurt and Sherwood were home from the war effort and they began farming; Sherwood had the Haroldson place next to our place and Kurt got the farm down by the river that they live on now. It had been farmed by Art Bellin and was owned by Bob Clinton. The three brothers had their separate places, but worked together on the farming operations. They bought their next new tractor in 1948, a diesel-powered W2 Caterpillar.

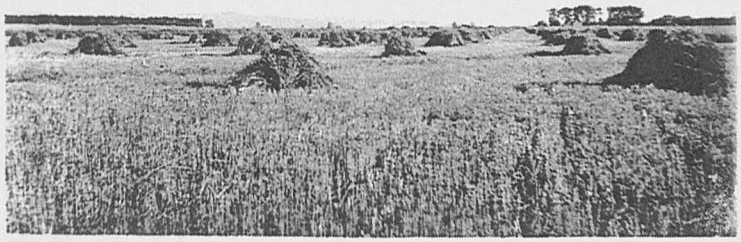
By this time, Uncle Oscar had built a type of potato combine, and so Max wanted to go with one of these. That took another summer of feverish activity. The brothers had learned how to weld and use a cutting torch and build and repair farm equipment, so they built the combine themselves. It was essentially a regular potato digger with a picking bed behind it. It was pulled by the Caterpillar. As the spuds were dug, they would come up the digger chain and land on the picking table and while the spuds moved along on that, the clods, rocks, vines, weeds, etc., were pulled off by about six people on the picking table. The spuds went into sacks at the end of the combine and were then set off to be picked up later and hauled to the spud cellar. Later, they fixed up the combine so that the spuds were conveyed into the spud wagons that Max had built.

The combine was used for a couple of years, but then it was found that it limited how many potatoes could be grown. The brothers decided that they needed to grow more potatoes to make a living, so they went back to picking in sacks. For a few years during the potato harvest, there might be 50 or 60 people of all ages out picking up the potatoes. And so the potato harvest had gone full circle back to picking and hauling in sacks. The difference was that before there was a one-row potato digger pulled by horses; now there was a two-row digger pulled by a tractor. Also, the spuds were hauled on trucks instead of with a team and wagon. This went on until the invention of the modern potato combine and bulk hauling in trucks.

There was a similar metamorphosis in handling the other crops on the farms, but these didn't quite have the same impact as the potatoes did. The brothers bought their own grain binder and their own threshing machine and used those for several years. After that, they would hire someone to come in with a grain harvester and do the whole

thing. Haying operations were speeded up some by various improvements, but it would be several years before they would get into hay baling. The hay was put up loose in big stacks using teams and wagons and hay derricks. It was cut with a horse-drawn mower and bunched with a one-horse dump rake and then we would go down the field with pitch forks and flip the hay into piles or "shocks," making an open runway between the shocks for the wagon to go. In later years, a tractor with a "Farm Hand" was used to pick up the hay in the field and haul it in to be stacked. The Farm Hand was a big fork on the front of the tractor that could pick up a huge pile of hay and then it would be taken into the haystack and could be lifted as much as sixteen feet in the air to stack the hay.

By the late 1940s, Dad was pretty well retired from farming, although he might help a little here and there. He mostly spent his time at the temple and studying for the classes he taught.



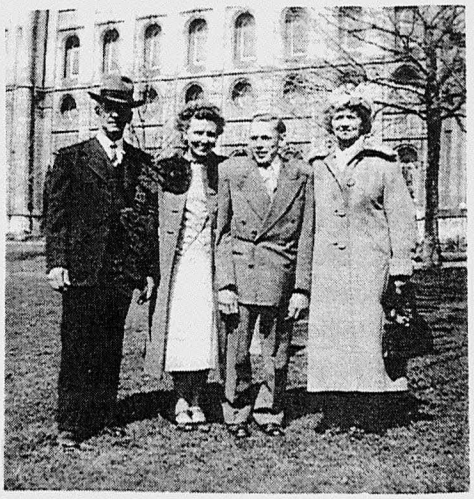
Left: A field of grain in "shocks" ready for threshing.

Below: Threshing grain. Kurt on the wagon, Sherwood on the separator, Max on the grain truck.

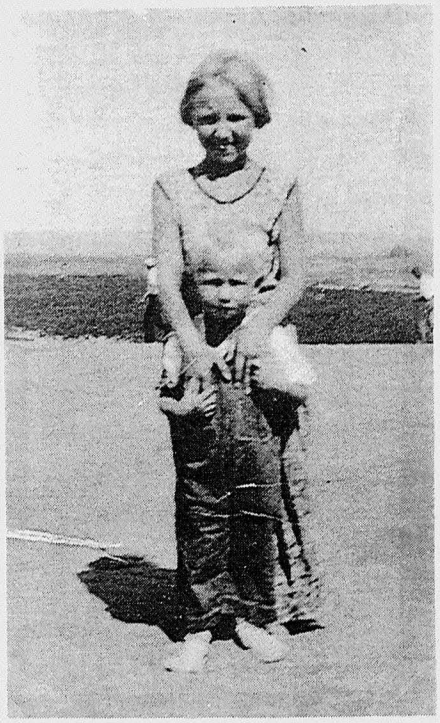




Sisters Four in Salt Lake City - about 1940.
Margit (front), Ingrid, Sigrid, Estrid



Margit & Melvin on their wedding day - March 18, 1949 - standing between Henry & Esther.



Margit (back) about five years old, with Sherwood, about two.



Ingrid, Esther, Margit at a family reunion in the city park at Rigby, Idaho - 1967.

IV.f. MEMORIES BY MARGIT JOHNSON BLOMQUIST

At five years of age I was sent to St. Louis, Missouri to a sanitarium for crippled children where an operation was performed to improve the condition of my club feet. Both night and day, braces were necessary for several years to make the correction complete. The day braces weren't too bad, but the night braces were a pain, so every night was a hassle. Daddy struggled to put the braces on me and I resisted with every ounce of energy I could muster. You could guess the result - battle royal! Night after night, the part of my anatomy with the cushions was stimulated by Daddy's flat hand. Apparently in time, it became too big an ordeal for both of us, so he gave up the fight. To this day I hear my parents words, "The braces are necessary to make your feet straight. If you don't want that, you'll be sorry someday." And that's the way it was.

One day Ingrid and I were assigned to do the noon dishes and then to help pick cherries. Some young boys had come out from town to ride horses, however. Our decision was to ride the horses with the boys and then do the chores at our convenience. Ingrid and I climbed on a horse with one of the boys and the horse took off like a shot. It leaped a ditch and threw us sprawling in all directions. The boy crashed spread-eagle in the ditch on his stomach, knocking him out completely. Ingrid and I were stunned momentarily, but were able to get on our feet and review the situation. When we saw the plight of the boy, we were extremely frightened, but not frightened enough to solicit help from an adult. Fortunately, the boy soon came to his senses, but vomited all over the place. When he regained enough strength, he and his friends went back to town.

In the meantime, Ingrid and I were filled with guilt, so we ran and hid in the garage just south of the 'well-house.' She pressed her body against one wall just inside the door and I hid on the other side. All of a sudden a big hand grabbed Ingrid and pulled her outside. I didn't wait to see the rest of the story, but ran to a cherry tree, climbed as high as possible and started picking cherries as if I had been there all day. How Daddy knew where we were was always a great mystery to me.

All the years growing up, I never remember a time we weren't struggling for survival. Once in awhile a good year would come along, but because there had been so many bad years, all the profits went to pay on "dead horses." Sometimes I would hear Daddy talking on the telephone and I thought he was talking to someone about me. The conversation seemed very strange, so one day I asked him why he talked to people about me so much. He was puzzled until it came to him. He called to ask about the "market" and I thought he was saying "Margit."

Just before I came back from St. Louis, Daddy bought a Model-T Ford. I don't think he ever really liked to drive, because he taught Estrid how to do it and seemed happy to let her drive the milk to the creamery. One winter day when he had been at the church attending to some of his duties as bishop, he came out to find the car frozen up. He walked home, but left the car there until the spring when the city fathers came and told him he had to move it out.

When I was on my mission, I received two or three letters from Daddy and they are prized possessions because he wrote so seldom. Interestingly, he wrote on whatever scrap of paper was handy - torn envelopes,

paper sacks, napkins, etc. - so they have a special uniqueness.

Our parents never sat down and taught us about the birds and bees or the facts of life. We did, however, observe much from living on the farm. Also, we had a room which we called an attic where a lot of books were stored. We could hide there when we wanted to be alone. Ingrid, especially, spent a great deal of time there as she loved to read anything and everything.

One day we found some interesting titles that we were sure were forbidden: "What a Young Girl Ought to Know," "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," and "What a Young Wife Ought to Know." I read the third book long before the others, and after that the others were boring. It wasn't until years later that I figured Daddy had probably used reverse psychology on us, planting those books among the others knowing we would search out the 'forbidden.'

At Christmas time we celebrated with Swedish traditions. Christmas Eve we had lutefisk, boiled potatoes, mustard gravy and rice pudding with a hidden almond. The one who found the almond would be the next one married. Before we could eat our rice pudding, however, we were supposed to make up a rhyme. Every year Daddy gave the same one: "Roses are red, violets are blue, so eat up, all my little children."

Some years Daddy went to town late on Christmas Eve and the people selling Christmas trees would give him something that was left. Some of them were sorry sights. Mama decorated them with simple things we had on hand. One year she even put live candles on the tree with clips. We danced around the tree, Swedish fashion, and sang Swedish songs. It's a wonder we didn't burn down the house.

Some years our Christmases were fairly affluent, other times pretty meager. One meager Christmas that makes me feel badly to this day occurred when Kurt was in his teens. He had worked to earn money through the year and had bought presents for everyone in the family. When Christmas morning came, we all opened our presents but there was not one package for Kurt. We found a name tag with his name on it, but couldn't find the package.

After some investigating, we found that Sherwood had found a box of candy intended for Kurt and had nearly devoured it before the mistake was found. It wasn't Sherwood's fault, either, because he opened what he thought was his. I hurt so badly that Christmas. It was one of the worst I ever remember.

If there was one quality of Daddy's character that stood out from all the rest, it would have to be his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, especially of spiritual things. He read and pondered the scriptures constantly. He had little interest in worldly possessions, almost to the point of exasperation for us girls at times. I know he loved Mama with all his heart and loved his family and was always building for eternal values. What more is there?

Mama was very shy, mostly because of the language, I think. She always sounded perfectly normal to us, but some of our neighbors pointed out that she had an accent. Once Mama was asked to be a counselor to Sister Myler in the 4th Ward Relief Society, but she wouldn't accept - probably because of the fear she had of standing before a group and expressing herself.

Her compassion for others was shown in many ways. There was a family by the name of Waddell that lived down by the river in a hovel - half cut into a dirt hill and half a lean-to made from all kinds of scrap material. The father in the family worked at odd jobs to earn a little here and there, but he was a

drinker. When it was time for a paycheck to come, his wife went to town to intercept him before he got to the saloon. There were times, however, that rather than intercept him, she would join him and they would leave their family alone for hours at a time. Mama would go down there and try to help the little kids get something to eat.

One day one of the older kids came up to our house and said he was having some trouble, so Mama went down to see what had happened. They had been trying to get a fire started in a stove with some bits of paper. A goat kept coming in and they couldn't get it out. The baby was asleep in the yard with pigs running all around him. Mama helped them get some warmth and fixed them some food. She basically took care of the situation until the parents came home. It was a wonder those kids survived, as the river was on one side of their hovel and a large ditch was on the other side. (No fear, Margit. They had an aversion to water. Editor)

Mama seldom left the house except to do her visiting teaching. She had to walk several miles on her district so it would take a good part of the day. Usually she had a warm meal prepared when we came from school. On the visiting teaching days, though, we came home to a cold, empty house, which was miserable.

In all the years growing up, I remember a lot of financial struggles. In the spring, Mama would hope for the fall and a good price for the crops. In the fall, she would hope for spring and better times. She lived on dreams all her life. I don't know if any of them were ever fulfilled.

Mama arose very early in the wintertime to start the stove so the main room would be warm and cozy when it was time for us to get ready for school. Later in life, I asked her why she hadn't booted Daddy out of bed to start the fires. Her reply was simple: "Daddy works so hard and he needs the rest." He did work long hours in the summer, but in the winter the chores did not seem too heavy - mainly milking the cows and feeding the livestock. All I can say is that she was a devoted wife and did all she could to make him comfortable and happy, and to allow him time to pursue his callings in the church.

Daddy stayed in town most Sundays because there were breaks between meetings and it was too hard to walk back and forth so many times. On many Sundays we children would bring friends and cousins home, but somehow there always seemed to be plenty of food for everyone. We oftentimes ate chicken on Sunday. Daddy killed them before he left for church early in the morning and Mama plucked, cleaned and cooked them. As I look back, I believe the main reason Mama didn't go to church with us was because she didn't have nice clothes for Sunday.

One year when I was in high school, Mama became very ill. Aunt Rhoda came out to administer her nursing skills, but she said that someone would have to stay with Mama all the time and wait on her so that she wouldn't have to get out of bed. Estrid was working, so it was out of the question for her to be home. It was really up to me, but I pouted about having to miss school and having to make up work. Aunt Rhoda matter-of-factly said, "It's your choice. You can help your mother get well or you just may not have a mother." I was shocked into some deep soul searching. Needless to say, I did the right thing and, of course, was terribly ashamed of my first reaction.

Another incident happened on a Sunday when I was home alone with Mama. She had contracted the itch (we had it often) and Mrs. Miller, our remedy-for-everything neighbor gave us a concoction that was a 'sure cure.' So, after taking a bath, Mama

rubbed this stuff all over her body from head to toe. In just a few minutes, she was gasping for breath and looking for some kind of soothing cream to put over the 'salve.' She was on fire. The nearest thing I could find was a big jar of hard-earned cold cream that Ingrid had recently purchased. We used all of it, but Mama still felt terrible.

I washed her again, trying to get everything off of her skin. We even tried lard and some other oils to make her feel more comfortable. She was ill for several days. Then her skin turned dark brown and peeled off like a sunburn. That 'sure cure,' we later learned, was a mixture of lard, turpentine and another miserable ingredient. I don't think Mama ever had the itch again.

My most memorable birthday happened when we were still living in the New Sweden home. All my life I had wanted a big doll, but Ingrid always got the big dolls and I the little ones. I didn't feel that was fair because she didn't care about dolls as much as I did. Anyway, I had a smaller doll that had become a bit shabby and its clothes were gone. For my birthday Mama had fixed up this doll and made a whole new wardrobe for it. When I came home from school, Mama had the doll hanging from the chandelier so I would easily spot it. I was thrilled to the core. It was so special because Mama had done it all - just for me!

Mama was a beautiful seamstress but she had to make most of our clothes from hand-me-downs. She would take them apart, wash and press them, and sometimes turn them inside out because the inside looked newer. I have memories of two beautiful coats she made for me - one was a blue wool winter coat; the other, a spring maroon jacket with a dainty silk flowered scarf.

When I was in the first grade, I was asked to do a 'Punch and Judy' dance with a boy, in which we had to wear costumes. Mama had made me a pretty peach-colored silky dress to wear to school that day. (This was one of the few times she came to see a school program.) The teacher stopped her in the hall and asked if another little girl could wear my new dress. The girl had come to school dirty and shabby, but was scheduled to participate in a singing group in the program. Mama came to me and explained the situation and asked if I would share my dress until after the program. I didn't feel good about having someone else wear my brand new dress, but felt sorry for my friend and consented. She was happy and it did give me a warm feeling after all.

Melvin's Uncle Hugh Johnston, who was a Swedish friend of the folks, and his son Stewart came over one night right after the dishes were all put away. We had eaten 'suckers' from the ditch, potatoes and milk gravy for supper. Nothing was left and there was no such thing as 'running to the store.' So Daddy or one of the boys caught some more suckers and Mama cooked them the same food as we had eaten. They must have been undaunted because they stayed a few days after that.

If I were to describe Mama in one word it would be "patience"' in big caps, fanfare, and neon lights. She had many special, endearing characteristics, but to me this headed the list. If she doesn't have a mansion in heaven, there is no justice.

IV.g. MEMORIES BY ORVAL SHERWOOD JOHNSON

I was the seventh child of Gustaf Henry and Esther Lanzen Johnson. My parents were gentle people and they worked hard. Our family wasn't one for a lot of kissing and hugging, but we knew that our mother and dad loved us. I don't think that they showed partiality to any one of their children.

My early recollections of the west side in New Sweden was our dairy farm. I remember Uncle Otto used to deliver milk to the neighborhoods and to the people in the city. It was in the prohibition days when they used to have bootlegged whiskey. I have understood that Uncle Otto used to throw in a little whiskey with his milk deliveries to his good customers. He got into a little trouble over it, but that's another story.

I remember one day when I went out with my dad to help feed the cows. When I started to walk back to the house he told me to walk around the corral, but instead I walked through it. An old bull who was grazing saw me and took off after me. There was a big canal full of manure that looked about twenty feet wide and about three feet deep. I started through that lake of manure as fast as I could go with that bull on my tail. Just about that time Papa saw me, started after the bull, and chased him away. Everyone else was on the fence cheering for me.

And who could forget the Model-T Ford. On cold winter days when Papa couldn't get it going, we would hook a horse onto it and pull it around in a circle. Around and around we'd go. We had one big horse by the name of Jim. I'd get on him and pull the car until it would sput and jump forward and then it would be running.

When twelve-year-old Kurt was driving into town one day, a policeman, Frank Norton, pulled him over. Kurt could just barely see over the steering wheel. When Frank looked down, he asked if everything was OK. He said he just wanted to make sure that someone was driving the vehicle.

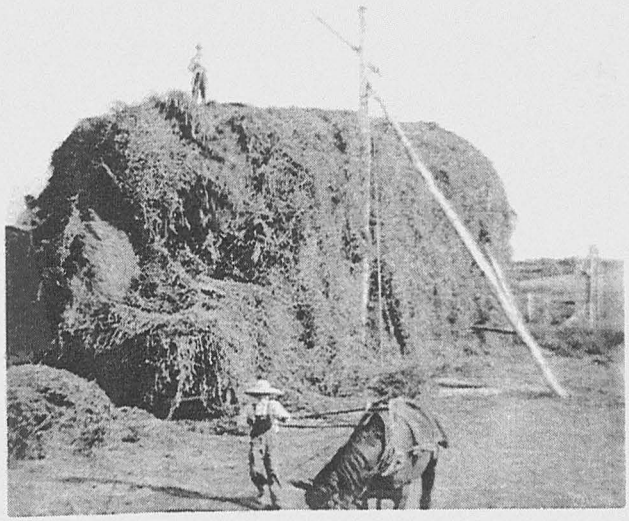
I remember Pop going to town to shop. At Luxton and Bennetts' Meat Market, he'd buy ox tails and fish scraps that Mom would use to make soup. It was delicious. If Dad went to town by himself, he'd call home and we children would try to get him to buy us some peanuts or oranges. An orange then was as valuable as a box of Whitman's chocolates today. We didn't get too many sweets and goodies, so an orange was a real treat to us.

I used to skip school in my later years. I liked the fresh air, so one day I decided to go to the auction and watch the horse sale. During the sale I heard the auctioneer say, "Sold to Henry Johnson." I looked up and saw my dad sitting right behind me with a leg on each side of me. He just smiled. He bought a team of horses that day. I think he was just swatting at flies, but it was the best team of horses he ever bought.

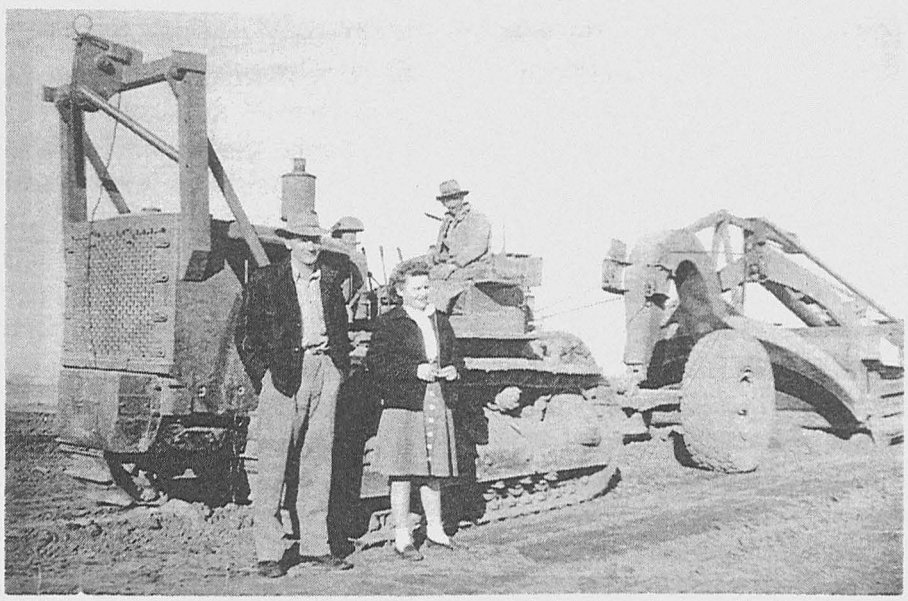
Dad was a bishop in New Sweden for several years. When they had banquets and socials, everyone would get together and make a big party out of it. As the bishop, he had the responsibility to go around to all the farms and round up turkeys, chickens, and ducks. He'd get those big old turkeys, tie their legs together, and throw them in the back seat of the car. Then he'd bring them to our place and chop off their heads. Then the Relief Society would come and pick them up. Sister Hugh Parks was the R.S. President then and gave all the orders - how to get those chickens plucked, cooked, etc. There



Julie & Sherwood out for a jaunt.



Sherwood took over the job of stacking hay after his dad retired from it.



Sherwood and Julie stand in front of the huge Cat and scraper that levelled some of the Haroldsen farm that they started farming in 1946.

were women running all over, feathers and blood flying to and fro - it was a great day!

Once when Dad went out to pick up some chickens in the winter, somebody's baby had died. The family couldn't get it into town, so they put that baby in the back seat of the car and Dad took it into Woods' Funeral Home. I remember sitting in the front seat looking back at that baby all the way into town. It was quite the experience.

I'll never forget moving to the north side of town. The night we moved was a cold March evening. We rode in the sleigh and could hear the crunch of the horses' feet going over the snow drifts, the runners squeaking in the cold. When we came by Sister Morganegg's place, she gave us some cookies and things to eat. She was always doing something nice for us. It was pretty exciting for the kids.

Our new home was a great big house with 10 rooms. Everyone of us could have our own room. The only drawback was that there was no electricity, heat, water or bathrooms. It was just one big, cold house. I guess we were pretty poor then because the church welfare system had given us some big boxes of clothing. I crawled into one of those boxes and slept there that first night.

Sunday mornings were an experience for us boys. We'd get up early and do the chores. We didn't have bath facilities in the house, other than an old tin tub. We'd change the bath water after every two or three kids. (Since we had to heat the water on the stove, we didn't get too overzealous about changing the water.) The summer time was always a relief, because we could go outside and bathe in the creek. Pop and us boys would take our soap and hang our towels over a limb. After our bath, we'd get dressed in our Sunday best clothes and walk to priesthood meeting together. That's when I got acquainted with my dad - walking to church, listening to him talk about different things.

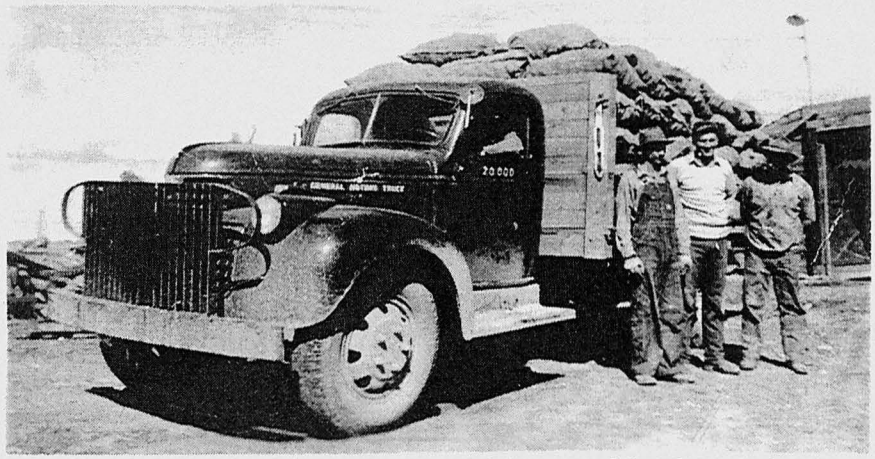




G. Henry found ways to keep his boys busy and out of mischief down on the farm. Left: Sherwood and Grant saw wood to keep the home fires burning - about 1940. Right: Furrowing out potatoes in the late 1930s; Grant on the horse, Sherwood with the "footburner."



Sherwood, front tractor, and hired help plowing and harrowing a field.



L. to R.: Kurt, Sherwood and Max with a truckload of seed potatoes. The three brothers farmed together from 1946-1959.



After Sherwood quit farming in 1959, he ran backhoes and cranes until he retired in 1989. Left: With the help of his brothers, he used a backhoe and crane and large truck to move two large trees from a highway right-of-way to Grant's place - March, 1968. L. To R. - Max, Grant, Kurt, Sherwood.

IV.h. MEMORIES BY GRANT I. JOHNSON

The farm and the Depression probably did more to shape our parents' lives and the lives of their children than anything else. When I think of my father, I have two images in mind. One is of a man in shirt, overalls, hat and irrigating boots with two to three days worth of whiskers. The other is a bishop dressed in a well-pressed suit, white shirt and tie, high top black shoes and a hat. He was clean shaven, of course.

The reason I remember the irrigating boots so well is that up until I was about ten years old, my dad had a little ritual that he would play with me whenever our paths crossed, which was quite often on the farm. He would pretend to be angry with me about something and would take me by the shoulder and boot me three or four times in the rear. Then he'd walk off with a smile on his face, saying something like "There, that ought to take care of you for a while." I enjoyed the bootings and knew it was his way of expressing affection.

My mother always wore a dress for all occasions (never pants or slacks) and always wore an apron around the house, as was the custom with most women of her generation. As she did her housework, she walked rapidly everywhere, her shoes hitting the floor so fast that it almost sounded like a machine gun. Mom also dressed as nicely as she could for church, wearing low high heels, a fine dress, a hat and gloves. Although she didn't hold any leadership positions that I know of, she enjoyed Sacrament Meeting, Relief Society and other meetings.

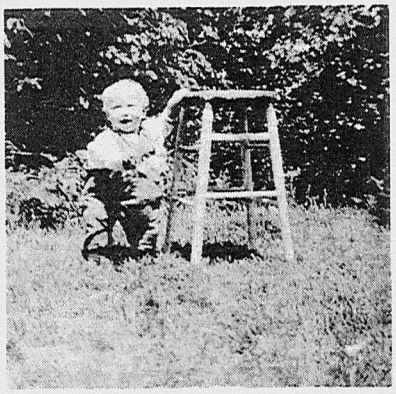
I remember one Sunday when I was about nine. We were visiting Christina Olson and I was playing outside with her son, Rex. Mom came out and asked if I would like to come in and hear some beautiful music on their radio (we didn't have one yet.) I went into the house and for the first time, I heard the Tabernacle Choir. I was impressed, even as a young boy.

As I mentioned, Dad was the bishop for six years. Sometimes young people wanted to get married and wouldn't wait to have it done at church. They would come out to the farm and Dad would perform the marriage on the front porch. It was before we had electricity, so he would take a kerosene lamp outside at night and set it on a little table in front of the porch to marry someone by lamplight. We children peeked out of the windows from inside the darkened house.

My first grade teacher was Miss Ludgate. One day she told us we were going to learn a dance. The next thing I knew, we boys were paired off with girls, going around in circles doing funny little steps, accompanied by music from a phonograph. I guess we got pretty good, because she announced we would be dancing for the Riverside PTA.

I went home and told the folks about this. Mom's immediate concern was how we would get back and forth to Riverside School at night in the middle of winter. We talked to Mr. Bush, the principal, to see if some other boy could dance with my partner, Claire Zimmerman, so we wouldn't have to come in. He said it was too late for another boy to learn the dance, and Claire would be greatly disappointed if she couldn't participate.

On the night of the PTA meeting, my good mother walked with me through the snow on a cold January night the two miles into Riverside School. Our dance was performed, we had refreshments, and then Mom and I walked back home. I can still



Learning to walk.



About three years old.



Primary picnic - June 13, 1937.

Scenes from Grant's life.



With some of our work horses -
Babe, Chub & their mother, Maude.



Hoeing sugar beets - about 1942.
L. to R. - Dean Blaylock, Rex Olson, Grant.



Going to feed the pigs - about 1944. In the background is Old Dick, one of our faithful work horses for about twenty years.

remember this nice walk with my mother and I think we both kind of enjoyed it.

Recently, as I have been working on this book, Sherwood and I were reminiscing about our growing-up years and all the things that happened. We concluded that I would probably be remiss in my duties if I did not tell something about our neighbors when we were growing up. I will not be judgmental, but just try to tell the facts as I saw them, and merely say that some of our neighbors were "interesting." Of course, there were our LDS neighbors, the Freis, Mickelsens, Blaylocks, and Lairds, but their lives were religious and routine.

To the east of us were the Maces, who ran the fox farm owned by Dr. Spencer. Bob Mace was Sherwood's friend and they participated in many an escapade. Maces were always getting old horses whose best years were in the past - to say the least. They butchered these horses and ground up the meat with other ingredients for fox feed. There were always several of them grazing in the acres of sagebrush around the fox farm. Sherwood and Bob and I would round up some of these horses and use them for our riding horses. Some of them were pretty good, but we didn't allow ourselves to get too attached to them, because after a few weeks Bob's dad, Bill, would tell us to bring the horse back and his days would be over. We would go pick out another one and away we would go again for another few weeks.

Sometimes kids I knew would come out from town on their fancy riding horses and of course we were always challenging each other to a race. I remember winning my share of races on those horses whose better days were over.

In those days, Halloween was all tricking and very little treating. The favorite trick was to tip over outhouses. Sherwood and Bob Mace had this down to an efficient operation. They would get a rope, and then each would take an end of it and wrap it around the saddle horn on their horses. Then one would go on one side of a privy and the other on the other side with the rope stretched between them, and over the privy would go. Speed was important, because people were on the lookout for kids trying to tip over privies. There are a lot of other horse stories, but I'd better move on to other things.

When Sherwood and Bob and I were in need of some money to go to the movies, we would get a team and wagon and go over to the fox farm and around the sagebrush and pick up bones. There was aways a pile of horse bones by the slaughterhouse. Then we would sell the bones at the Idaho Falls Animal Byproducts and drive our team and wagon into town and we would tie the horses up in an alley about a block from where the temple is now. (There was no temple back then.) We would go to a grocery store and buy our five-cent candy bars and soda pop and go to a twentyfive-cent movie. In years after that, Sherwood and I plowed and harrowed gardens in the spring in town. On some Saturdays, we made $20 apiece; real good money back in those days.

Guy Benham had his little 40-acre farm across the road south of us. He made his living by milking a herd of Jersey cows and selling the milk. Mrs. Benham taught school at Sage Creek School about two miles north of us. Max, Margit and Sherwood went to school there for awhile. For several years, until we got our own well, we would get well water from Benhams for drinking. When the threshing crew would go over to Guy's place, he would good-naturedly complain that it was going to take his whole grain crop to pay for dinner for the threshers.

When Benhams sold out and moved to Montana, they sold their farm to a large family of German-Americans, the Weigels.



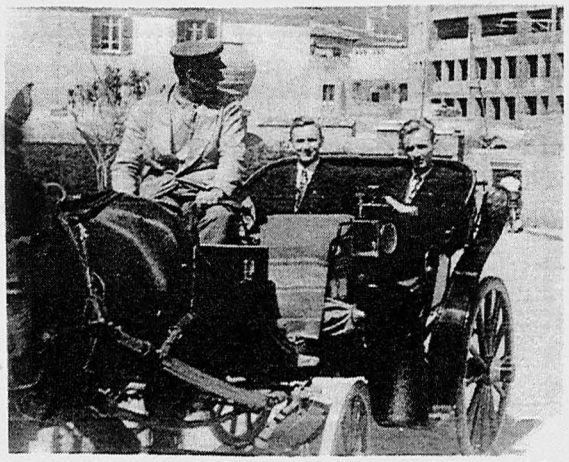
Sawing firewood - about 1942; L.to.R. - Grant, Blaine & Dean Blaylock.



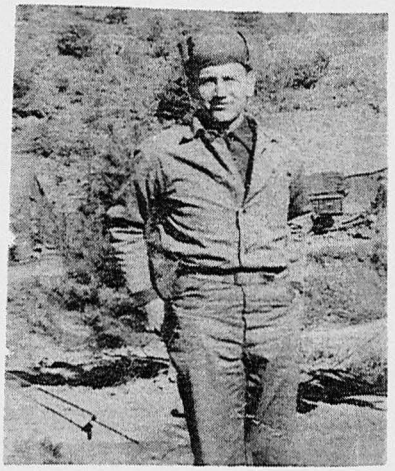
Yellowstone Park bicycle trip.
July, 1944.



We also rode horses at Laird's Ranch.
L. To R.- Leavitt Grover, Grant, Dean Blaylock, Don Forbush.



European tour after mission - May, 1951.
Grant & Ray Hillam in the carriage.



With the Marines in the Korean War - 1952-53.

They had seven boys and three girls. Their mother had come over from Germany, so they spoke mostly German in their home. Sometimes she would speak English a little to Sherwood and I. She had absolutely no use for Adolf Hitler, the dictator who had taken over her homeland. The Weigels had moved to Idaho from Kansas and their dad was an engineer on the railroad. The boys said they had raised their own tobacco back in Kansas, but now they didn't have the money to get it like they wanted. The younger boys always carried a Prince Albert tobacco can around with them. They would pick up any cigar or cigarette butts they found and shred them into the can. The older boys would go to town on Saturday night and get drunk. Then they would come home and get sick and would sit around the house with their heads hung over. My lesson from this was that drinking wasn't too much fun.

We were either good friends with the Weigel boys or we were scrapping with them. Our favorite swimming hole was over in their place, and usually they didn't want us swimming there. Sometimes when we went there to swim, we would be on the verge of a fight, but it didn't happen very often. Frau Weigel and her daughters would stand a ways off and cuss us out in German, and I can still remember some of those words. We stopped swimming in their place when someone threw a couple cow heads in the swimming hole, horns and all.

When World War II came along, all of the Weigel boys went off to war. One of the boys was killed in action. Mrs. Weigel was honored for being the gold star mother for Idaho - she had more sons serving in the armed forces than any other mother in Idaho.

Over the years, several families lived in the house on the corner where our road intersected with the East River Road. The farm belonged to Ancel Haroldsen, and Sherwood lived in that house and farmed the place for several years after the war. For awhile, an older couple, the Millers, lived there. The irrigation ditch crosses the road out in front of the house, and when water comes through the culvert, it bubbles and boils up. One day I was out by the ditch talking to Mrs. Miller and she was telling me that she was afraid to be there because there were alligators in the ditch. She just knew it because they were opening and closing their big mouths (she graphically illustrated this by opening and closing her arms and hands together) and that's what made the water boil up. A couple years later, Mr. Miller came over to our house one night to use the phone. He said that Mrs. Miller had been sitting there talking to him and fell over dead.

Later, George and Ella Bohn moved into the house with their two daughters, June and Betty, and son Lloyd, who was my age. George was the kids' stepfather and he had a wooden leg and was somewhat deaf. He would get in his 1932 Model B Ford and start it up and roar the engine till he could hear it. It wasn't long till the poor car was smoking as much as he did. George irrigated the farm for Haroldsens, and he sometimes had a job as timekeeper on government projects out to Reno Park (now Tautphaus Park). Lloyd and I sometimes went out there with him and we would swim in the big pond which was there then and go to the zoo, or play on the swings, etc.

It didn't take Ella long to develop a chronic feud with Sherwood. His mere presence in her vicinity was enough to set her off. She tried to get along with him sometimes, though, and would challenge him to a footrace or a horserace or something. She had a full-grown pet bull that she would ride and lead with a string. You could see them plodding around the yard sometimes, and she would guide the bull by pulling on

the string and whacking him on the neck.

Sherwood and I would herd our cows on the road sometimes and one day we were bringing them home past Ella's place. Ella was out riding her bull just like any normal bull-riding housewife would. When we came down to her place, the bull saw our cows and stopped plodding and started trotting toward the wire gate across the driveway. He tried to go through the gate with Ella on his back. She jumped off and tried to pull him away with the string around his neck, but for some reason he paid no attention to the string, especially when it broke. I saw all this from the other side of the intersection where I was posted to turn the cows down to our place. Sherwood was throwing rocks at our cows and at her bull to keep him from coming through the gate. Ella really got mad when Sherwood started whacking her bull on the head with a stick. Eventually, we got our cows past her place and she gained control of her bull. She often said that someday Sherwood and I, and Max, too, were going to land in jail because we threw rocks at her cows and bull and for other things we did.

Another time she came over to our place after dark and was complaining to Mom and Dad and the rest of the family that Sherwood and some other boys were throwing tomatoes and pickles at their place. When Sherwood came home, we were all out in the kitchen. The cream separator was in the kitchen then, and we always had two or three big buckets sitting there with skim milk and slops in them to feed the pigs. Margit lit into Sherwood and gave him whatfor for harassing Ella again. She put up her arms to pound him on the chest for emphasis. Sherwood put up his hands to defend himself and kind of gave her a little shove backwards. She stumbled backwards and sat in a slop bucket. Then she was really mad and at the same time was crying and trying to hold her wet pants away from her skin. I think Sherwood wisely made a quick exit then.

Eventually, George and Ella's marriage began to unravel. George began to drink quite a bit and Ella had a boyfriend. We would go to use the telephone sometimes and catch parts of the budding romance on the party line. One of the last times I saw George was when he and a drinking buddy drove into our yard. They were dragging about 20 feet of netwire fence and a couple fence posts that had snagged underneath his car. No telling where they had picked up this mess and how far they had been dragging it. We helped them get the wire loose and then they drove off and left it in our yard.

The Waddells have been mentioned a couple other places in this book. I think Dad had known Gene Waddell since they were young. Somehow, Gene, over the years had managed to live somewhere in the vicinity of Dad, and had been borrowing things for years. Dad mentioned that Gene had borrowed a team and wagon to go out to the lava beds to get cedar firewood. When he came back, the horses were lame and the wagon was in pretty bad shape. More than once, I heard Gene tell Dad, "Henry, some day I'm gonna pay you back all I owe you." Dad would always say, "Gene, you don't owe me a thing."

Over the fence south of Kurt's place there used to be a low hill that stretched about a hundred yards away from the river. During the Depression years, probably the early 1930s, someone had built a dugout house, barns, chicken coop, pig pens, etc., on the side of this hill away from the river. (Many years later, when Kurt was in the Idaho State Legislature, the county came in and scraped this hill away to build up the road leading to their place.) The west wall of these shanties was dirt, of course, and the rest of the walls were built out of scrap lumber, driftwood,

packing boxes, car bodies and whatever. Rustic as the place was, the original occupants kept the place fairly neat and clean. When they moved out, the man who owned the land let Gene and his family move in.

As I understand it, this was Gene's third family. He and Bertha had eight children and the oldest was a few months older than I. Gene had probably been a fairly handsome blade in his younger days, but years of booze and poverty had left their mark on him. He raised pigs for a little income and they also had chickens, goats and maybe a cow or two. He had a team and a wagon with several slop barrels on it. He also drove a buggy around sometimes. He would go to the restaurants in town and pick up their slops and scraps and feed to the pigs. He might have scraped by doing this, but too much of their meagre income went to satisfy his cravings for booze. Sometimes you would see the family coming home, the horses plodding slowly along. On the seat on the front of the wagon, Bertha would be driving and Gene would be hung over with his head in her lap. The kids would be peeking out between the barrels, when they were allowed to go to town.

The Waddell kids were left home alone a lot and they would range around the neighborhood. One day, about three of them wandered into our yard when Dad was talking to Guy Benham. One of the boys shoved his little five-year-old sister. She let out an oath, "#!@'* you, quit pushing me you **#@!'." Dad merely smiled at Guy Benham and winked.

In the wintertime, Max would dig around some of the big trees on our lawn and then pull them over with a team of horses. We would cut up the trees for firewood. This would leave big holes in the lawn and so in the summertime, he and Sherwood would haul in dirt and patch the lawn and plant new grass. One day Max was flood irrigating the lawn (the only way we could water it back then) and there was a fairly large patch of new grass under water. One of the Waddell boys came riding up on a horse with extra big feet. You guessed it, he headed right for the new grass. The horse came plopping across the water and we hollered at the boy to get his horse off the lawn. When he was nearly through the new grass, he turned the horse around and went plopping right back through it before exiting the lawn.

Sometimes we would see Bertha and a couple of the kids "borrowing" a little hay off the back of one of Ancel Haroldsen's hay stacks near their place. When we would see Ancel, we might mention this to him. He would merely say, "Aw, that's all right; I hate to see those horses starving."

One summer we had a combine come in and thresh a field of barley west of the house. They bagged the barley in 100-lb bags, tied them up and left them all over the field. The next morning, we found buggy tracks coming into the field and the barley sacks were a little scarce in that area. When Dad saw the tracks, he just smiled a little and said, "Looks like we had a visit from Gene."

More than once, the little kids would come to our place and tell of some crisis down to their place when their folks were gone. We would go down and try to take care of the situation. One day, one of the little kids said to me, "Gwant, deres a billy goat in our house. Can you come and get it out." So I went down and there was the goat in the house eating out of a sack of new corn in the husks. I booted the goat in the rear and he turned around and bunted me out the door, and then we closed the door.

I lost track of Gene and Bertha as I was going to college and on a mission and so forth. However, I did see some of the kids occasionally. In spite of their upbringing, they turned out to be good workers and tried

to make something of their lives.

So much for neighbors. Guess I had better get on with the story.

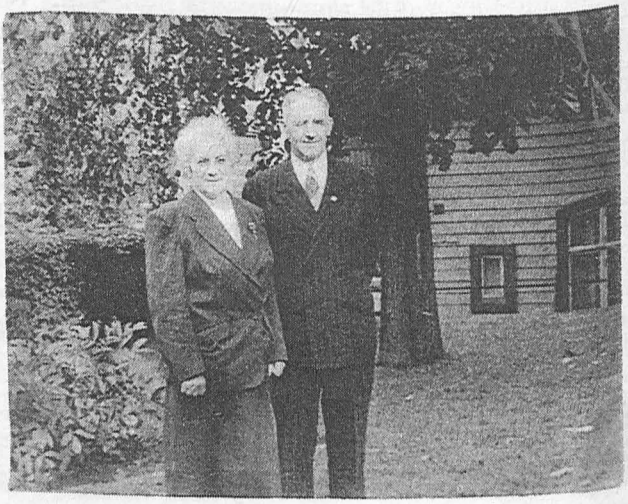
Later in life I was called as a missionary to Sweden. As I sat in the seats of the Stockholm chapel, I thought back to my parents and granddad who were active in that same branch more than forty years before. During my mission, I experienced one of those strange events that sometimes take place in our lives. Grandpa Lanzen, a master craftsman and artisan in concrete, had built a beautiful baptismal font many years before across the courtyard from the Stockholm Chapel. At that time when I was laboring in Stockholm, quite a bit of remodelling was going on in the buildings associated with the chapel and the mission headquarters, which were in the same building. My companion and I were helping with some of the work. We took sledge hammers and broke up the baptismal font and hauled the pieces to the trash bin. This was done to make way for a new, larger and deeper baptismal font. It was not an easy thing for me to destroy what my Granddad had built.

I looked forward to attending my dad's Gospel Doctrine class when I returned home, but it was not to be. I was laboring in Trollhattan in April, 1950, when I received a letter from my father indicating that he had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. He expressed his desire that I stay on my mission and not come home for his funeral.

In June, 1950, all of the missionaries were gathered to Stockholm to commemorate the mission centennial. At one of the meetings in the Stockholm chapel, my friend, Rex Olson, asked me what I had heard about my dad. I said I hadn't heard anything for a few days. He kind of hesitated, and then said that he had heard some news. He brought out a letter from his mother in which she told of my dad's passing away on June 10. His funeral was already over when I got that news. In the meeting that followed, my Uncle Clarence, our mission president, told of my father's death, and expressed his sympathies to me and other missionaries who had lost parents while on their missions.

In 1956, Mom took a trip back to Sweden to visit old friends and relatives. On the last day on board ship, an unfortunate thing happened. As I understand it, she was walking up some steps on the ship and slipped, breaking her leg. For the several months she was in Sweden, she just had to sit in the homes of relatives while her leg mended. She did enjoy her stay in Sweden, in spite of this.

Mom had poor health the last years of her life and eventually went to live in the LDS Nursing Home in Idaho Falls. Even though she was in a wheelchair and her health continually deteriorated, she was always glad to see us on our visits to the nursing home. Though her body was weak, her mind stayed alert until the final days. She passed away on May 27, 1968. She and Dad's final resting place is in Fielding Memorial Park. Two large, tall trees near their graves symbolize their lives to me - together forever.



Aunt Annie & Uncle Clarence. He was Swedish Mission President from 1949-54.

SECTION V

THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN OF ESTRID CECILIA JOHNSON & EARLE SUNDSTROM

Family Tree Of:
Estrid & Earle Sundstrom

Children:

V.a. Ronald Earle Sundstrom {Wife - Diana Wilson (div.)}
- **(1) Shana Elizabeth**
- **[2]* Robert D. Garvin**

V.b. Joye Diane Sundstrom {Husband - Orson Mark Lundstrom}
- **(1) Johnathan Charles Sundstrom {Wife - Kara McDonald}**
- **(2) Sonja Lundstrom {Husband - Pascuel Moran}**
 - **(a) Alexis Joye**

V.c. John Brent Sundstrom {Wife - Peggy Ann Brown (div.)}
- **(1) Christopher Ray Sundstrom {Wife - Gail Baily (div.)}**
 - **(a) Bryan**
- **(2) Kelli Lynn Sundstrom {Husband - Eric Coughanour}**

V.d. Susan Colleen Sundstrom {Husband - David Scown}
- **(1) Simon Russell**

V.e. Sonia Christine Sundstrom {Husband - Robert Farnell (div.)}
- **(1) Barry**
- **(2) Jessica Coryne**

Earle's children from his first marriage to Elsie Viola McPhie:

[1] Keith Sherman Sundstrom {Wife - Mary Lucinda Defond}
[2] Richard Bruce Sundstrom {Wife -Vicki Wilson}
[3] Janis Elaine Sundstrom {Husband - George Phil Christensen}

*Note: Brackets [1] indicate stepchildren of the direct descendant.



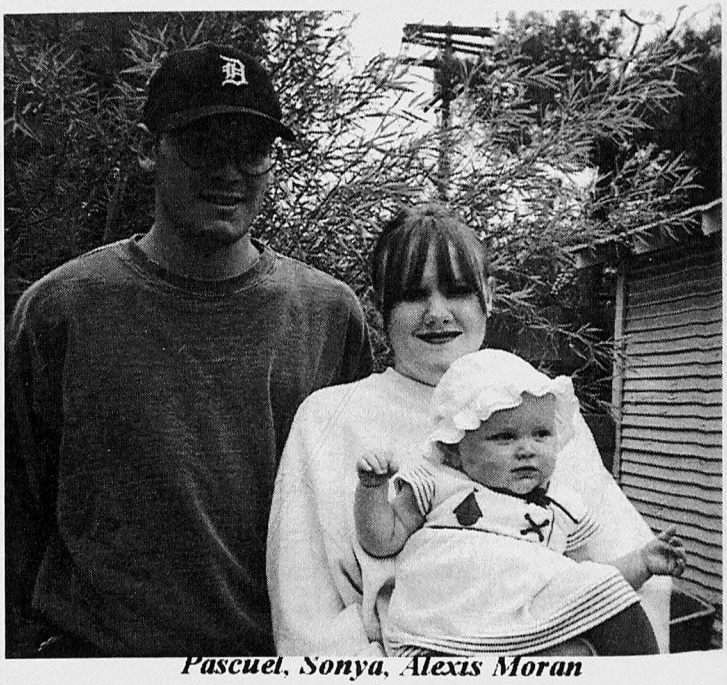
Ronald & John Sundstrom



Joye, Mark & Sonya Lundstrom



Sundstrom Daughters
Chris, Joye, Janis, Susan



Pascuel, Sonya, Alexis Moran



Kara & Johnathon Sundstrom

V.a. RONALD EARLE SUNDSTROM

B. 10 July 1944-Salt Lake City, UT
Married: On 4 Apr 1969 to Diana Elizabeth Wilson, b. 11 Mar 1943 (Later div.)
Children: (1) Shana Elizabeth Sundstrom, b. 12 June 1971-Mountain View, CA
(2) Robert Daniel Garvin (Sundstrom), b. 30 Dec. 1965-Grossmont, CA

Ronald, the first child of Estrid and Earle Sundstrom, was a strong-willed child. Estrid says she learned early on to let him think he was having his way, watching carefully, and allowing him to "make his own decisions". When he was about two years old he decided he didn't want to go to bed at his regular bedtime. Estrid let him sit in his highchair, turned off the lights and went to bed. She checked him at regular intervals, but every time she asked if he was ready to go do bed, he would raise his nodding head and say "No." Finally when she checked him about 1:00 a.m., he put up his arms and said "be...," meaning bed!

He was a good student and moving toward college when, in the ninth grade, the school principal didn't see eye-to-eye with Ron. Perhaps it was Ron's "Elvis" hairdo, or his low-slung Levi's. Ron stood up for himself and the matter was not settled until Earle and Estrid went before the Board of Education. Instead of high school, Ron graduated from the old Utah Technical College in auto mechanics in 1962, and then worked for Swain Motor and Capitol Chevrolet in SLC. He moved to San Jose, California in 1966. For 13 years, which included the gas wars of the 1970s,he was a dealer for Chevron Gas Stations. He finally removed himself from management and has worked as an independent mechanic for Chevron since.

Ron married Diana Wilson and helped raise Diana's son Robert, who was four years old when Ron and Diana married. Robert took the Sundstrom name. He went to the Olympic trials in gymnastics when he was a teenager and has since graduated from the University of California at Berkeley. Their daughter Shana is very talented in art and after graduating from San Jose schools, has been attending DeAnzo College. She has majored in art and graduated with an Associates degree in June, 1996. She plans to attend UCLA in the fall of 1997.

III.b. JOYE DIANE SUNDSTROM

B. 17 November 1945-Salt Lake City, UT
Married: On 23 Dec 1974 to Orson Mark Lundstrom, b. 19 August 1941-Glendale, CA
Children: (1) Johnathan Charles Sundstrom, b. 23 June 1967-Los Angeles, CA
Married: To Kara MacDonald, B. 8 Sept 1971-Seattle, WA (Later div.)
(2) Sonja Sundstrom Lundstrom, b. 26 June 1977-SLC
Married: To Pascuel Moran
Children: Alexis Joye Moran, b. 5 Oct 1995-SLC

Joye, the second child of Estrid and Earle Sundstrom, was born just three months after the Japanese surrender that ended World War II. She felt secure and peaceful in Salt

Lake City in those years after the "war to end all wars" was over and war in general was over. Salt Lake City was smaller then and there were still plentiful fields on the west side of the city where she could roam in safety. The closest dangers were 8th West, the busy street she grew up on, and the Jordan River, against which she was warned and educated very early.

Joye was a quiet and dutiful child. As Estrid was busy cooking (every day, all day), washing (all day Monday), ironing (all day Tuesday), and cleaning (whenever possible in between), diapering, and keeping Earle happy, older sister Janis tended the five younger children. All were taught to read, write, and do simple arithmetic, as well as sing, dance, and listen attentively to stories Janis concocted or saw in the movies. With this preschool training , Joye and her brothers and sisters became very good students.

After high school graduation and from her first quarter in college at the University of Utah in 1965 to graduation in 1983, there was a period in between of dozens of jobs and career attempts. Some of this other "education" included cab driving, construction "grunt," janitor, numerous food service jobs, and alcohol counselor in a chronic public inebriates program. Her current position is with Valley Mental Health (formerly SL County Mental Health) as a case manager with a chronically mentally ill population--a job which she enjoys and one which affords a constant challenge.

Ten years separates Joye's first child, Johnathan Charles, and her second child, Sonja. In between the birth of these children, she met and fell in "love at first sight" and married Orson Mark Lundstrom. He has a gift and talent for music, mathematics, chess, and building. He has been a builder by trade. Son Johnathan completed the culinary arts program at New England Culinary Institute (NECI) School in May 1989, and has worked in Southern California, Seattle, and Deer Valley, Utah. He is currently Head Chef at the Dahlia Lounge, an avant-garde restaurant in downtown Seattle. His wife, Kara, is from Boston. She also attended and graduated from NECI. She is currently studying in Mexico toward a degree in Spanish language.

Sonja is a "redhead" who has delighted her family with a constant, sharp wit and honest assessment of life. Her brother left home when she was nine years old, and then she complained of not having a playmate at home. So, she moved in a friend, Misty, when they were both 15, and Misty lived as part of the family for two years. She married into a large family and is truly happy amongst all of them. She is truly a "Johnson" at heart and looks forward to another child soon.

III.c. JOHN BRENT SUNDSTROM

B. 21 May 1947-Salt Lake City, UT (SLC)
Married: On 16 Apr1966 to Peggy Ann Brown, b. 4 July 1947-SLC (Div.-1970)
Children: (1) Christopher Ray Sundstrom, b. 2 Feb 1967-SLC
Married: In 1992 to Gail Baily, b. 2 Sept 1970 (Div.-1994)
Children: Bryan Sundstrom, b. 8 Jan 1993-SLC
(2) Kelli Lynn Sundstrom, b. 17 August 1968-SLC
Married: On 3 Jul 1992 to Eric Coughanour, b. 4 Aug 1965-McNary, CA

John, the third child of Estrid and Earle, was a quiet and bright child. He was the family "banker" for his siblings, and everyone learned to pay him back to keep their "credit"

good. He was reading college level science books, especially chemistry, while still in the 7th grade. He had a chemistry lab in the back yard, and delighted in experimenting, until one day a friend carelessly mixed two of the wrong compounds, and from inside the house we heard a loud "boom!" Earle ran outside and brought in two black-faced young men who looked more than a little surprised. That was the end of the lab.

John continued to be a good student until he had a frightening auto accident when he was fifteen years old. He was thrown from the car and would have frozen, as it was a February night and 15 degrees below zero that night, but a neighbor heard the crash and went out to investigate. He suffered from a head trauma, and recovery was slow. However, he graduated from high school with his class, then went on to several other schools in business, court reporting, real estate, and electronics. Early on, he became a painting and electrician apprentice for the Union Pacific Railroad, for whom he has worked 24 years. John has kept active, working out to keep physically fit since he was twelve years old. He enjoys skiing, river running, flying (co-pilot) and snowmobiling.

John has remained very close to his children. Chris fulfilled an LDS Mission to the Australia Perth mission in 1992. He later graduated with an Associates Degree in Computer Engineering and is one of the few employees left at Micron. Kelli fulfilled an LDS mission to the Mississippi Jackson Mission in 1991. She married Eric Coughanour in 1992 in the Salt Lake Temple, and they have worked extensively in Alaska and the Pacific Northwest. Kelli has completed three years at the University of Utah in business communications. Eric is the son of Richard and Janice Coughanour of Newburg , OR. He graduated from high school in Fredonia, AZ, and later fulfilled an LDS mission in Dublin, Ireland, from 1984-86. He was in the US Army for five years and served a year in Korea and also in the Desert Shield and Desert Storm Operations.

III.d. SUSAN COLLEEN SUNDSTROM

B. 23 November 1948-Salt Lake City, UT
Married: On 29 Dec 1978 to David DeMile Scown, b. 21 May 1950-Lehi, UT
Children: Simon Scown, b. 14 Aug 1983-Prince Rupert, B.C., Canada

Susan, the fourth child of Estrid and Earle Sundstrom, went to public schools in Salt Lake City. She remembers Salt Lake as being a smaller, more friendly community when she was growing up. She knew most of their neighbors in those days and the many children spanning the approximate ages of her brothers and sisters. Her older sister, Janis, organized all of the neighborhood children to play games and rewarded them with a spooky story when they were all exhausted from playing "red rover." She says that the death of her father , shortly after she turned sixteen, greatly effected her life and the lives of her brothers and sisters. It took them several years to get back on their feet. She had a hard time with school, dropping out of high school in her senior year. She went to California and lived with her sister, Joye, and took the GED to get her high school degree. Later, she came back to Utah and went to the University of Utah for a few years. She took everything from philosophy to music, and anthropology to theater, which proved to be a pretty good general education.

Later, she learned how to make jewelry and plied this trade for awhile, setting up her



David, Simon, Susan Scown



Christopher Sundstrom & Bryan



Kelli & Eric Coughanour



Chris, Jessica, Barry Farnell
About 1987

own casting and handbuilding equipment at home. Finding it hard to get established in this business, she went to work doing office and secretarial work. While working, she attended the University of Utah intermittently and finally graduated with a Master of Science degree in audiology in 1981. She has been working in this field since then, having spent a year at her own clinic in Ogden, then three years for the Ministry of Health in Prince Rupert, B.C., nearly five years for a doctor in Salt Lake and then 11 years at the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake.

Susan met David DeMile Scown in 1974, and they had a long courtship before their marriage in 1978. David is the son of Shirley Sue Smith Scown and Norman DeMile Scown of Lehi, Utah. David went to schools in Lehi and, after high school graduation, attended a few quarters at the University of Utah. He was a journeyman finish carpenter for many years, becoming knowledgeable in all aspects of building and is now a construction superintendent. Wanting to put more integrity into house building, he and a partner are now involved in their own shop and have built a model home in order to get people interested in really well-built homes. David and Susans' son Simon is in the ninth grade this year. His interests are in botany and art, and he has won state chess tournaments for his age group. He hopes to attend a good university some time in his life and pursue these interests.

III.e. SONIA CHRISTINE SUNDSTROM

B. 21 October 1950-Salt Lake City, UT (SLC)
Married: On 31 Oct 1976 to Robert C. Farnell, b. 12 Apr 1947-Los Angeles, CA (Later div.)
Children: (1) Barry Hamblin Farnell, b. 20 May 1977-SLC
(2) Jessica Coryne Farnell, b. 15 Oct 1979-San Clemente, CA.

Sonia, the fifth child of Estrid and Earle Sundstrom, was born quickly . After four children, Earle wasn't in a rush to get to the hospital, but Estrid finally got the message across it was time to GO! They did make it to the hospital, but barely. Earle put Estrid in a wheelchair and she was ushered directly into the delivery room. Chris was the biggest of Estrid's babies--8 lbs.+. Life accelerated from there, although after her good start, she grew slowly, and Estrid worried because she didn't eat very much. She grew up healthy, however, and is still happily, with us.

Chris has always been very health conscious. Maybe this comes from hearing her Mother say "Chris, you've got to eat more." She studied nutrition for two years at Saddleback College. She had certified as a barber in SLC in 1975, and worked in this profession until she married a California man, Mr. Farnell. He had come to Park City, Utah, as a young man to make his fortune in the restaurant business. He owned and ran the Poison Creek Drug in Park City for three years. He later managed Jacob's Mill in SLC, which became a very popular restaurant under his management.

They moved to San Clemente when their son Barry was four months old. Bob joined with his father and brother to form C&S Auto Parts, which they ran successfully for many years. Daughter Jessica was born in San Clemente. They lived two blocks from San Clemente pier in the house built by Bob's grandparents, who had lived there since the turn of the century.

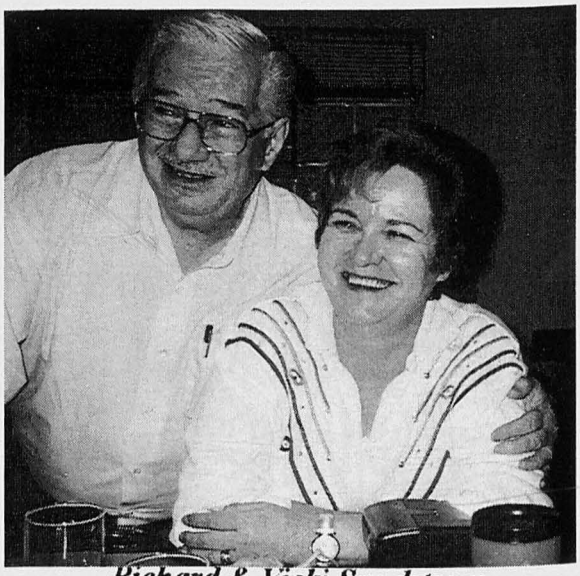
When her marriage ended in divorce in 1993, Chris returned to school and earned a license in cosmetology. She worked three years at the exclusive Bill Rose Salon in

Mission Viejo, and had many customers, many hailing from Salt Lake, who came to her exclusively. She and "Jessi" returned to Salt Lake in August, 1995. Son Barry, then 18, opted to stay in Southern California. He has a flair for "making food taste good" and so wants to pursue a career in the restaurant business. Jessi is in an accelerated program which will allow her to graduate from high school sooner. She continues to take dance lessons, which she has done for many years.

Finding the cosmetology business "glutted," Chris took a job at UPS in "customer satisfaction;" in other words, she is a trouble-shooter. It is a taxing job, learning to deal with irate customers, but will help her when she owns her own business, which is her long-term goal. She and Jessi are enjoying home ownership, and have created a very cozy atmosphere for themselves.



Keith & Mary Sundstrom Family - Oct. 1979
Front: Vanessa, Elsie
Back: Danny, Mary, Keith
(Richard not in picture)



Richard & Vicki Sundstrom



Phil & Janis Christensen Family
Front: Julie McCarrell, Phil
Back: Joanna Wiese, Wendy Noble, Janis, Scott

Earle and Estrid Sundstrom's children from Earle's first wife, Elsie Viola McPhie, who died on 5 Mar 1938:

***[1] Keith Sherman Sundstrom**, b. 1 Jul 1929-SLC; d. Oct 1989-Orange, CA*
Married: On 11 Jun 1946 to Mary Lucinda DeFond, b. 9 Oct 1923-SLC;
d. 27 Mar 1992-Orange, CA
Children: (1) Daniel Keith Sundstrom, b. 30 Jan 1947-SLC
(2) Richard Bruce Sundstrom, b. 15 Jun 1949-SLC
(3) Vanessa Marie Sundstrom, b. 4 May 1960-Orange, CA; d. 1989-Orange, CA
(4) Elsie Lucinda Sundstrom, b. 10 Feb 1966-Orange, CA

Keith Sundstrom grew up in Salt Lake City and attended schools there. He went to West High School. He married quite young and worked at various jobs, but was principally a warehouseman. He spent some time up in Idaho on his Grandpa Johnson's farm during summer vacations from school. About 1955, he and his wife and young children moved to California where they lived the rest of their lives.

Tragically, Keith's daughter, Vanessa, died of smoke inhalation from a fire in her apartment in 1989. Keith passed away in 1989 and Mary in 1992.

***[2] Richard Bruce Sundstrom**, b. 24 Aug 1934-SLC*
Married: On 27 Dec 1952 to Jean Marie Bumgarner, b. 13 Oct 1936-SLC (Later div.)
Children: (1) Teresa Marie Sundstrom, b. 29 Jan 1954-SLC
(2) Lori Kim Sundstrom, b. 26 Oct 1955-SLC
(3) Gary Richard Sundstrom, b. 19 Aug 1958-SLC
(4) Lisa Ann Sundstrom, b. 8 Apr 1961-SLC
Married: On 23 Dec 1961 to Jennie Laurie, b. 24 Jul 1926-Jamestown, NY (Later div.)
(5) Kim Kathleen Hansen (Sundstrom), b. 3 Jun 1958-Las Vegas, NV
(7) Richard Michael Sundstrom, b. 26 Apr 1962-SLC
(6) Kelly Ann Sundstrom, b. 30 Jun 1963-San Jose, CA
Married: To Vicki Wilson

Richard "Dick" Sundstrom has been a hustler all his life. He graduated from West High School in SLC. When he was just a young boy, he sold newspapers on the streets of downtown SLC, not being bashful at all to try to make a customer out of all who approached. Later in life, he was in the restaurant business, learning the trade as a regular worker, but moving up to being a manager and then owner of restaurants. He and his young family moved to California in the early 1960s.

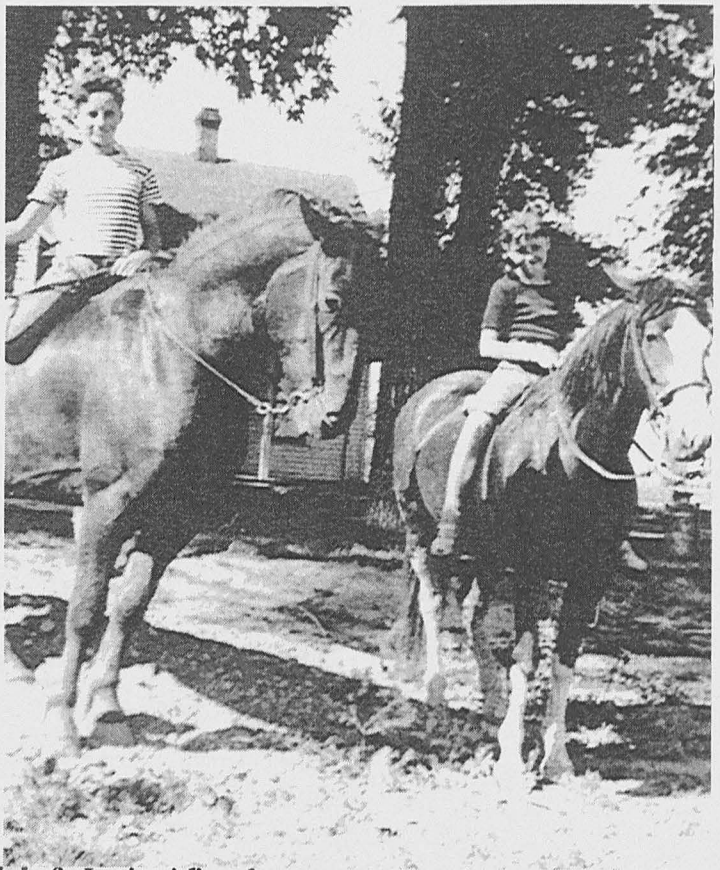
He and his sister, Janis, spent quite a bit of time in Idaho on Grandpa Johnson's farm during summer vacations. They became proficient at riding horses, swimming in the creek, and becoming good friends with the young people their age in the neighborhood. Estrid's parents and brothers and sisters enjoyed having them around, for they always had a ready smile and a friendly manner.

[3] Janis Elaine Sundstrom, *b. 25 Mar 1936-SLC*
Married: On 17 Feb 1955 to Geo. Phil Christensen, b.17 Feb 1936-Fountain Green, UT
Children: (1) Scott Phil Christensen, b. 11 Mar 1956-SLC
(2) Wendy Lyn Christensen, b. 30 Apr 1957-SLC
(3) Julie Christensen, b. 27 Dec 1959-SLC
(4) Joanna Christensen, b. 12 Jul 1966-Seattle, WA

Janis went to Salt Lake City schools and graduated from West High School. As mentioned elsewhere, she organized many an event to entertain and keep occupied her younger brothers and sisters and the other youngsters in her neighborhood. What a great help this was to Estrid, who was of course, always busy as a wife and mother.

She and her brother, Dick, and to a lesser degree, her brother, Keith, spent quite a bit of summer vacation up in Idaho on Grandpa's farm. Her uncles and aunts were amazed at how she took to horses, riding them bareback. Those big work horses would literally run away with her at first, but somehow, she managed to hang on and finally bring them to a stop.

She and husband, Phil, lived in Salt Lake City until the early 1960s and then moved to Seattle. Phil has been a supervisor at Boeing for many years.



Dick & Janis riding horses on Grandpa's farm at Idaho Falls.

SECTION VI

THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF KURT LANZEN JOHNSON & SARAH LUCILLE KEPPNER

Family Tree Of:
Kurt & Lucille Johnson

Children:

VI.a. Jerome K. Johnson {Wife - Leora Knowles}
- (1) Jeralee
- (2) Jennifer Jeanette
- (3) Jacob Keppner
- (4) Joshua Don

VI.b. Jean Johnson {Husband - Morris Benson}
- (1) Lauralee Benson {Husband - Chris Funk}
 - (a) Meagan Elise
 - (b) Sarah Ann
 - (c) Amy Elizabeth
 - (d) Emily Kathleen
- (2) Shannon Benson {Husband - Douglas Williams}
 - (a) Savannah
- (3) Bonnie Benson {Husband - Stephen Larsen}
 - (a) Rachel Jean
 - (b) Nathan Stephen
- (4) Joel Benson {Wife - Kimberly Jo Jensen}
- (5) Julie Benson
- (6) Kimball Benson

VI.c. Clinton G. Johnson {Wife - Cliffie Ann Villela}
- (1) Troy Sterling
- (2) Bret Adam
- (3) Kurt Spencer
- (4) Ben Stuart
- (5) Lane Clinton
- (6) Natalie Ann

VI.d. Cecelia Johnson {Husband - Vaughn Benson}

(1) Aaron J.

(2) Valerie Lynne Benson {Husband - Valden Christensen}

(a) Spencer Valden

(3) Alison Benson {Husband - Paul Moulton}

(4) Amy

(5) Jared Vaughn

(6) Nathan Kurt

(7) Megan

(8) Jordan Clint

VI.e. Siri Ella Johnson {Husband - Randy Holman}

(1) Lance Randall

(2) Robbie

(3) Kelly

(4) Ryan Scott

VI.f. Sonya Esther Johnson {Husband - William Pearson}

(1) Jacqueline Jeanette

(2) Sara Lynn

(3) Melissa LeeAnn

(4) Kristen Claire

VI.g. Glen Henry Johnson {Wife - Kimberly Ann Loback}

(1) Ashley Lyn

(2) Clint Norman

(3) Max Henry

VI.h. David Anthony Johnson {Wife - Audrey Dougan}

(1) Abigail Sarah

(2) Adam Kurt

(3) Aaron David

(4) Andrew Clinton

(5) Alan Dougan

(6) Amber Marie

VI.a. JEROME KERMIT (JERRY) JOHNSON

B. 9 Sept 1943-Sioux Falls, SD
Married: On 16 May 1975 to Leora Ree Knowles, b. 23 Feb 1953-Jerome, ID
Children: (1) Jeralee Johnson, b. 27 Feb 1978-Nampa, ID
(2) Jennifer Jeaneatta Johnson, b. 4 Nov 1979-Nampa, ID
(3) Jacob Keppner Johnson, b. 29 Aug 1983-Nampa, ID
(4) Joshua Don Johnson, b. 1 Sep 1986-Juneau, Alaska

When Jerry was born, the doctor who delivered him was an army captain. The reason for this was because his father, Kurt L. Johnson, was serving in the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II. His mother, Lucille Keppner Johnson, had joined Kurt in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he was in radio school.

When the war ended, the young family moved to Idaho Falls and lived with Grandpa and Grandma Henry Johnson until they were able to rent a farm adjacent to the Snake River. Jerry's growing-up years consisted of many happy memories; working every day with his father, brothers, uncles and cousins. Despite working hard, it seemed like there was always plenty of time for fishing and "skinny dipping" in the river (obviously prior to the construction of the freeway on the opposite bank). He attended Idaho Falls schools and was blessed with wonderful friends and enjoyed participating in music and sports.

After attending Ricks College for a year, he filled a mission to Sweden. Upon his return, he attended Ricks, BYU and Boise State University and received Bachelor's degrees in Accounting and Agricultural Economics and a Master's degree in Business Administration (MBA). In 1969, he received an invitation to serve in the U.S. Army; volunteered for the paratroopers, and served in Vietnam with the 5th Special Forces Group.

Like Grandpa (Henry) Johnson, he found he disliked accounting and made a career of trying to do something else. Although he has worked many jobs, he most enjoyed working with his brother Clinton, as a building contractor. He presently works as an operating technician for the Alaska Pipeline in Valdez, Alaska.

Jerry met Leora Knowles at the LDS Institute of Religion when she was going to business school in Boise. After their courtship, they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Church service has been an important part of their lives and Jerry has held many positions, including Branch President in Valdez, Alaska.

Leora attended Dietrich, Idaho, schools for 12 years. She was a cheerleader in high school and was also voted homecoming queen. She took piano lessons for four years. She often went hunting and fishing with her family. In more recent years, she is known as a great cook and has a special talent for decorating their homes beautifully.

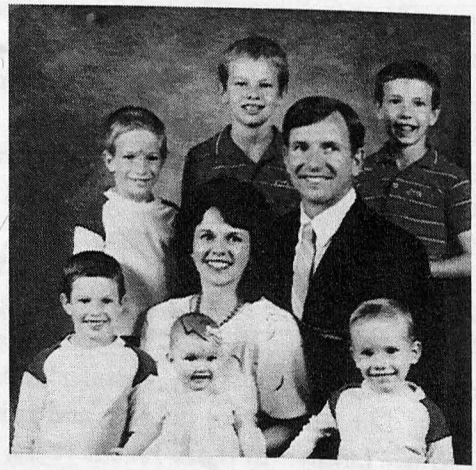
Daughter Jeralee graduated valedictorian from her high school and is now attending Ricks College. Jenny has attended schools in Blackfoot, Idaho, for the 1996-97 school year. She is enjoying seminary and playing basketball while living there. Jake and Josh are the Valdez home boys. Jake loves to hunt and fish. Josh plays the piano and has a number of other interests.



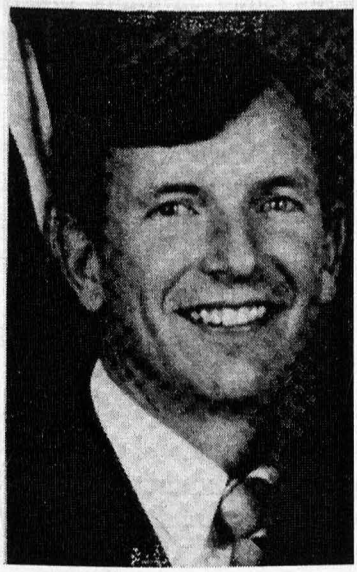
Jerry & Leora Johnson Family
Front: Jacob, Jerry, Leora, Joshua
Back: Jeralee, Jennifer



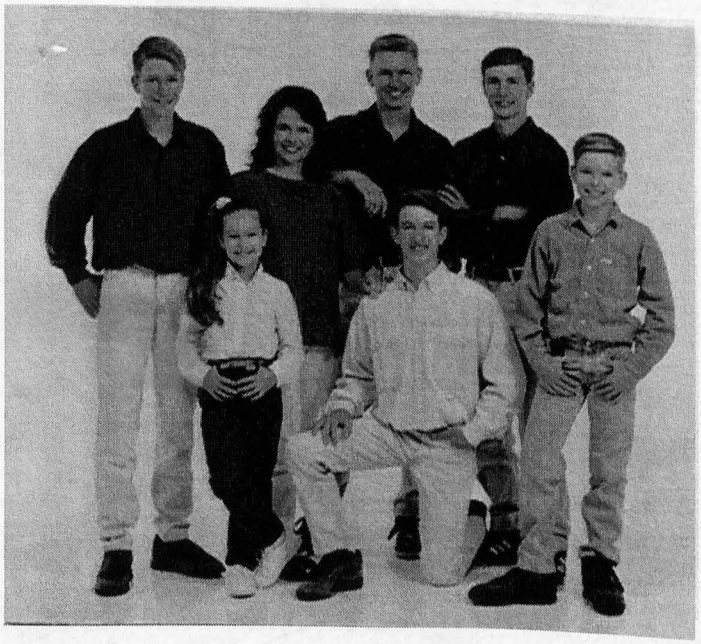
Kurt & Jerry
Sioux Falls, SD
September, 1943



Left: Clinton & Cliffie Johnson Family - 1986
Front: Ben, Natalie, Lane
Middle: Kurt, Cliffie, Clinton
Back: Troy, Bret



Clinton G. Johnson



Left: The family in 1994
Front: Natalie, Ben, Lane
Back: Kurt, Cliffie, Troy, Bret

VI.b. JEAN ANNE JOHNSON

B. 14 Mar 1945-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 11 Aug 1965 to Morris Clayson Benson, b. 21 Dec 1939-Whitney, ID
Children: (1) Lauralee Benson, b. 26 Aug 1966-Provo, UT
(2) Shannon Benson, b. 24 Jun 1968-IFI
(3) Bonnie Jean Benson, b. 5 Sept 1970-IFI
(4) Joel Morris Benson, b. 6 Jan 1973-IFI
(5) Julie Anne Benson, b. 3 Oct 1975-IFI
(6) Kimball Johnson Benson, b. 17 May 1979-IFI

Jean Johnson Benson, the second child of Kurt and Lucille Johnson, attended Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Idaho Falls High School in 1963. She then attended Ricks College, graduating as a nurse in 1965. She met Morris Benson at Ricks and they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. After Ricks, they lived in Provo, Utah, in order for Morris to continue his education at Brigham Young University while Jean worked as a nurse at Utah Valley Hospital. After he graduated in 1967 with a degree in Youth Leadership, they moved to Idaho Falls where they have resided since.

Morris attended schools in Whitney and Preston, Idaho, where he participated in music, football, student council and F.F.A. He worked some summers for an electrician and for one summer for a plumber. From these, he gained good experience which helps him with his work today. Before graduating from Ricks and BYU, he filled a mission to Florida in 1960-61.

One of their family's main interests and hobbies through the years has been music. Taking their cue from their mother, a pianist, the children have all taken piano lessons, and played an instrument, and three are vocalists. When they were younger and at home, they had the opportunity to perform as a family at many civic and church events. Their music has brought them many opportunities to participate in programs, concerts, plays, and many other events.

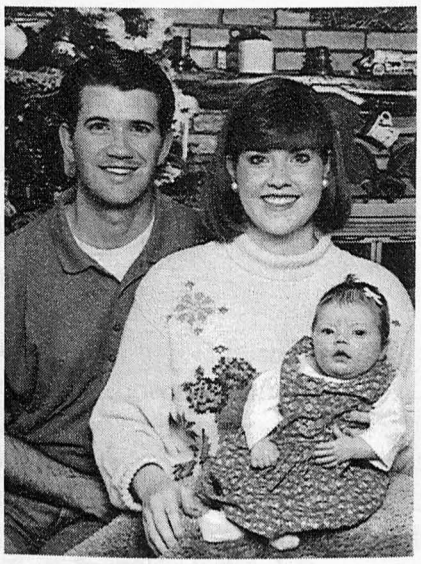
All of the children love sports, which they learned from their father. All six are softball players, thanks to the many hours their dad spent teaching them the game. Joel, Julie and Kimball all lettered in tennis at Bonneville High School. All family members are avid BYU football fans and make at least one trip to Provo annually to see a game.

The LDS Church has always been the center and joy of the Benson family and much of their time has been spent in church service. Morris has served in several bishoprics and high councils. Jean has spent much of her time in the Relief Society organization and is in her fourth year as R.S. President of the Willow Creek Ward.

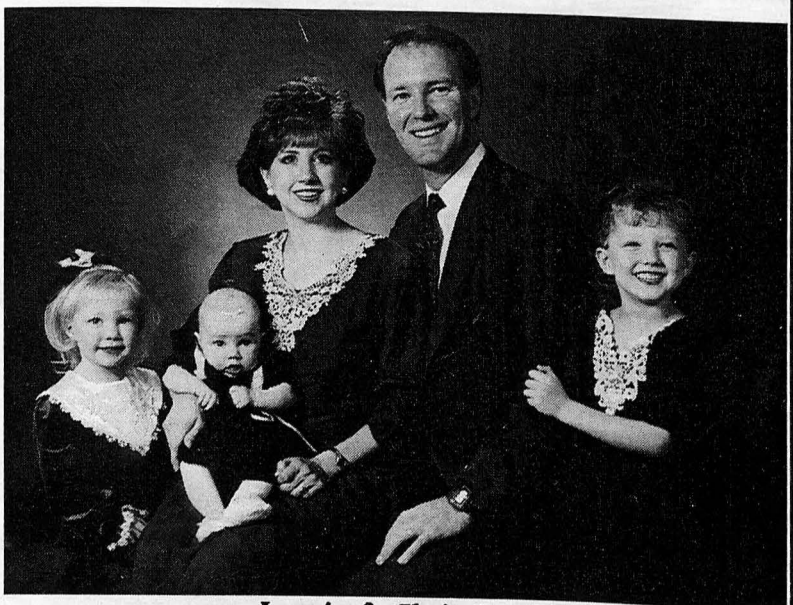
For fifteen years, Morris and his brother Orval owned and operated Benson Livestock and Benson Meat Packing Co. Then they made an abrupt change, becoming part owners of Engineered Communications Systems, Inc., a telephone and communications business that serves the intermountain region. Jean has worked part time as an RN at the Idaho Falls Regional Medical Center for the past few years--in orthopedics and AM Admit, an area where patients are prepared to undergo surgical procedures.



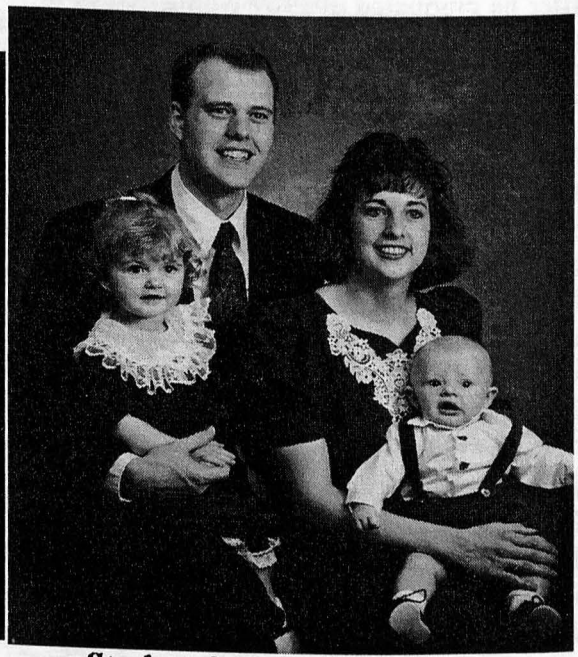
Morris & Jean Benson Family
Front: Meagan & Sarah Funk
Middle: Shannon, Jean, Morris, Laurie
Back: Doug Williams, Steve Larsen,
Bonnie, Kimball, Joel, Julie, Chris Funk



Douglas & Shannon
& Savannah Williams



Laurie & Chris Funk
Sarah, Amy, Meagan
1994



Stephen & Bonnie Larsen
with Rachel & Nathan - 1996

VI.b. (1) Lauralee (Laurie) Benson
Married: On 24 Jun 1988 to Chris Jeffrey Funk, b. 12 Apr 1963-Seattle,WA
Children: (1) Meagan Elise Funk, b. 30 Oct 1989-Provo, UT
(2) Sarah Ann Funk, b. 5 Jan 1992-Salt Lake City,UT (SLC)
(3) Amy Elizabeth Funk, b. 21 Jul 1994-SLC
(4) Emily Kathleen Funk, b. 25 Jan 1996-SLC

Lauralee Benson Funk, the first of Morris and Jean Benson's six children, grew up in Idaho Falls. Her main hobbies include music, especially playing the violin and piano, and singing with her brothers and sisters. She graduated from Bonneville High School in 1984 and received an Associates Degree from Ricks College and Bachelors Degree in Elementary Education from BYU. She played in the Ricks College and BYU symphonies.

Chris, Laurie's husband, was born in Seattle to Gary and Kathleen Ann Funk. He graduated from Woodway High School in 1981 and has a Bachelors degree and Master's degree in Business Administration from BYU. Chris served as a full-time missionary for the LDS Church from 1982 to 1983 in the Sweden Stockholm Mission. His main hobby is running.

Laurie and Chris met in their BYU student ward. Their friendship continued to grow for about a year, at which time both Laurie and Chris were graduating from BYU. Laurie returned to Idaho Falls where she taught third grade and Chris returned to Seattle to work for The Seattle Times newspaper. During this time, they wrote, called and visited each other frequently. They were engaged on Christmas Day, 1987, and were married in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. After they were married, they lived in Seattle for a month and then moved to Provo while Chris completed his Master's degree.

Their first daughter, Meagan, was born in Provo. In November of 1990, the family moved to Salt Lake to be closer to Chris' employer, Health Benefits America, where he is presently employed. Sarah, their second daughter, was born in Salt Lake. In July of 1993, Laurie and Chris and their two children moved into their first home in Holladay, Utah, where they still reside. Daughters Amy Elizabeth and Emily Kathleen were born while living in Holladay.

VI.b. (2) Shannon Benson
Married: On 6 Aug 1993 to Douglas Stanley Williams, b. 6 Sept 1967-Pocatello, ID
Children: (1) Savannah Williams, b. 27 Sep 1996-Kenner, Louisiana

Shannon Benson Williams attended Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Bonneville High School in 1986. She graduated from Ricks College and BYU with a nursing degree, and has worked as an oncology RN for several years. She served an LDS mission in Santiago, Chile. She enjoys reading, writing music, playing the piano, and playing sports.

She met her husband, Doug, on a blind date set up by one of her friends. After a long-distance courtship, they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. He grew up on a farm at Pingree, ID. After attending Ricks College and BYU, he served a mission in Anaheim, California, working primarily with the Cambodians. He received his Doctor's degree from California College of Podiatric

Medicine in San Francisco. He is currently in his second year of residency in New Orleans, LA. He enjoys water skiing, snow skiing, art and golf. They currently reside in Kenner, LA. Their first child, Savannah, was born in Louisiana.

VI.b. (3) Bonnie Jean Benson
Married: On 8 May 1992 to Stephen R. Larsen, b. 18 Jun 1970-Provo, UT
Children: (1) Rachel Jean Larsen, b. 6 Jun 1994-Provo, UT
(2) Nathan Stephen Larsen, b. 23 Oct 1995-Provo, UT

Bonnie Benson Larsen grew up in Idaho Falls and graduated from Bonneville High School in 1988. She enjoyed a wonderful family life and loved living close to the many Johnson relatives. Bonnie graduated from Ricks College in April 1990 with a degree in broadcasting and graduated from BYU with a BA in Broadcast Communications two weeks before being married. Bonnie has been active in music--particularly vocal performance.

Her husband, Stephen (Steve), was born to Steve and Susan Richards Larsen and grew up outside of Blackfoot, Idaho. He has an identical twin brother, Dave. Steve graduated from Snake River High School in 1988.

Steve and Bonnie met as freshmen in a student ward at Ricks College in the fall of 1988. They dated that school year and the following summer, until Steve left on his mission to the Spain Barcelona Mission, which was from July, 1989, to August, 1991. Steve came to BYU following his mission. He continued studying Accounting & Information Systems. Steve and Bonnie were engaged in October, 1991, and were married in the Idaho Falls Temple.

After marriage, Bonnie has worked as a biller for RR Donnelley, a printing company in Provo. Steve worked part-time at various jobs while attending school, including a position as a biller at Utah Valley Regional Medical Center. He graduated with a Master's Degree in accounting in December of 1995 and is currently employed at Assist Cornerstone Technologies in Salt Lake City. They have been blessed with the births of their children, Rachel and Nathan.

They remain active church members, Steve having served as a primary teacher and ward clerk, while Bonnie has been a nursery leader, choir director, and Relief Society homemaking counselor. They currently reside in their new home in Tooele, Utah.

VI.b. (4) Joel Benson attended Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Bonneville High School. After a year at Ricks College, he served a mission to the Brussels, Belgium Mission. Upon his return, he attended and graduated from Ricks in the spring of 1995. He is now a junior at Idaho State University as a pre-dental student and enjoys being a member of the LDS Institute performing troupe, "Noteworthy." (See page XII-1)

VI.b. (5) Julie Benson attended Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Bonneville High School. She is a history major, and after graduating from Ricks College, completed a summer semester at BYU. She then completed a semester of Near Eastern Studies at the BYU Jerusalem Center in Israel. In January, 1996, she left for a mission to the Dominican Republic. Wherever she is, she has many opportunities to use her lovely soprano voice.

VI.b. (6) Kimball Benson is a junior at

Bonneville High School and is active in band, tennis and Student Council. After high school graduation, he plans to attend Ricks College one year and then go on a mission.

VI.c. CLINTON GARTH JOHNSON

B. 2 May 1947-Idaho Falls, ID; d. 31 Dec 1988-Nampa, ID
Married: On 27 May 1972 to Cliffie Ann Villella, b. 17 May 1947-Minneapolis, MN
Children: (1) Troy Sterling Johnson, b. 28 Jul 1973-Provo, UT
(2) Bret Adam Johnson, b. 6 Jun 1975-Hartford, CT
(3) Kurt Spencer Johnson, b. 29 Jan1978-Nampa, ID
(4) Ben Stuart Johnson, b. 21 Sept 1979-Nampa, ID
(5) Lane Clinton Johnson, b. 12 Jul 1982-Nampa, ID
(6) Natalie Ann Johnson, b. 18 Jan 1986-Nampa, ID

Clinton (Clint) G. Johnson was the third child born to Kurt and Lucille Johnson. He worked with his father, brothers, his Uncle Max and cousins on the farm by the Snake River. After a hot summer day of hard work, they would all go jump in the river to cool off. Spud harvest was always an exciting time of year as the whole family helped to fill up the potato cellar. Clint learned to work hard and to be responsible from his early years on the farm.

Clint was born into a fun-loving family, who loved to sing and laugh and enjoy being together. He had a positive attitude and a gift of cheerfulness. He had a way about him that made others feel important, and just being around him was always fun.

Clint attended public schools in Idaho Falls, graduating from Idaho Falls High School in 1965. He claims he was shy during his school days. He played trombone in the school bands, and especially enjoyed being in the Pep Band. He tried out for the high school choir and didn't get in; yet, after being bribed by his mother to take a few lessons from Don Watts, he gained some confidence to keep singing.

When he went to college at Ricks and BYU, he became well known for his "golden voice". He performed leads in many musicals and operas. He toured all over the US and Canada and went to the Orient with the BYU Young Ambassadors to perform at the World's Fair. He sang the national anthem at the BYU basketball and football games. While at BYU he also served as the Studentbody Vice President of Culture. He graduated from BYU in 1973 with a Bachelors Degree in Music Education.

Perhaps one of his most electrifying performances was when he sang "My Own America" from the balcony of the Idaho State Capitol Building. Clint' s father, Kurt, was serving as a State Representative at the time. Many of his fellow legislators commented on what a moving performance it was. It was as if Clint were singing a love song to his country. Clint completed his Master's Degree in Music from Hartt School of Music, University of Hartford, Hartford, Connecticut.

Clint served a mission to Sweden from June of 1966 to December of 1968, and became very close to his mission president, Reid H. Johnson. He was happy to serve in Sweden where both his father and older brother, Jerry, served. Upon his return, he taught Swedish in the newly established language training mission in Rexburg, Idaho.

Clint married Cliffie Ann Villella in the Idaho Falls Temple. Cliffie is the daughter of the late Vince Villella of Minneapolis,

MN, and Russell and Doris Rock, who lived many years at Lincoln, ID, but have recently moved to Heber City, UT. Cliffie graduated from Bonneville High School at Idaho Falls and then went on to graduate from BYU in 1969 with a BS in English and Sociology. After graduation, she filled a mission to Italy from 1969-1971.

She taught junior high school for two years prior to starting her family. Her favorite pasttime was ballroom dancing which she started at BYU on the ballroom dance team there. She and Clinton used their dancing talents to teach social dancing at the Nampa Community Recreation Department.

They reared their children in Nampa, Idaho, where Cliffie enjoyed being a full-time mother. She has served in the Primary for many years as she watched her children grow in the Gospel. Clint was given many responsibilities both civilly and religiously. His family always knew that in spite of the busy and demanding daily schedule their father kept, they were his highest priority.

Clint's work experiences included spraying trees in Island Park, and selling Hokey Carpet Sweepers door to door. He performed in the Playmill Theater in West Yellowstone; sang in the Coachlight Dinner Theater in Connecticut; sang for the Episcopal Church Sunday Services; sang for Jewish Holidays in Connecticut; and sang for High Mass in the Catholic Church for Christmas services. He also sang for many banquets, weddings and funerals. He literally sang his way through college. Clint taught music in elementary school and Windsor High School in Windsor, Connecticut. For several years, he worked as a building contractor in Nampa, Idaho, with his brother Jerry. In March of 1981 he went to work as a salesman for Container and Packaging Co. in Eagle, Idaho. His mission president, Reid Johnson, owned the mother company in Salt Lake City. Jim McCauley, also a former Swedish Missionary, was running the Idaho business. Clint invested in Summit Distributing Co. and was a partner with Jim McCauley.

Clint was serving as the Nampa South Stake President when he was diagnosed with cancer. He was given blessings by family, friends and even general authorities during the 18 months that he battled for his life. He had lived life to the fullest, without regrets. As cancer took its toll to weaken his physical body, his spirit came through stronger than ever. He reached out to others in love as he had always done. Even through his suffering, you could feel his pure faith sustaining him and those around him.

Clint passed away at home in Nampa, Idaho, on December 31, 1988. He was buried in Fielding Memorial Cemetery in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Cliffie and her children now live in Heber City, UT, in a new home which her brother helped her build. Other members of her family live there also, so over the years they have helped her to gradually rebuild her life after the loss of her husband.

VI.c. (1) Troy Sterling Johnson graduated from Kuna High School in 1991 at Nampa, Idaho. He served a mission for the LDS Church to the Italy Padova Mission, from July 1992 to Aug 1994. He graduated from Ricks College in 1995 with an Associate Degree in Sports Medicine. Troy is currently attending BYU, anticipating a Bachelors Degree in Sports Medicine in December 1997. He then plans to achieve a Masters Degree in Physical Therapy. As of the writing of this book he maintains his long-time bachelorhood in the true Johnson tradition.

VI.c. (2) Bret Adam Johnson graduated from Kuna High School in 1993 at Nampa, Idaho. He served a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the Brazil, Belo Horizonte West Mission, Sept 1994 to Aug 1996. He is currently attending BYU pursuing a degree in Business.

VI.c. (3) Kurt Spencer Johnson graduated from Wasatch High School in 1996 at Heber City, Utah. He attended Ricks College for a semester and then received a mission call to the Peru Lima South Mission. He will be entering the Missionary Training Center in February, 1997.

VI.c. (4)(5)(6) Ben, Lane and Natalie Johnson are presently living at home with their mother and attending schools in Heber City, Utah.

VI.d. CECELIA JOHNSON

B. 5 Sep 1950-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 15 Jul 1970 to Vaughn Clayson Benson, b. 11 May 1944-Preston, ID
Children: (1) Aaron Johnson Benson, b. 15 Apr 1971-Denver,CO; d. 16 Apr 1971
(2) Valerie Lynne Benson, b. 25 Aug 1973-Logan, UT
(3) Alison Benson, b. 31 Mar 1975-Logan, UT
(4) Amy Benson, b. 12 Jan 1977-Logan, UT
(5) Jared Vaughn Benson, b. 7 Oct 1979-Logan, UT
(6) Nathan Kurt Johnson, b. 22 Feb 1982-Logan, UT
(7) Megan Benson, b. 26 Apr 1985-Logan, UT
(8) Jordan Clint Benson, b. 14 Jun 1990-Logan, UT

Cecelia Johnson Benson, the fourth child of Kurt and Lucille Johnson, was born on her Dad's birthday, Sep 5, 1950. She grew up with her best friends (her parents and brothers and sisters) in the white stucco home on the banks of the Snake River in Idaho Falls. She graduated from Skyline High School and King Lawrence Beauty College in the Spring of 1968, and then went to Ricks College for two years.

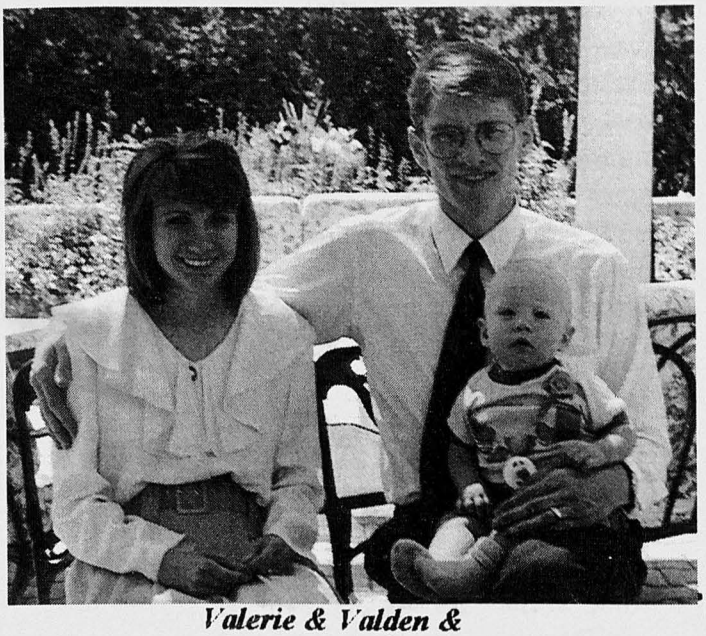
She married Vaughn C. Benson in the Idaho Falls Temple. She met Vaughn on those same temple grounds five years earlier when her sister, Jean, married Vaughn's brother, Morris. She was almost 15, and he was just home from a mission to New York. When they were married, she had been in love with him for all those years from the time they first met. It took Vaughn somewhat longer to fall in love, since he had to wait for her to grow up.

Vaughn grew up in Whitney, Idaho, and went to schools there. He graduated from Preston High School where he lettered in basketball, baseball and track. In the summers, he worked in the sugar beets and other crops on the family farm. He went to BYU one year before filling a mission to the Eastern States. One of the memorable experiences on his mission was working in the Mormon Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

During the summers, while going to BYU, Vaughn worked in the feedlot business. He graduated from BYU with a degree in Accounting and moved to Denver to work for Arthur Anderson & Company. While working for this company, he received his CPA.



Vaughn & Cecelia Benson Family
Front: Nathan, Jordan, Megan
Middle: Alison, Cecelia, Amy
Back: Vaughn, Valerie, Valden Christensen, Jared



Valerie & Valden &
Spencer Christensen



Alison & Paul Moulton

While working in Denver, Vaughn was drafted into the army. During his army duty, he spent time in Korea where he was in the finance department. He proposed to Cecelia by mail from Korea. After being released from the army in May, 1970, they were married the following July.

They returned to his job in Denver for a period of time, and while there he served in their ward's bishopric. Cecelia finished her Nursing degree while there and their first child, Aaron, was born there, but he lived only one day. Several months later, Vaughn accepted a job in Logan, Utah, doing the accounting for a development company. He decided that he enjoyed the real estate part of the work more than the accounting part, and so became a real estate broker. He has owned Benson Realtors for the past twenty years and is a broker in Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. He has kept busy in many and varied church and civic assignments.

Cecelia worked in a newborn intensive care unit and prayed and waited for three years for another baby. Finally, the heavens opened and Valerie was born, followed by six brothers and sisters.

Cecelia has enjoyed writing music and putting on firesides and workshops with her sister, Jean. She and Vaughns' lives have been so rich in experience, both in times of incredible joy and in times that have been tough. They witnessed a miracle as Vaughn survived a heart attack that took his life for a few moments. Every day is now looked at as a gift.

VI.d. (2) Valerie Benson
Married: On 30 Sep 1994 to Valden Guy Christensen, b. 5 Mar 1973-Rexburg, ID
Children: Spencer Valden Christensen, b. 29 Oct 1995-Logan, UT

Valerie Benson Christensen, the second child and first daughter born to Vaughn and Cecelia Benson, was raised in Logan, Utah, and after graduation from Logan High School, attended Ricks College. At Ricks, she enjoyed vocal performance as well as her Family and Human Development major. She is now a senior at Utah State University and will graduate from there soon.

Valden Christensen grew up in Rigby, Idaho, and met Valerie at Ricks College. Following his mission to Korea, they quickly found that their friendship had blossomed. After their marriage in the Logan Temple, they returned to Korea where they taught English for several months.

Valden is employed at a nursing home while he finishes his education at Utah State University. They both enjoy music, traveling and their teaching jobs in the church. Their son, Spencer, has brought them much joy, and they are so thankful he is here after many scares during Valerie's pregnancy. They have learned how to sleep with their eyes open.

VI.d. (3) Alison Benson
Married: On 22 Aug 1996 to Paul Francis Moulton, b. 30 May 1973-Heber City, UT

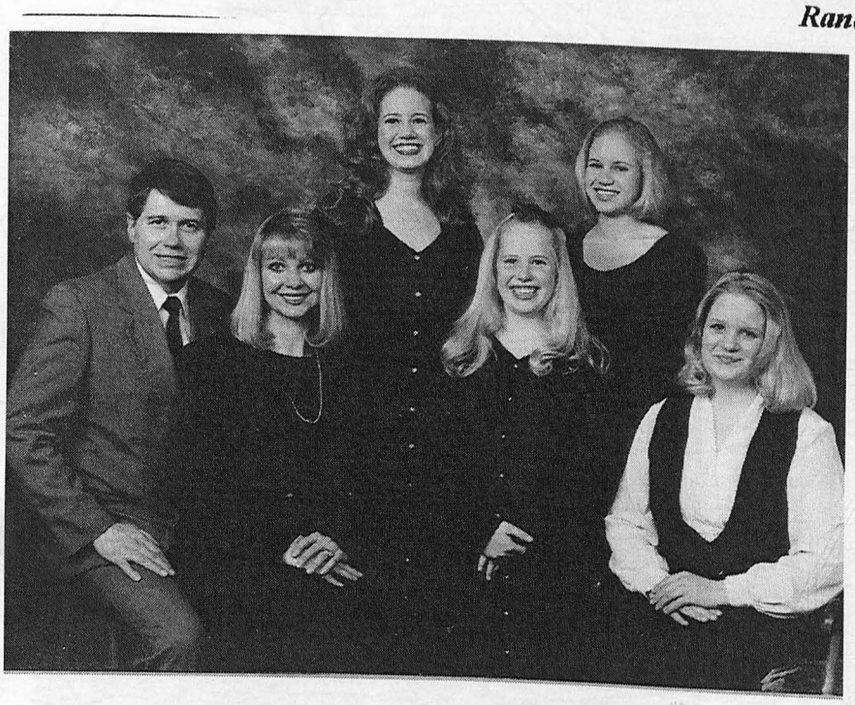
Alison Benson Moulton attended Logan schools. She later graduated from Ricks College and enjoyed participating in band and orchestra there. She graduated August 1996 from Brigham Young University where she completed an internship at a drug treatment center and participated in a Family Life Education program at Utah State Prison.



Siri & Sonya



Randy & Siri Holman Family
Front: Ryan Middle: Robbie, Siri,
Randy, Kelli Back: Lance



Bill & Sonya Pearson Family
Front: Bill, Sonya, Melissa, Kristen
Back: Jacqueline, Sara



Sonya
Siri
About 10 years old

While at Ricks, she met Paul Francis Moulton through their music activities. He was a piano performance major and soon became her accompanist. They dated at Ricks and then at BYU, where he is a double Humanities and Music major. Paul served a mission in Scotland, enjoys hiking and biking, and loves his job as a piano teacher. After a 1-½ year courtship, Paul and Alison were married in the Logan Temple. Alison enjoys working and trying to decorate their small Springville apartment, while Paul finishes his education.

VI.d. (4) Amy Benson is at BYU majoring in music therapy.
VI.d. (5)(6)(7)(8) Jared, Nathan, Megan and Jordan Benson are still at home and keep busy with school, music, sports and growing up.

VI.e. SIRI ELLA JOHNSON
B. 31 Dec 1952-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 23 Aug 1974 to Randy Layne Holman, b. 8 May 1951-Rexburg, ID
Children: (1) Lance Randall Holman, b. 30 May 1979-SLC
(2) Robbie Holman, b. 20 Nov 1980-SLC
(3) Kelly Holman, b. 4 Oct 1982-SLC
(4) Ryan Scott Holman, b. 16 Mar 1987-Memphis, TN

Siri Johnson Holman, the fifth child of Kurt and Lucille Johnson, was born on New Year's Eve six minutes before her twin sister, Sonya. She graduated from high school in 1971. A highlight of those years at home was moving to Boise with the family while Dad was in the legislature. One particular event was getting to go to the Inaugural Ball of Governor Don Samuelson. Siri and Sonya were observing the festivities from the Gallery and two ROTC guys in uniform asked them to dance.

She attended Ricks College from 1971-73 majoring in Medical Technology. She worked at the library and for fun sang with the program bureau and worked on the Cultural Arts Committee. In 1973, she went to BYU to complete her degree. It was there that she rekindled a friendship with Randy Holman whom she'd dated at Ricks a year before.

Randy attended elementary schools at Newdale and Plano, Idaho; the 7th through the 12th grades in Sugar City, where he graduated from high school in 1969. He went to Ricks College in 1969-70 and then went on a mission to Maryland and Delaware from 1970-1972. Returning to Ricks, he met Siri and fell in love at first sight. He attended BYU in 1973-74. Siri and Randy were married in the Idaho Falls Temple with many members of their families and friends in attendance.

Randy worked for awhile as a loan officer for American Savings and Loan, and then ran the computer department for welfare services at the Church Office Building. In 1980, he began working in the hotel industry.

After five years, five miscarriages, and corrective surgery, they were blessed with their first baby, Lance. Robbie & Kelly (both girls) were born in the next few years.

They moved to Memphis, Tennessee, from 1985 to 1989 because of Randy's work

with Holiday Inn. Ryan was born there. Siri was Primary President in the Memphis 2nd ward. She loved that Grant & Evelyn's daughter Angie was there at the time and they could reminisce about Idaho summers.

They appreciated the time they got to be in Memphis. Some of the favorite memories of the family are sitting on the banks of the Mississippi River on a muggy summer night, watching fireflies flit around, as the Mark Twain paddle boats went by. Also, the southern hospitality that they enjoyed with neighbors, and fabulous barbeques will never be forgotten.

They moved back to Salt Lake City in August 1989. Robbie was starting second grade and came racing in from the school bus to tell her mother she just couldn't believe it, but she had met another girl in her school class that was a Mormon. (Imagine that in Utah?)

She has been the Young Women's President for the past two years---enjoying activities, camp, and youth conference with her three teen-agers. She recently went back to State Farm Inusurance as a secretary.

VI.f. SONYA ESTHER JOHNSON

B. 31 Dec 1952-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 15 Aug 1975 to William Edwin Pearson, b. 13 Sep 1949-IFI
Children: (1) Jacqueline Jeanette Pearson, b. 6 May 1977-Silver Spring, MD
(2) Sara Lynn Pearson, b. 10 Sep 1979-SanDiego, CA
(3) Melissa LeeAnn Pearson, b. 20 Nov 1981-SanDiego, CA
(4) Kristen Claire Pearson, b.19 Jul 1985-IFI

Sonya Johnson Pearson, the sixth child of Kurt and Lucille Johnson, was born on New Years Eve, six minutes after her twin sister Siri. Her early years were spent near Idaho Falls on the farm which she remembers as an idyllic place to grow up. Mom and Dad were loving and kind parents. Her best friends were (and still are) her brothers and sisters.

After high school, she attended Ricks College and Brigham Young University and graduated in 1974 with a degree in elementary education. Her first year of teaching was in a one-room school with 11 students in remote Howe, Idaho.

She married Bill Pearson in the Idaho Falls Temple. Bill attended schools in Idaho Falls, graduating from Skyline High School. He also graduated from Ricks College and BYU, majoring in predentistry. Some of his occupations during his early years were as a worker, then a supervisor, in the pineapple fields of Lauai, Hawaii; also, as a leader at scout camp for four years.

Soon after their marriage, they moved to Washington, D.C., for three years while Bill went to dental school at Georgetown University. To help support the family, Sonya claims she worked as a "money changer" in the temple cafeteria there. Bill and Sonya's first daughter, Jackie, was born there, so Sonya quit work and stayed home to be a full-time mom. Following dental school, the Navy assigned Bill to San Diego for four years. Sara and Melissa were born there. The family returned to Idaho Falls in 1982, and Kristen was born there in 1985.

Bill practices dentistry in Idaho Falls and Sonya returned to teaching elementary school in 1991. They have kept busy with church service, children, and work. Bill is active in the Naval Reserve with the rank of Commander. Both Sonya and Bill are fitness converts and both have completed several marathon races.

VI.g. GLEN HENRY JOHNSON

B. 24 Mar 1955-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 15 Oct 1988 to Kimberly Ann Loback, b. 24 Feb 1967-Salt Lake City, UT
Children: (1) Ashley Lyn Johnson, b. 15 Jan 1991-Fairfax County, VA
(2) Clint Norman Johnson, b. 7 Dec 1992-Fairfax County, VA
(3) Max Henry Johnson, b. 13 Jun 1995-Fairfax County, VA

Glen Henry Johnson, the seventh child of Kurt and Lucille Johnson, grew up on the family farm outside of Idaho Falls and went to Idaho Falls schools. He completed a mission in Peru where he worked in Lima, Tacna, and Chimbote. He completed B.A. (1977) and M.A. (1978) studies at Brigham Young University. Later, he completed course work in the school of hard knocks trying to find decent work with a liberal arts degree. After a year of working as a host in a restaurant and later as a construction laborer, he applied and was accepted into a Ph.D. program at the University of Maryland. He completed that degree in Government and Computer Science in 1989.

He worked seven years for a defense contractor, ANSER, working on strategic missile modernization programs specializing in developing computer simulation. He now works for the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and heads the information management division.

Glen met Kim Loback at the Langley, VA, singles ward where Glen was serving in the bishopric and Kim worked on the activities committee. Kim came to Washington, DC, from Farmington, Utah, in 1985 to work as a nanny. She liked the area and stayed to work as an assistant branch manager in a bank. She also completed studies in business management at George Mason University and Northern Virginia Community College.

Kim grew up in Bountiful, UT, attending schools there. She graduated from Davis High School in Farmington. At the age of 16, she had a traumatic accident while working at Lagoon. She was riding her bicycle home from work and was struck by a car. Her left leg was crushed and so she spent a month in the hospital while they rebuilt her leg.

Music has been a big part of her life, as she has had the opportunity to study piano and voice under some excellent teachers. She has led the music in Primary much of the time in their wards. She has also led singing in the Asian wards in Falls Church, VA.

After dating for a year, Glen and Kim were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. They live in Falls Church, Virginia, and their three children, Ashley, Clint, and Max were all born in Virginia. Glen enjoys playing volleyball and has played on several championship teams in recreational leagues. Glen enjoys and Kim endures their other pastime of renovating old houses. Kim also enjoys interior decorating, flower arranging, music, sewing, and cooking.

VI.h. DAVID ANTHONY JOHNSON

B. 24 Jun 1958-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 20 Dec 1980 to Audrey Noreen Dougan, b. 9 Mar 1961-Calgary, Alb.
Children: (1) Abigail Sarah Johnson, b. 6 Jul 1982-IFI
(2) Adam Kurt Johnson, b.13 Feb 1984-Moscow, ID

(3) Aaron David Johnson, b. 19 May 1986-IFI
(4) Andrew Clinton Johnson, b. 1 Nov 1989-IFI
(5) Alan Dougan Johnson, b. 22 Sep 1991-IFI
(6) Amber Marie Johnson, b. 15 Jan 1997-IFI

David A. Johnson, the eighth Child of Kurt and Lucille Johnson, grew up on the family farm north of Idaho Falls. After graduating from Skyline High School, he attended Ricks College for one semester before going to Boise State University to stay with his parents who were living there while his father served in the Idaho State Legislature. After the legislative session ended, he stayed with brother Jerry and was exposed to the art of home building which he found to be both useful and enjoyable. In 1977, he received a mission call to Louisville, Kentucky, and proselyted there and in Ohio and Illinois. He enjoyed his missionary service, particularly the small towns where people had both warm hearts and interesting stories.

David returned to Ricks College and met a cute Canadian girl named Audrey Dougan. He was introduced as Ringo Peachtree, his self-given nickname, which she thought was his real name for quite a while. David graduated from Rick's College (1980), and went to B.Y. U. in the fall. Audrey was still attending Ricks College. They wrote to each other, and his parents obviously liked her, because they arranged for him to visit her during that summer. When she returned in the fall, and after a few more dates, he broke with his brothers' tradition of prolonged bachelorhood and asked this wonderful woman to marry him. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple.

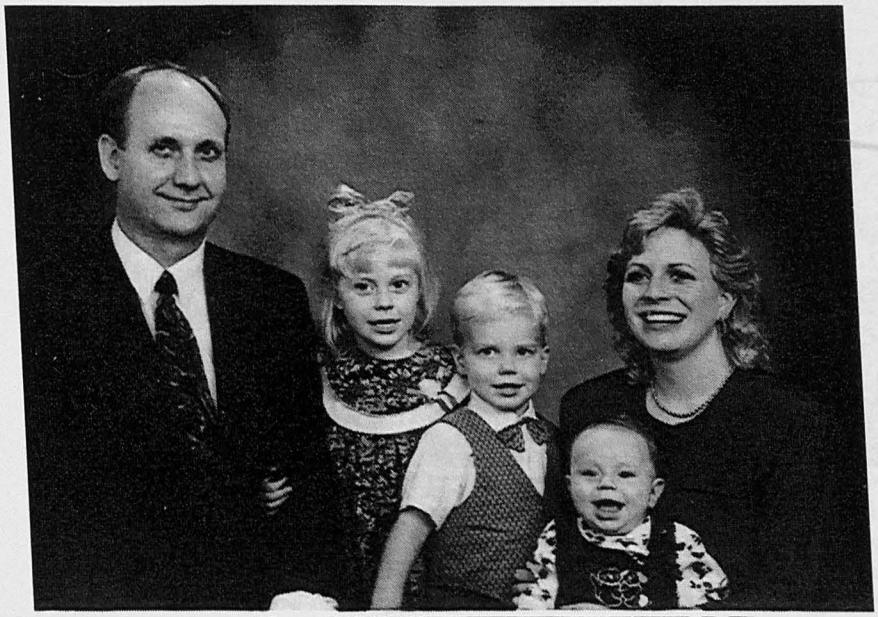
Audrey grew up and attended schools in Calgary, Canada. Her main interests were her friends and skating. She joined the LDS Church at the age of 15. She was a good student and after she got out of high school, she worked as a legal secretary during the day and after hours in a shoe store. She saved up money to go to college, and so this was why she eventually found herself at Ricks. Little did she realize at this point how much her life would be changing.

During David's senior year at BYU, Audrey helped support the family, working as a legal secretary during the school year. David farmed with his Uncle Max, since Dad had retired, although Dad still provided much help. In 1982, they built a house on the family farm, knowing that they would be there for a few years before graduate school. However, when David was accepted into law school at the University of Idaho, his good wife willingly left her new home after living there for a mere three weeks.

Law school was the 'paper chase' and once again Audrey carried the family while David studied all but a few hours each day. She worked as a secretary in Provo, Moscow and Idaho Falls. David graduated after 2-1/2 years, successfully passing the Idaho Bar Examination, and returned to Idaho Falls. David started his legal practice with a firm which held the public defender contract for Bonneville County and learned trial and negotiation skills. Shortly thereafter, he opened his own law office, then practiced with a partnership for a few years. Later, he returned to solo practice. Starting in 1992, he served four years as Bonneville County Prosecuting Attorney. Starting in 1997, he set up his private law practice again out on West Broadway - just a few blocks from where his grandparents had resided so many years before.

They have held a number of jobs in the

church over the years and continue to be active in it. Audrey has been ward Relief Society President and is at present working in the Young Women's Presidency.



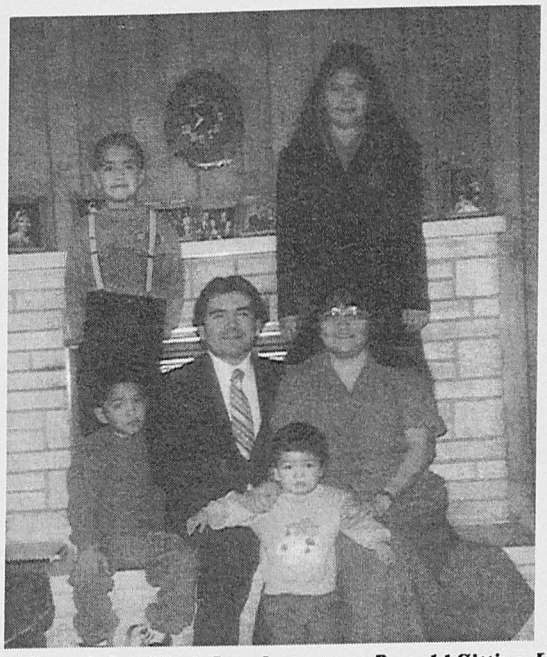
Glen & Kim Johnson Family
Glen, Askley, Clint, Max, Kim



David & Audrey Johnson Family
Front: Andrew, Audrey holding Amber, David, Alan
Back: Abigail, Adam, Aaron



Robert D. Clinton, above, owned the farm that Kurt started farming in 1946. Though not related to the family, he was affectionately known as "Uncle Bob." He lived in a couple rooms in a leanto addition to Kurt and Lucille's house. He made his living as a tailor, retiring in 1947. He helped the brothers on their farms, as his strength would permit. His wife died early in their marriage, so he was alone most of his life. Kurt and Lucille took care of him the last years of his life. He died in 1975 at the age of 94. They acquired the farm from him in 1970 and with his help were able to take in foster sons and help them with living expenses, educations, and missions, etc. He left the family with many fond memories.



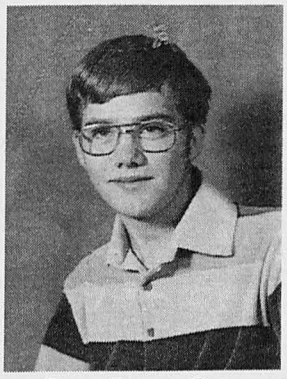
Kurt & Lucilles' first foster son, Ronald Sitting Up, center, an Indian placement student, & wife, Sarah. Front: Children John & Ryan; back: Aaron & Erica.



Foster son Don House & his family. L.to R. - his wife Jeana holding Brooke, Cassie, Scott, Clark, Michael, Don.



Gary Harris, in back, a good friend of Kurt & Lucille's son, David, lived with the family most of his teen years until he went on a mission. His family L. to R. - Kimberley, Gary, Jessica, wife Sheila holding David's baby, Nick.



Steve Cregar, Don House's half-brother.



Harold Sitting Up, Ronald's brother.

SECTION VII

THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN OF INGRID ANNA JOHNSON & LARS ANDERSON

Family Tree of:
Lars & Ingrid Anderson

Children:

VII.a. Carla June Anderson {Husband - Rolland T. Murphy}

VII.b. Patricia Coleen Anderson

VII.c. Vernon Sherwood Anderson {Wife - Judith Harrod Sexton}
- **(1) Leandra**
- **(2) Lars III**
- **[3] Charles Sexton**
- **[4] Gordon Sexton**
- **[5] Tony Sexton**

VII.d. Christine Anderson {Husband - Randy D. Gleave}
- **(1) Justin Paul**
- **(2) Weston McKay**
- **(3) Darlene Leanne**
- **(4) Garrett Rockwell**
- **(5) Crystall Rochelle**
- **(6) Chandler Dahl**

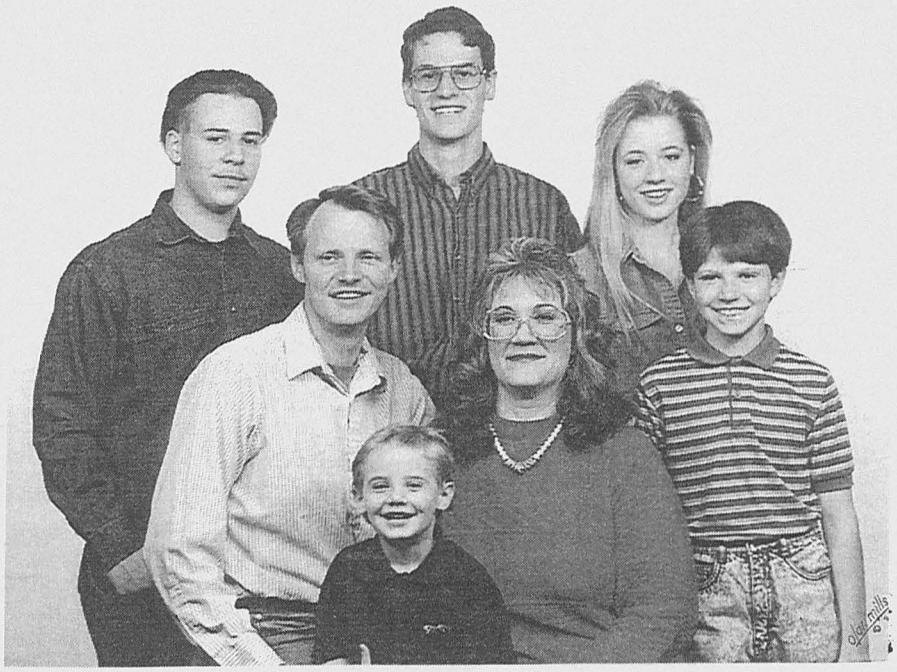
VII.e. Anita Renee Anderson {Husband - David Harrison}
- **(1) Ryan Wayne**
- **(2) Lindsay Ester**
- **(3) Tera Karyann**
- **(4) Ty**
- **[5] Danell Harrison**
- **[6] John Harrison**



Carla & Ron Murphy



Patricia Anderson



Vernon & Judy Anderson Family
Front: Lars III - Middle: Vernon, Judy, Tony Sexton
Back: Gordon Sexton, Charles Sexton, Leandra

VII.a. CARLA JUNE ANDERSON

B. 6 June 1948-Salt Lake City, UT

Married: On 31 Aug 1979 to Rolland Thomas (Ron) Murphy, b. 1 Jan 1941-McCrory, AR

Carla Anderson Murphy, the first child of Lars and Ingrid Anderson, had a happy childhood and always enjoyed life. Her family lived in Utah until she was five years of age, when they moved to Concord, California. She didn't want to move at the time, but came to love California. After high school, she went to beauty college for a year and earned a cosmetology license and worked in that occupation for about a year. She then went to junior college for two years, and BYU for 2 ½ years. After her schooling, she filled a mission to North Carolina. After her mission, she worked for Chevron, Inc., in San Francisco for a time.

After working about four years, she was nearing 30 and wasn't yet married. She had prayed before for "Mr. Right," but he hadn't come along yet. She prayed again and felt that now the timing was right to get married. Shortly thereafter, she met Ron Murphy, and they knew that they were meant for each other.

Ron grew up in the rural atmosphere of McCrory, Arkansas. He was a star football player in high school, and even though he loved this tough sport, he also loved to spend time with his mother in the kitchen cooking. His love for cooking has remained with him throughout his life. After high school, he joined the Navy, and after getting out of the Navy, he stayed with relatives in Berkeley. He liked California and decided to stay there.

It was natural that he would later apply for a job as manager of a restaurant in Concord, CA. Carla's sister, Christine, went to work for the same place after she got out of high school. She thought that Ron was a pretty nice guy, so she introduced Carla and Ron to each other. After awhile, when Carla indicated that they were going to get married, her parents were somewhat concerned because he was non-LDS and Carla had been on a mission and through the temple. They feared that it would cause an obstacle in their marriage, but Carla had faith that he would become a member. It took a few years, but Ron was baptized-- and they were sealed in the Provo Temple.

They haven't been blessed with children, but they have many nieces and nephews and other children in their home a good part of the time, so these youngsters bless their lives very much. Family and friends alike have been the beneficiaries of Ron's gourmet cooking. He is a chef at a restaurant in Lehi, but he keeps working on getting a restaurant of his own.

VII.b. PATRICIA ANDERSON

B. 20 May 1950-Salt Lake City, UT

Patricia Anderson, the second child of Lars and Ingrid Anderson, spent her youth in northern California where she enjoyed the childhood years to the fullest with her brother and sisters. She felt fortunate to have very faithful parents who taught their children good principles and values throughout their lives.

She attended BYU, majoring in Humanities, but didn't have a career goal. She thought she would be taking care of a husband and raising children rather than

seeking a profession. In the middle of the BYU years, she served a mission in France. After BYU and the mission, she moved to southern California at the persuasion of a BYU friend. She didn't intend to settle long in the area, but has been there over 20 years now. That's mainly because of good friends and a stable job. Her job became important in her life, and she was fortunate to find a good, long-term situation at a public water agency in the area. She started there as a clerk and is currently working as an administrative analyst.

Her interests are piano, organ, and certain outdoor activities. She says her life has unfolded differently than she thought it would, as she is now 45 years old and still single. Nonetheless, it has been a great learning and growing experience. She has especially valued her beliefs as a member of the LDS Church and loves her wonderful family, relatives, and friends.

VII.c. VERNON SHERWOOD ANDERSON

B. 15 Feb 1953-Monticello, UT
Married: On 3 Aug 1976 to Lois Becker, b. 4 Aug 1956-Milwaukee, WI (later div.)
Children: (1) Leandra Anderson, b.16 Jul 1977-Hartford,WI
Married: On 3 Aug 1989 to Judith Herrod Sexton, b. 14 Sep 1953-Oakland, CA
Children: (2) Lars Anderson III, b. 13 May 1990
[3] Charles Sexton, b. 1975
[4] Gordon Sexton, b. 1977
[5] Tony Sexton, b. 1983

Vernon Sherwood Anderson, the third child of Lars and Ingrid Anderson, was ushered into this world in Monticello, Utah--22 miles from Blanding where his father taught school. When Vernon was only six months old, the family moved from Blanding, spending a few weeks in Idaho Falls, and then on to Concord, California. Vernon had a lot of curiosity about everything when he was little, asking endless questions. His mother was glad when he started school so she could get a breather.

At an early age, Vernon became intrigued with motors, and it amazed adults that he had so much knowledge of their workings. He got inside and outside work experience while attending the four years at Concord High School. He picked pineapples in Hawaii for a season (the company liked to hire LDS boys) and helped his dad paint during the summer months. A highlight of those days was the summer of 1970, when he stayed with his uncles on their farms in Idaho. At Concord High, he enjoyed metal shop, concert choir and distance track. After high school, he went to Ricks College and was ordained an Elder by his weight-lifting and jogging teacher on Feb. 13, 1972. He was ordained a Seventy later by his father.

He left for his mission in September, 1972, and served in Wisconsin most of the time, but also spent three months in Minneapolis where his mother had been a missionary during World War II.

He resumed his studies at Ricks in 1975, after working with his father in California the summer before. He met Lois Becker, from Wisconsin, at school and after their marriage in the Oakland Temple, they moved to Wisconsin to live. While there, he trained to be a machinist and worked for Pick Heaters in West Bend for nearly three years. Their

daughter, Leandra, was born while they were living there. From there, they moved to Caldwell, Idaho, for awhile, but work was scarce there, so they moved to Concord, California. He attended college there to get a certificate of achievement in machine shop practice and an A.A. degree in General Education, being self-employed at the time. His marriage to Lois ended at this time.

He married Judith Sexton in the Idaho Falls Temple in 1989 and they made their home in San Pablo, California. Judith, an only child, was born to Sam W. Herrod from Arkansas and Anne M. Isler from New York. Judy attended several churches before being baptized into the LDS Church in 1972. She grew up in a home built by her father in Richmond, CA, and graduated from El Cerrito High School. She went to Ricks College for awhile and then took some medical training in California. Her mother was an executive in San Francisco, and when Judy was younger, she had a nanny to care for her, but when she was older she lived quite an independent life.

She married Jim Sexton and they had three children: Charles, Gordon, and Tony. Shortly after her marriage to Jim had been dissolved, she met Vernon at an LDS singles dance. Vernon and Judy's marriage in 1989 was for time, but after moving to Utah, they were sealed for eternity in the Provo Temple. Their son, Lars III, was born in 1990.

After 1-½ years of alternating painting and machine shop work, they decided that the Bay Area was not a good atmosphere for the family, so they moved to Orem, Utah, where they presently live with their five children: Vernon's daughter, Leandra, Judy's three boys, and their son, Lars III. While living here, Vernon has plied his trades of machinist and painting contractor. Judy's present interests are music, herbology and raising pet dogs and cats.

VII.d. CHRISTINE ANDERSON

B. 5 Jun 1956-Walnut Creek, CA
Married: In Sep 1977 to Clifford W. Gregory, b. 19 Jan 1950-Concord, CA; d. 23 Jul 1978
Married: To John Lavoy Webber, b. in San Bernardino, CA (Later div.)
Children: (1) Justin Paul Webber, b. 6 March 1983-Orem, UT
Married: On 7 Jun 1986 to Randy Dahl Gleave, b. 2 Jul 1954-Waco, TX
Children: (2) Weston McKay Gleave, b. 21 Feb 1987-Orem, UT
(3) Darlene Leanne Gleave, b. 27 Jun 1988-Orem, UT
(4) Garrett Rockwell Gleave, b. 17 Nov 1989-Orem, UT
(5) Crystall Rochelle Gleave, b. 16 Nov 1992-Orem, UT
(6) Chandler Dahl Gleave, b. 10 May 1996- Orem, UT

Christine Anderson Gleave, the fourth child born to Lars and Ingrid Anderson, was called "Chris," in high school, but in college went back to Christine. Growing up, she lived next to a big field that was lined with walnut trees. There was a pond in the field where they played and looked for tadpoles. She and her friends played in the tall wild grass and made tree forts in the walnut trees. She enjoyed reading and often went to the public library. Her favorite books were the Laura Ingalls Wilder series and Henry Huggins.

Her family went to Markham's walnut

orchard and picked up walnuts in the fall. She liked to shell walnuts while watching TV on Friday nights. Mom and Dad were usually gone and when they came home she would surprise them with how many mayonnaise jars she had filled with walnuts. Her dad paid 50 cents for every full jar. She often went with her father painting, and would help him wash walls and sand. When she was older, he taught her how to cut in with a brush and then use a roller on the bigger surfaces. These skills have been used frequently in her own homes.

Her parents taught their children to be industrious. Christine would get up early on Saturday mornings and write a job sheet for herself and then would set to work completing the jobs and had a sense of accomplishment as each completed job was crossed off the list. She still makes lists and like to cross off completed tasks.

Christine says she was influenced by the "70's scene" and traveled a rocky road through high school. She had planned to go to B.Y.U., but instead got married to a non-member a few months after graduating from high school. She lived a "wild" life and didn't associate much with her family and was inactive in the church. She says she thought she was living a life of freedom, but wasn't happy. After feeling real discouraged, she prayed one night (the first time in a long time), and felt relief and decided to go back to church. Her life changed from that point. She is now in her third marriage and is happy. Her first husband died in a motorcycle accident. She went to B.Y.U. and graduated in Psychology in 1982. By that time, she had remarried and had her first son, Justin. That marriage also ended in divorce.

She married Randy Gleave in the Salt Lake Temple in 1986. Randy was born in Waco, Texas, because his mother was born and grew up there, and she wanted to have her first child there. The first 3-1/2 years of Randy's life were spent travelling around the country with his parents, because his father was in the entertainment field. He sang with the Continentals, a popular group at that time. Randy remembers that they sometimes performed on television. Randy has also done quite a bit of singing and acting, playing the part of Tevye in "Fiddler on the Roof" and Porter Rockwell in the movie "Rockwell."

When his father decided to settle down, they lived in Burbank, CA, for awhile where he managed Vic Tanney Gyms. Later his father went into real estate and they moved to Granada Hills. They even lived out in Antimony, Utah, for awhile on the grandfather's farm, but Randy's mother felt it was too remote, so they moved back to California and settled in Woodland Hills. Randy grew up and graduated from high school there.

During one summer when he was staying with his grandparents in Antimony, his grandmother introduced him to the Gospel and he joined the LDS Church at the age of 13. After high school, he went to Ricks College and BYU and served a mission in England. His parents moved to Utah in 1977. When Randy was 30, he met Christine through a mutual friend, and the rest is history. Christine and Randy and their children are now enjoying life in Pleasant Grove, Utah, where they have plenty of space to enjoy a variety of activities.

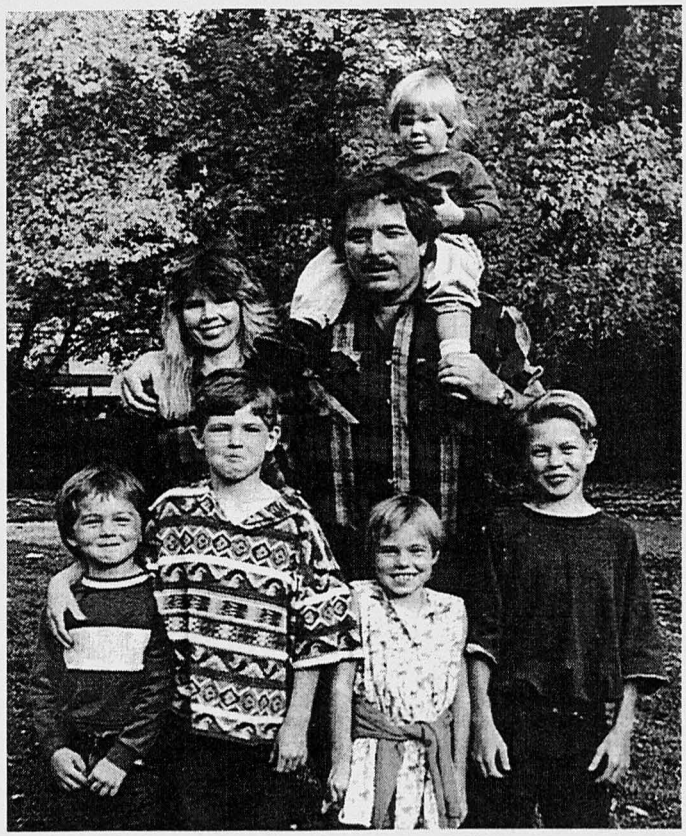
VII.e. ANITA RENEE ANDERSON

B. 3 Nov 1959-Walnut Creek, CA
Married: On 20 Oct 1979 to Gary Hamilton, b. 16 Jan 1951-Sacramento, CA (later div.)
Children: (1) Ryan Wayne Hamilton, b. 6 Sep 1980-Provo, UT
(2) Lindsay Ester Hamilton, b. 30 Jan 1984-Orem, UT
Married: On 24 Jun 1988 to David Harrison, b. 1 Apr 1955-Highland Park, MI
(Provo Temple marriage on 25 Nov 1995)
Children: (3) Tera Harrison, b. 8 Jun 1991-Orem, UT
(4) Ty Harrison, b. 1 Dec 1995-Orem, UT
[5] Danell Harrison, b. 17 Feb 1976-Michigan
[6] John Harrison, b. 3 Mar 1978-Michigan

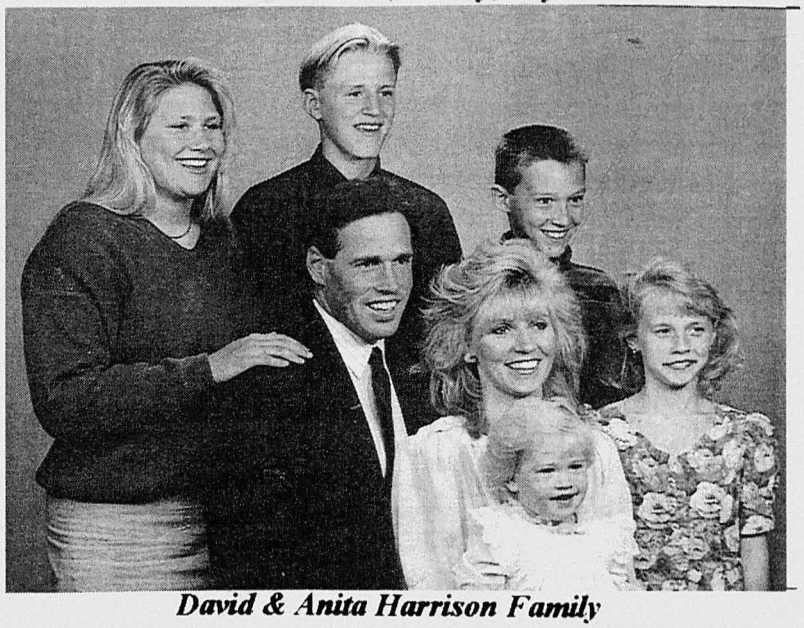
Anita Anderson Harrison, the fifth child of Lars and Ingrid Anderson, was the "caboose" of the family, after three sisters and one brother. Her best friend, Alyson, was considered a member of the family, too. She started kindergarten at age four at Clayton Valley Elementary in Concord, California; then attended El Dorado Intermediate where her father taught. At Concord High School, she was runner-up as Homecoming Queen. After graduating from high school at age 17, she attended junior college for one year and then transferred to BYU.

She had dated Gary Hamilton for some time, and decided that marriage would be better than a degree. She enrolled in the Hollywood Beauty School in Provo and since completing her training there, has done a lot of cosmetology work. Gary and Anita were married in the Oakland Temple and two children were born to them, Ryan and Lindsay. This marriage ended in divorce. She later met David Harrison in her LDS ward in Provo. Dave grew up in Livonia, Michigan, and graduated from high school there. Then he spent three years in the military. His parents joined the LDS Church in 1963 and they became very devout members. Dave was also baptized, but says he was not too active in the church because all his old buddies were non-LDS. His father died of a heart attack at the young age of 51. It was such a shock to his mother, because they had such a close relationship, that she died of depression three years later.

Dave married Kim Marie Christensen on 26 Sep 1975 and they had two children, Danell and John, before Kim died on 7 Jul 1982 when Danell was only six years old. For some time, Dave continued to work and took care of the two children by himself. In 1986, he came out to BYU and earned a degree in construction engineering. When Dave came out to Provo, Anita was a single mother at the time, and they met when they were in the same ward. They were married in Concord, CA, on 24 Jun 1988, and were later sealed in a temple marriage in the Provo Temple on 25 Nov 1995. They are now living in Pleasant Grove in a new home with a family of six children. Dave is busy in the restoration business, and Anita has a beauty shop in their home. She has replaced her past love of ballet dancing with her hobbies of interior decorating, aerobics, cutting hair, sewing, crafts, and playing the piano.



Randy & Christine Gleave Family
Front: Garrett, Weston, Darlene, Justin -
Back: Christine, Randy, Crystal



David & Anita Harrison Family
Front: Tera Middle: David, Anita, Lindsay
Back: Danell, John, Ryan

SECTION VIII

THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN OF MAX HENNING JOHNSON & MINNIE MARIE MIKESELL

Family Tree Of:
Max & Marie Johnson

Children:

VIII.a. Judy Delores Johnson {Husband - Merrill Pack}
- **(1) Christopher Craig Pack {Wife - Elena Sue Williams}**
 - **(a) Taylor McKay**
 - **(b) Michael Christopher**

VIII.b. Michael Olen Johnson {Wife - Betty Wilhelm}
- **(1) Ryan Michael**
- **(2) Katie Marie**
- **(3) Matthew Kevin**
- **(4) Sally Michelle**

VIII.c. Patricia Ann Johnson {Husband - Leslie M. Stringfellow}
- **(1) David Breton**
- **(2) Jessica Lauren**
- **(3) Jamison Robert**
- **(4) Lindsey Anne**

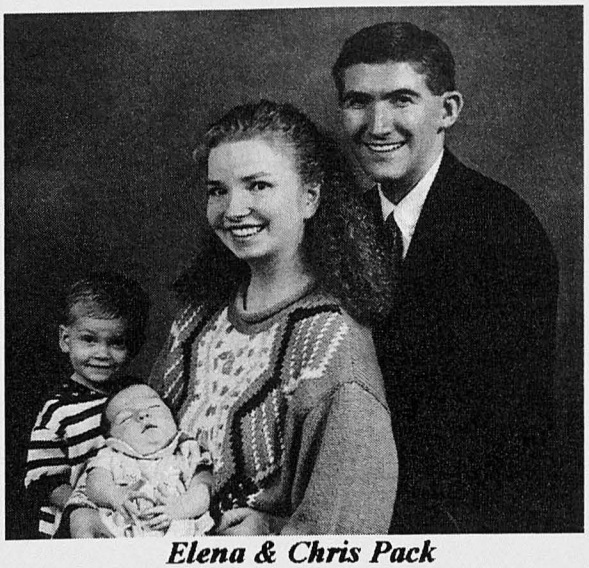
VIII.d. Marilyn Kay Johnson {Husband - Henry Ronald Bjorkman}
- **(1) Nathan Ronald**
- **(2) Jonathon David**
- **(3) Stephen Michael**
- **(4) Thomas Daniel**
- **(5) Karen Marie**
- **(6) Rebekah Ann**
- **(7) Andrea Lynn**
- **(8) Jeffrey**

VIII.e. Paul Henning Johnson {Wife - Andrea Parker}

VIII.f. Tamara Joy Johnson {Husband - Steven C. Smith (div.)}
- **(1) Banks Bradley**
- **(2) Alyse**
- **(3) Jocelyn**

VIII.g. Teresa Sue Johnson {Husband - Doug Johnson}
- **(1) Natalie Hilvia**
- **(2) Spencer Doug**
- **(3) Russell Max**
- **(4) Bailey**





Elena & Chris Pack
Taylor & Michael

Above left: Merrill & Judy Pack
Back: Johan Gotberg (exchange student from Sweden), Chris



Left: Michael & Betty Johnson Family
Front: Sally, Matthew
Back: Michael, Katie, Betty, Ryan

Right: Stringfellow Family
Front: Jamison, Lindsey, Patty, Jessica
Back: Les, David



VIII.a. JUDY DELORES JOHNSON

B. 9 Feb 1946-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 1 Apr 1966 to Delmar Merrill Pack, b. 10 Aug 1944-IFI
Children: Christopher Craig Pack, b. 22 Aug 1970-Idaho Falls, ID

Judy Johnson Pack, the first child of Max and Marie Johnson, attended schools in Idaho Falls and graduated from Idaho Falls High School in 1964. She then attended Ricks College. In November of 1965, she met Merrill Pack on a blind date set up by his cousins. The following year, they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. She graduated from Ricks College in May, 1966, and continued her education at Idaho State University, graduating with a degree in secondary education on Memorial Day in 1969. Merrill had joined the National Guard just before they met and in May of 1968 was called up to serve in Vietnam. Merrill was sent with the 116th Engineer Battalion to Fort Lewis near Tacoma, Washington, for training prior to going to Vietnam in September. He returned from Vietnam in August, 1969.

They moved into their first home in 1971, a year after their son "Chris" was born. In 1975, they moved to Rexburg so that Merrill could manage a savings and loan branch office. They enjoyed Rexburg until June 5, 1976, when the Teton Dam collapsed; repairs on their home were completed by October. On April 1, 1977, Merrill was transferred back to Idaho Falls. Judy has worked as a technical writer at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory since March of 1982. Since 1979, Merrill has been self-employed as a real estate appraiser. In 1994, Merrill 's 16-year-old grandniece, April Sue Elder, came to live with them.

VIII.a. (1) Christopher Craig Pack
Married: On 11 Jun 1993 to Elena Sue Williams, b. 24 Dec 1973-Ogden, UT
Children: (1) Taylor McKay Pack, b. 18 Jul 1994-Idaho Falls, ID
(2) Michael Christopher Pack, b. 24 Aug 1996-IFI

Chris lived in Idaho Falls until he was five and then moved with his family to Rexburg just two months after he had started kindergarten. Two months before he finished first grade, they moved back to Idaho Falls. He attended Longfellow Elementary, Clair E. Gale Jr. High and Idaho Falls High School, graduating in 1988. When he was 13, a Lamanite placement student lived with them for two months. When he was in high school, his family hosted three exchange students. The first two young men were from Japan and the third was from Sweden.

He attended Ricks College for one year and then was called to serve in the France Paris Mission from September 1989 to October 1991. During his mission, the Gulf War broke out. The mission president told the missionaries to stay out of the Arab areas, but that was difficult because many of their contacts had Arab neighbors. At the conclusion of his mission, his parents joined him in France and they visited some members that he had baptized and then they took the train from Paris to Sweden to visit an exchange student and his family. He married Elena Sue Williams, daughter of

Dr. Gary Bond and Kathryn Rassmussen Williams, in the Idaho Falls Temple. Chris graduated from Ricks College and is continuing his education in Family Counseling at Idaho State University.

VIII.b. MICHAEL OLEN JOHNSON

B. 6 Jan 1948-Idaho Falls,ID
Married: On 7 Sep 1973 to Betty Jean Wilhelm, b. 7 Nov 1949-Sacramento, CA
Children: (1) Ryan Michael Johnson, b. 10 Oct 1976-Phoenix, AZ
(2) Katie Marie Johnson, b. 23 May 1978-Phoenix, AZ
(3) Matthew Kevin Johnson, b. 2 Feb 1981-Hillsboro, OR
(4) Sally Michelle Johnson, b. 10 Mar 1986-Portland, OR

Michael Olen Johnson, the second child of Max and Marie Johnson, went to Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Idaho Falls High School in 1966. He attended Ricks College for one semester and then served a mission in Argentina from 1967 to 1969. Returning home, Mike attended Ricks for another year, then went to BYU where he graduated with a bachelor of science degree in Accounting in 1972. Feeling not ready for a full-time job, he attended BYU for another year and graduated with a Master of Accountancy degree in 1973.

At BYU, Mike met Betty Wilhelm who was from Snowflake, Arizona. They were married in the Mesa Arizona Temple. Mike then went to work for a national accounting firm in Phoenix and they made their home there for the next seven years. Ryan and Katie were born while they were living there.

In 1980, Mike was transferred to Portland, Oregon. Children Matthew and Sally were born there. In 1990, Mike started his own accounting firm in Beaverton, Oregon. Mike and Betty and family now make their home in Aloha, Oregon, a suburb of Portland.

VIII.c. PATRICIA ANN JOHNSON

B. 15 Feb 1950-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 26 Aug 1978 to Leslie Martin Stringfellow, b.14 Feb 1954-Whitefish, MT
Children: (1) David Breton Stringfellow, b. 5 Nov 1979-San Jose, CA
(2) Jessica Lauren Stringfellow, b. 23 Jan 1982-San Jose, CA
(3) Jamison Robert Stringfellow, b. 6 May 1985-San Jose, CA
(4) Lindsey Anne Stringfellow, b. 17 Nov 1988-Los Gatos, CA

Patricia Johnson Stringfellow, the third child of Max and Marie Johnson, attended Idaho Falls schools. She later attended BYU and graduated from there in 1974. After BYU, she was a missionary in Venezuela for two years.

Leslie Martin Stringfellow joined the LDS Church at the University of Idaho when he was 19 years old. He served a two-year mission from 1974 to 1976. He returned home and attended BYU for one year before meeting Patty in August of 1977 in Provo. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple and have lived in California since 1977.

They and their four children presently live in Los Banos, California. Les works for

United Parcel Service. He is a talented musician, and is well-known in the Bay area for his drama and singing talents. Patty teaches part-time at Merced College. She teaches English as a second language and Spanish.

VIII.d. MARILYN KAY JOHNSON

B. 17 Dec 1951-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 2 Jun 1972 to Henry Ronald Bjorkman, b. 21 Sep 1948-Brigham City, UT
Children: (1) Nathan Ronald Bjorkman, b. 20 Mar 1973-Moscow, ID
(2) Jonathon David Bjorkman, b. 7 Oct 1975-Malad, ID
(3) Stephen Michael Bjorkman, b. 12 May 1977-Sands Twsp., MI
(4) Thomas Daniel Bjorkman, b. 31 Dec 1978-Sands Twsp, MI
(5) Karen Marie Bjorkman, b. 22 May 1981-Emmett, ID
(6) Rebekah Ann Bjorkman, b. 2 Jan 1984-Emmett, ID
(7) Andrea Lynn Bjorkman, b. 6 Jul 1986-Emmett, ID
(8) Jeffrey Bjorkman, b. 8 Sep 1988-Emmett, ID

Marilyn Johnson Bjorkman, the fourth child of Max and Marie Johnson, attended Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Skyline High School. She then attended Brigham Young University where she met Ronald Bjorkman. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. They lived in Moscow, Idaho, for the next three years while Ron completed law school. After passing his bar exam, Ron entered active military service. In October of 1975, the family moved to K. I. Sawyer AFB in northern Michigan where Ron served as an Air Force attorney for four years.

In July 1979, Ron and Marilyn moved their family to Emmett, Idaho, where they currently reside. Ron has a private law practice and is also city attorney. Marilyn is a full-time homemaker. Ron and Marilyn have been active in church and community affairs. Ron is a past president of the Emmett Rotary Club. Marilyn has been an active volunteer in Emmett schools. In 1993 she headed a group which received the "Friend of Education" award from the Gem County Education Association.

Ron has been serving as first counselor in the stake presidency for the past nine years. He is a former bishop, elders' quorum president, branch president's counselor, district high councilman, early morning seminary teacher, and executive secretary. Marilyn is currently a ward Young Women's president. In the Primary she has served in almost every position from president to nursery leader and den mother. In the Relief Society, she has served as teacher, counselor, and president. She has also been ward organist and ward music chairman.

Nathan recently returned from a mission in the Connecticut Hartford Mission. He completed a year of schooling at BYU and plans to return to college and major in psychology and/or elementary education. Jon completed a year of study at the University of Michigan in chemical engineering. He is now serving a mission in the Sweden Stockholm Mission and is absolutely delighted to be in the land of his forefathers. Steve graduated from high school in May 1995 and will pursue a degree in international business at BYU. In 1993-1994, he spent a year as a Rotary



Ronald & Marilyn Bjorkman Family
Front: Andrea, Karen, Jeffrey, Rebekah
Middle: Thomas, Ronald, Marilyn
Back: Stephen, Nathan, Jonathon



Andrea & Paul Johnson



The Smiths
Front: Alyse, Jocelyn
Back: Tammy, Banks, Steve

Exchange Student in Japan. Tom is an honor student, plays on the tennis team, lifts weights, plays the saxophone, and does yard work. Karen excels in math and science, enjoys girls' volleyball and basketball, and plays the piano and flute. Becky is in the Discovery (gifted) program, enjoys arts and crafts, and plays the violin and piano. Andrea is also in Discovery, plays the piano, loves computer and video games, and likes sports. Jeff loves sports, reading and Legos.

VIII.e. PAUL HENNING JOHNSON

B. 21 May 1956-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 17 Jul 1992 to Andrea Parker, b. 6 Sep 1968-Provo, UT

Paul Henning Johnson, the fifth child of Max and Marie Johnson, was due to be born during potato planting season. Max was working in the field, and Paul's Aunt Julie (who was seven months pregnant herself) was called to attend to Marie as she began to have labor pains. Marie prepared to go to the hospital, but sensed that Paul was about to be born. Marie informed Julie that if she could drive them to the hospital in three minutes or less, Paul could be born in the hospital; otherwise, he would be born right there in the car. Aunt Julie met the "Autobahn challenge," and Paul was born in the hospital, within moments after his mother's hasty arrival.

Paul enjoyed a happy childhood, growing up on the family farm. He attended school in Idaho Falls (Whittier Elementary, Central Junior High and Skyline High School), graduating in 1974--showing more of an aptitude for school work and sports than he did for a farming career. After attending college at BYU for one year, he served a full-time mission in Tokyo, Japan, from July 1975 to July 1977. He then attended Ricks College for a semester before returning to BYU and graduating in April of 1982 on the "six-year plan" with a bachelor's degree in Finance and a minor in Japanese. He then attended and graduated from the University of Idaho School of Law with a law (J.D.) degree in 1985. He has enjoyed being a lawyer in both Idaho and Utah and is currently practicing law in Ogden, Utah.

In the "due time of the Lord" he met and married Andrea Parker in the Ogden LDS temple. She is the daughter of Lee Ross Parker and Lana Duncan Parker. She accompanied her parents to Lansing, Michigan, and San Luis Obispo, California, where she attended school and graduated from high school in 1986. She attended Weber State University for three years, majoring in elementary education. She met Paul at her WSU student ward. She has worked the past few years as, first, an optician, and then as an administrative assistant. Andrea opened her own business in August of 1994 and is currently self-employed as a home child care provider.

Paul and Andrea have not yet been blessed with any children, but do have a spoiled little dog, Jazmin, a miniature Schnauzer.

III.f. TAMARA JOY JOHNSON

B. 11 Feb 1958-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 21 Aug 1982 to Steven Craig Smith, b.19 Sep 1957-Long Beach, CA (Later div.)
Children: (1) Banks Bradley Smith, b. 9 Nov 1984-Anaheim, CA
(2) Alyse Smith, b. 4 Jun 1987-Long Beach, CA
(3) Jocelyn Smith, b. 14 Oct 1988-Long Beach, CA

Tamara Johnson Smith, the sixth child of Max and Marie Johnson, had a happy childhood on the farm playing with her brothers and sisters and many cousins who were always around. She graduated from Skyline High School in 1976 in the top ten of her class and received a scholarship to BYU that fall. During her first semester at BYU she contracted mononucleosis and had to withdraw from the university. While she recovered from her illness, she decided to go to Ricks College for a semester. She loved it so much that she stayed and completed her associates degree in 1978, graduating with high honors.

In the summer of 1978 she transferred to BYU and started majoring in Communications. She served an LDS church mission in Vienna, Austria, from February 1979 through September of 1980 - extending her mission one month. An added bonus to the extension was the opportunity to travel around Europe for three weeks with a family of a sister missionary who was released at the same time. In October of 1980, Tamara again entered BYU- this time for good - where she changed majors four times before settling into Health Education with a German minor. She graduated in April 1984 as valedictorian of her college.

During the summer of 1981, Tamara and a few former missionaries from her mission made a trip to southern California to welcome home a former zone leader from the mission. This zone leader spoke at a Stake Young Adult Fireside. A young man sitting on the back row turned to his friend and pointed to a young lady in the congregation, saying "I'm going to marry that girl." The young man's name was Steven Smith and the girl he said he was going to marry was Tamara. After the fireside, Steve made her acquaintance and told Tammy that he was starting Law School at BYU that fall. Back at BYU and after some delays, they finally made it out on a date and they went to a football game. They got engaged two months later and were married in the Idaho Falls temple by her family's former bishop and stake president, Lloyd Mickelson.

Steven Craig Smith is the son of Leon G. and Karen Hill Smith. He grew up in Seal Beach, California and graduated from high school in 1975. He served a mission in the Canada Montreal Mission (French speaking) where he served as an assistant to the President. He attended Cal Poly University, where he majored in architecture and minored in engineering; then attended BYU Law School where he graduated in the top 20% of his class. They moved to Los Alamitos, California, in the summer of 1984.

Steve has served in a number of positions in the church. He has his own law practice in Santa Ana, CA. Tammy has served as a Young Women's President, and as a teacher in Primary, Sunday School, and Relief Society.

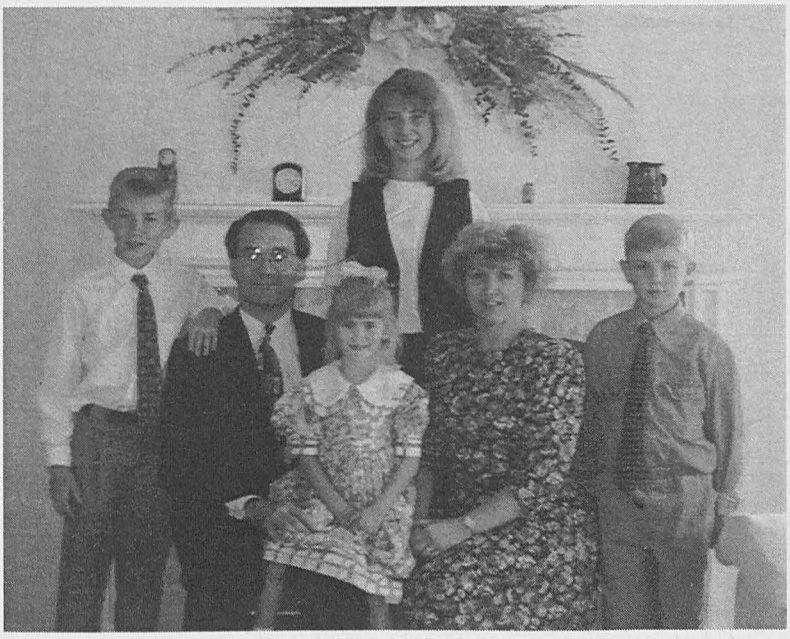
They were recently divorced. She is currently enrolled at California State University in Long Beach where she is pursuing a master's degree in Food Science and Nutrition.

VIII.g. TERESA SUE JOHNSON

B. 1 Jul 1960-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 1 May 1981 to Gerald Doug Johnson, b. 10 Apr 1958-Pocatello, ID
Children: (1) Natalie Hilvia Johnson, b.1 Feb 1982-Provo, UT
(2) Spencer Doug Johnson, b. 10 May 1984-Dallas, TX
(3) Russell Max Johnson, b. 3 Jul 1986-Salt Lake City, UT (SLC)
(4) Bailey Johnson, b. 2 Jun 1989-SLC

Teresa Sue Johnson, the seventh child of Max and Marie Johnson, attended Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Skyline High School in 1978. She then attended Ricks College. She married Doug Johnson in the Idaho Falls Temple, and they attended BYU where Doug (related only through marriage) graduated in accounting. They moved to Dallas, Texas, where Doug took a job with a large accounting firm and stayed there for a year. They then moved to Salt Lake City where Doug again worked for a large accounting firm. After a year there, Doug was offered a job as a controller with an individual who owned several restaurants. After a few years there he worked in to ownership interest in many of the restaurants.

Sue has been involved in many church callings, and volunteers at school. In her spare time, she likes to garden and work outside. Doug has had many leadership positions in the church and was recently called to serve on the stake high council. They have lived in Highland, Utah, since 1988 and enjoy the beauty of the mountains and the wonderful community there. They very much enjoy their four children, who are doing well in school and are involved in sports, music and other activities.



Doug & Sue Johnson Family
Front: Spencer, Doug, Bailey, Sue, Russell
Back: Natalie



The old family home, two miles north of Idaho Falls, that was in the family from 1932-1995. After Max passed away in 1987, Marie lived in the house alone for several years. After living there for fifty years, she sold it to a young family from Salt Lake City who want to completely restore it.



All of these family members lived in the old family home (above); some for just a few days, others for many years.
Front: Marie, Evelyn, Lucille, Julie
Back: Grant, Kurt, Sherwood--1996

SECTION IX

THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN OF MARGIT LOUISE JOHNSON & MELVIN REINHOLD BLOMQUIST

Family Tree Of:
Melvin & Margit Blomquist

Children:

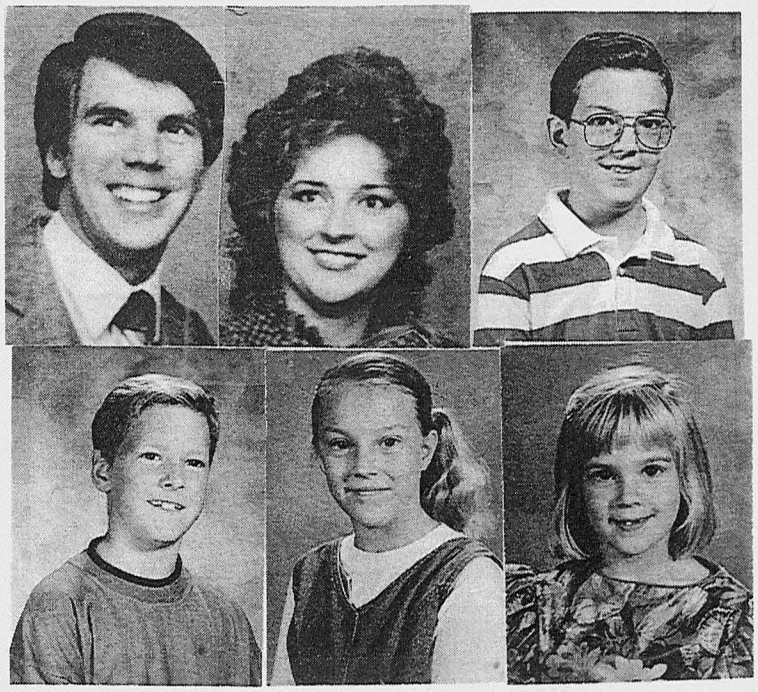
IX.a. Steven Melvin Blomquist {Wife - Lori Ellen Nilsen}
- **(1) Andrew Steven**
- **(2) Robert Edward**
- **(3) Elizabeth Hope**
- **(4) Olivia Grace**

IX.b. Dennis Lynn Blomquist {Wife - Lillian Utermohlen (div.)}

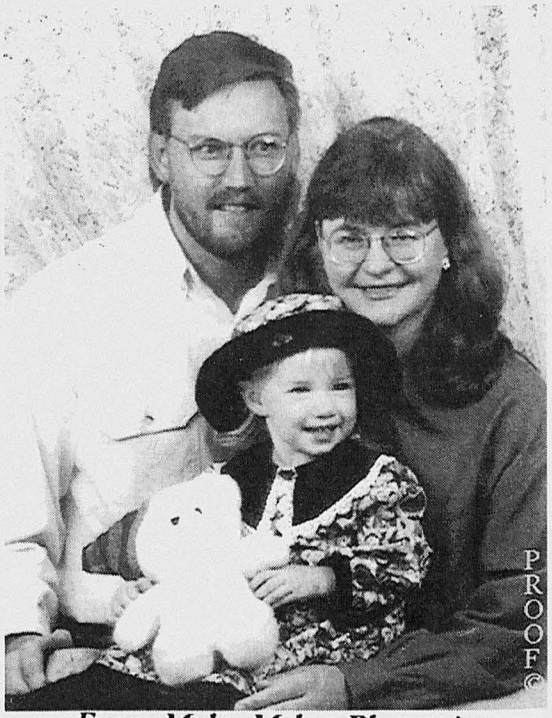
IX.c. Marlene Blomquist {Husband - Brent E. Peterson}
- **(1) Shannon Leigh**
- **(2) Michael Brent**
- **(3) Anna Kristina**
- **(4) Brenda Julene**
- **(5) Krystal Lynne**
- **(6) Jaimie Jennae**
- **(7) Meghan Cherie**
- **(8) Sara Michelle**

IX.d. Milan David Blomquist

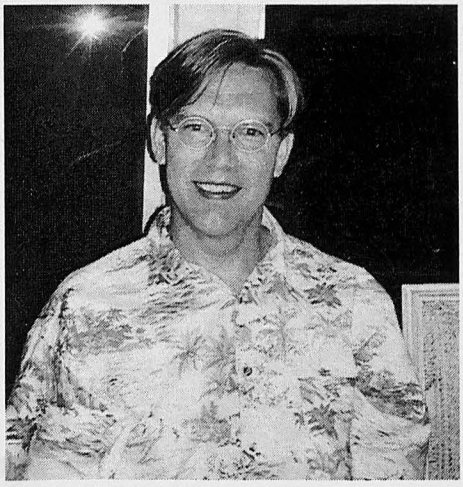
IX.e. Evan Lee Blomquist {Wife - Mala Anne Rau}
- **(1) Mylan Rachael**



Top: Steven & Lori Blomquist, Andrew
Btm: Robert, Elizabeth, Olivia



Evan, Mala, Mylan Blomquist



Dennis Blomquist



Marlene & Brent Peterson Family
Front: Meghan, Sara, Jaimie
Middle: Krystal, Marlene, Brent, Brenda
Back: Anna, Michael, Shannon

IX.a. STEVEN MELVIN BLOMQUIST

B. 19 May 1950-Salt Lake City, UT
Married: On 21 Jun 1980 to Lori Ellen Nilsen, b. 22 May 1952-Seattle, WA
Children: (1) Andrew Steven Blomquist, b. 6 Apr 1981-San Jose, CA
(2) Robert Edward Blomquist, b. 13 Sep 1983-San Jose, CA
(3) Elizabeth Hope Blomquist, b. 7 Apr 1986-San Jose, CA
(4) Olivia Grace Blomquist, b. 12 Jun 1989-San Jose, CA

Steven Blomquist, the first child of Melvin and Margit Blomquist, has always been actively involved in all sorts of activities because he found learning to be very exciting. His mother and Dad were two of a kind, loving their children very much and demonstrating that love in their day-to-day activities. He remembers his parents as hard-working, with his mother arising early each morning, getting each child dressed, fed with a hot breakfast and sent off to school. Dad worked long days and often nights during the tax season, but was never too busy to talk to his children.

About every year that Steven's grandparents were alive, the family spent at least a week on vacation in Utah and Idaho. Especially memorable were fishing trips up Mill Creek Canyon and Flaming Gorge (just north of Vernal). Family time was important and the opportunities they had together provided growth as a family unit.

At a young age he had a paper route, and got his first job at Skousen Tax Service as their printer, which lasted through his high school years. Scouting was an important part of his teen years, and he achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. He enjoyed hiking, camping, and snow skiing. Though somewhat shy during his high school years, the girls in the La Canada Ward helped him to socialize and go out on dates.

Graduating from La Canada High in June 1968, he realized the importance of an education, and so enrolled in electrical engineering at Brigham Young University. In June, 1969, he served a mission in the Andes Mission, Lima, Peru. Although the primary purpose of missionary work is to serve others, he found that he grew tremendously during those two years.

He graduated from BYU in 1976 with a degree in mechanical engineering and became a field engineer for Pacific Gas & Electric in San Jose, California. Later he worked at Moss Landing, San Francisco and with FMC in San Jose. He met Lori Nilsen in the San Jose 25th University Ward. She had some special traits and talents that impressed him. They became engaged on 1 April 1980 and were married in the Manti Temple in June of that year.

Lori is the daughter of Kenneth Robert and Lois Johnson Nilsen. Her grandparents were from Sweden, Norway, England and one grandmother of colonial American ancestry. Her parents moved frequently after she was born until, by the time she was 21, she had lived at more addresses than she was years old. They lived at several addresses in the state of Washington, and in California and a brief stay in Virginia. She received scholarships and attended college in Virginia, San Jose Community College, and graduated from BYU in 1975. Her field of study was clothing and textiles. She has kept her interest in this field and has specialized in historical costume. She had a number of jobs, but most enjoyable was sewing and making patterns at BYU in their Theater Dept. costume shop. She also worked at The Great America Theme Park in San Jose as

lead seamstress and pattern-maker.

Steven and Lori have held a number of jobs in the church. She is involved much in music and is currently choir director and Sacrament Meeting Chorister. Her hobbies are sewing , singing, reading, American history, following politics and gardening.

Wanting to venture out on their own, they bought a tuneup and lube franchise and moved to Poulsbo, Washington. After a year, they gained a fervent desire to sell this business and never want to see a franchise again. Steven's former employer, FMC, called to see if he would come back to work for them and so he did and it was a blessing to again have a steady paycheck. He is in San Jose most of the time, while the rest of the family is in Poulsbo. They hope to soon have all the problems worked out and be together again in the same place.

IX.b. DENNIS LYNN BLOMQUIST

B. 14 May 1952-Salt Lake City, UT

Married: On 12 Oct 1979 to Lillian Utermohlen, b. 14 Jun 1957-Bloemfontein, South Africa (Later divorced)

Dennis L. Blomquist, the second child of Melvin and Margit Blomquist, was three when his family moved to California, where he attended schools in the Glendale and La Canada school systems. He graduated from La Canada High in 1970.

During his teen years, he was active in scouting and earned his Eagle award. Following his graduation from high school, he attended BYU in Provo for a year. He received a call to fill a mission in the Florida Alabama Mission for two years. After his mission, he returned to BYU and graduated with a BA degree in Communications. He then attended a Special Radio Training School for announcers. After completing that course, he returned to do post-graduate work in the field of writing at BYU.

He had some minor roles in the BYU drama department where he met Lillian Utermohlen, an aspiring actress from South Africa. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple, but later divorced. Dennis stayed in Salt Lake City most of the time, working as a consultant in securities and investments. Lillian became an actress and has remarried.

Dennis says that he has always been a curious person full of questions as to what makes everything tick. He once believed that all answers could be found through the religion of his youth, but then found that he had many questions that were not being answered. He wants to be able to question authority and think for himself, but he does not want to be labelled a rebel or anarchist. He feels that laws, rules and mores do serve very useful purposes and is most grateful for them. He has made difficult decisions which are in disagreement with the religion in which he was raised, but feels that these decisions are the only ones he can live with in order to have a clear conscience.

He says that he loves life and whatever it may bring to him and teach him each day. He says his life is one of infinite possibilities and discovery. At the time of this writing (Nov 1995) Dennis is living in Ojai, California, doing some data entry work for a long-time friend who has a prestigious floral business. He also continues in his favorite work, with investments and the stock market.

IX.c MARLENE BLOMQUIST

B. 30 Jun 1955-Murray, UT
Married: On 17 Aug 1974 to Brent Edward Peterson, b. 28 Jun 1952-Redding, CA
Children: (1) Shannon Leigh Peterson, b. 31 Mar 1977-Salt Lake City, UT (SLC)
(2) Michael Brent Peterson, b. 9 Jul 1978-SLC
(3) Anna Kristina Peterson, b.18 Jun 1980-SLC
(4) Brenda Julene Peterson, b.14 Dec 1981-SLC
(5) Krystal Lynne Peterson, b. 25 Jun 1983-SLC
(6) Jaimie Jennae Peterson, b. 14 Jan 1985-SLC
(7) Meghan Cherie Peterson, b. 9 Aug 1986-SLC
(8) Sara Michelle Peterson, b. 27 Aug 1988-SLC

Marlene Blomquist Peterson, the third child of Melvin and Margit Blomquist, moved with her family to southern California when she was just six months old. She lived there until graduating from high school. She loved Disneyland, the beaches, and the beautiful Descanso Gardens that were across the street from her home in La Canada.

She graduated from high school in December of her senior year, giving her a head start at BYU. After that first semester, the whole family moved back to Salt Lake City. In November of that year, she heard of a tall, blonde, recently returned Swedish missionary who was looking for a bowling partner. Was it only coincidence that just the night before, she had gone bowling for only the third time in her life and had been high scorer in the group? With that newfound confidence, she volunteered. Meeting the bowler, Brent Peterson, was like finding a long-lost friend. In due time, they became engaged and somehow Marlene's bowling talents vanished.

After their marriage in the Manti Temple, they continued college studies at BYU. Four children and eight years later, Marlene earned her BS degree from BYU. Brent is just a few hours short of a four-year degree, which he hopes to complete someday. He did graduate from Mountain West Business College, learning computers. They now have one tall basketball enthusiast, Michael, and seven beautiful daughters (all the sisters Marlene wanted came just a generation later). Marlene is happy being a full-time mom. She enjoys playing the piano and listening to her children, all developing musicians.

Brent's parents are Richard Lyle Peterson and Marian Ethel Holbrook Peterson. He has four brothers and two sisters; a younger brother passed away a few years ago of cancer. He attended elementary schools in Redding, Napa and Eureka, California, and graduated from Enterprise High School in Redding. After high school, he went to BYU and met Marlene as related. His mission to Sweden was from 1971-73.

Both Brent and Marlene have been active in the LDS church. Brent has served in many positions, including Young Men's President, Elders' Quorum President, High Priest Group Leader, High Councilman, and teacher in organizations. Marlene has served in all church organizations as president, counselor, and teacher. She has had talents in writing and music. As this is submitted (Nov. 1995) they have been in Littleton, Colorado, for about three years, working on a business of their own. Their oldest daughter, Shannon, is now attending BYU.

IX.d. MILAN DAVID BLOMQUIST

B. 26 Jan 1958-Glendale, CA; d. 28 Jan 1958-Glendale, CA

Milan D. Blomquist, the fourth child of Melvin and Margit Blomquist, lived only two days and is buried in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery in SLC, Utah.

IX.e. EVAN LEE BLOMQUIST

B. 8 Mar 1962-Glendale, CA
Married: On 22 Apr 1990 to Mala Anne Rau, b.15 Jul 1965-Mesa, AZ
Children: Mylan Rachael Blomquist, b. 29 Nov 1993-Phoenix, AZ

Evan L. Blomquist, the fifth child of Melvin and Margit Blomquist, says that his life consisted of grade school and the acquisition of toys until his family moved back to SLC, Utah, in 1973. He attended Granite Park Junior High and graduated from Granite High School in 1980. After moving back to Utah, his parents were given callings in the Swedish Branch and he felt immediately welcome there. He spent a lot of time in scouting and made the rank of Eagle.

After high school graduation, he attended the University of Utah, marking time until he was old enough to go on a mission. From 1981 to 1983 he served in the Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission.

In 1983 he attended a trade school to learn computer programming and later continued his studies at Dixie College in St. George, Utah, where he earned an A.S. in 1985. He earned a degree in the Recreation and Leisure Department at the U of U in 1988 because it was the closest degree to what he loved to do most, bicycling. After graduating, he was offered a Field Service Representative position with Paychex, Inc., where he had been a night computer operator. The job required traveling around the country most of the time. He first met Mala Rau at a company meeting in Rochester, New York. A year later, he moved to Phoenix where Mala worked in the Paychex office. They realized they had a mutual attraction for each other and in due time were married in Mesa, Arizona. As company policy allowed no nepotism, Evan left Paychex and went to work for Computerland.

Mala Anne Rau's parents are Malcolm and Margaret Rau. Mala spent seven years working on a degree in Architecture and Graphic Arts before being preempted by a job and money. Together they started Ambiance Atelier in 1991, a company dedicated to creating unique glass art work. The company is still a part-time venture but which seemingly requires full-time attention. Soon after marriage they bought a home in the Deer Valley area of Phoenix and still live there . They spend their spare time fixing up the house or working in their stained glass business. He enjoys climbing, skiing and backpacking. Mala quit work at Paychex, Inc., when Mylan, the light of their lives, was born. Evan is now employed at Oryx Press as a programmer/analyst.

SECTION X

THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN OF ORVAL SHERWOOD JOHNSON & JULIA LEE MCLAUGHLIN

Family Tree Of:
Sherwood & Julia Johnson

Children:

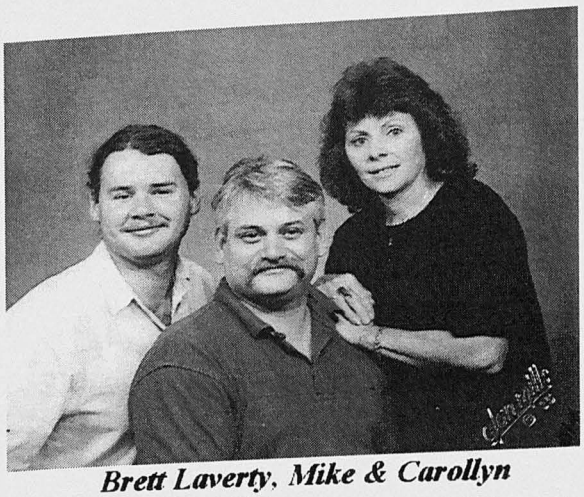
X.a. Carollyn Renee Johnson {Husband - Michael Hubicz}
- (1) Brett Laverty

X.b. Maureen Johnson {Husband - David L. Daw}
- (1) Morgan David {Wife - Melina Hix}
- (2) Quinn C.
- (3) Courtney Lynn
- (4) Trevor J.
- (5) Alexis Jade

X.c. Lorraine Johnson {Husband - Kenneth V. Crossley}
- (1) Carren Ann
- (2) Scott A.
- (3) Kendall T.
- (4) Dallin J.
- (5) Jana Lynn

X.d. Mark Sherwood Johnson {Wife - Becky Arlene Turner}
- (1) Lindsay Arlene
- (2) Erin Lee
- (3) Ryan Mark
- (4) Katelyn Pamela

X.e. Dale Sherwood Johnson {Wife - Trinett Sibbitt}
- (1) Derick D.



Brett Laverty, Mike & Carollyn Hubicz



David & Maureen Daw Family
Front: Maureen, David, Alexis, Courtney
Back: Trevor, Morgan, Quinn



Mark & Becky Johnson Family
Front: Erin, Katelyn, Becky, Ryan
Back: Lindsay, Mark



Ken & Lorraine Crossley Family
L. to R.: Dallin, Kendall, Scott, Carren, Lorraine, Janna, Ken

X.a. CAROLLYN RENEE JOHNSON

B. 19 Feb 1948-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: To Brian Dennis Laverty, b. 8 Jan 1942-Sharon, PA (Later div.)
Children: Brett Laverty, b. 3 Jan 1968-Cranston, RI
Married: On 11 Jul 1975 to Michael Hubicz, b. 5 Mar 1951-Sharon, PA

Carollyn Johnson Hubicz, the first child of Sherwood and Julie Johnson, was rosy-cheeked and healthy in appearance, but yet was often ill. Doctors found she had a serious heart-related problem, and when she was four, they operated on her in Denver, Colorado. It was a new and difficult surgery, but she appeared to recover rapidly. She lived with the family on the farm, where she liked to name the farm animals with very unique names. Their first dog was "Souzer" and their first cat was "Margabush." The names stuck.

When Carollyn was 11, her family felt they could do better working at something else and so moved into Idaho Falls where her dad got into construction work. They moved to Wadsworth Drive, which is still the family home. Carollyn went to local schools and graduated from Idaho Falls High School. Being gifted artistically and enjoying sports, she was on the high school paper and the track team. After graduating from high school, she had differences with her family and so went out on her own. She and a girlfriend moved to Providence, Rhode Island. The girlfriend returned to Idaho Falls, but Carollyn stayed in Providence.

She met and married Brian Laverty, who was stationed in the Navy there. Their son, and Carollyn's only child, Brett, was born there. They moved to Sharon, Pennsylvania, Brian's hometown, in 1968, and purchased a small, older home there. Carollyn loves to do things with her hands (drywall, painting, wiring, plumbing, interior decorating, etc.) and so made this into a lovely home. She and Brian later divorced.

At work, she met Michael Hubicz, and they were married in 1976. Later, they purchased a lovely home in suburban Orangeville, Ohio. Carollyn promptly began re-doing this house, in which they have lived a few years now. She has been active in sports (until her knees gave out), especially in racquetball, at which she excelled so much that she "wiped out" men and boys much younger than herself. She always has a project, that must be done to perfection, and that project starts right now!

Brett served a mission in Utah. When he was released, Carollyn came out to meet him and they went through the temple in Idaho Falls with the family to get her endowments. Mike is Catholic, but has helped and supported Brett and Carollyn in their church callings.

X.b. MAUREEN JOHNSON

B. 16 Sep 1950-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 18 Dec 1970 to David Lynn Daw, b. 30 Nov 1946-IFI
Children: (1) Morgan David Daw, b. 19 Jan 1974-IFI
Married: On 27 Jul 1996 to Melina Hix, b.13 May 1975-IFI
(2) Quinn Christopher Daw, b.17 Jan 1976-IFI
(3) Courtney Lynn Daw, b. 29 Nov 1979-IFI

(4) Trevor James Daw, b. 29 Nov 1979-IFI
(5) Alexis Jade Daw, b. 4 Jul 1988, IFI

Maureen Johnson Daw, the second child of Sherwood and Julie Johnson, lived on a farm until she was eight years old and then the family moved to town. She went to Idaho Falls schools, graduated from Skyline High School and then went to Ricks College for two years. Along the way, she met and dated David Daw and they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple in 1970.

David grew up on a farm in Osgood, which is a farming community a few miles northwest of Idaho Falls. David went to Osgood Elementary and then attended Idaho Falls schools, where he graduated from high school. He went to Ricks College two years and then went to business school at Idaho State University from which he graduated in 1973. He served on a mission to the Central American Mission returning home in 1968.

After David graduated, he started farming with his dad and three brothers in Osgood. He and Maureen lived in a fine home in Idaho Falls. After his father passed away, they moved to the farm where they still reside. They farm about 2000 acres of wheat and barley, and about 1500 acres of good Idaho potatoes. Although the farm life is rather stressful, and some years better than others, they generally agree that it is is a good way of life.

David's health is sometimes a concern, but beside his farming operations, he is busy with his position as Canal Board President. He is active in his church, having a number of callings over the years, most recently as gospel doctrine teacher. Maureen is busy as a homemaker, works a lot in the yard and garden, exercises a lot and teaches exercise classes. She has held a number of jobs in her church, most recently as Relief Society President.

Morgan has lived in Boise for about 1-½ years; is working and doing well, making those big decisions of life. One of those decisions was to marry his longtime girlfriend, Melina Hix, this summer in Idaho Falls. They now live in Idaho Falls where Morgan is working for an electrician. Quinn graduated from high school in 1995 and has farmed with his dad for a year. He is now working in Boise and deciding where to continue his education. Courtney, Trevor and Alexis are involved in sports, music and other activities and are doing well academically in school.

X.c. LORRAINE JOHNSON

B. 12 Feb 1953-Idaho Falls, ID
Married: On 23 Apr 1976 to Kenneth Vern Crossley, b. 15 Dec 1953-Grand Junction, CO
Children: (1) Carren Ann Crossley, b. 26 Apr 1977-Provo, UT
(2) Scott Allen Crossley, b. 22 Oct 1978-Provo, UT
(3) Kendall Taylor Crossley, b. 1 Nov 1981-Provo, UT
(4) Dallin John Crossley, b. 31 Jul 1985-Phoenix, AZ
(5) Janna Lynn Crossley, b. 11 Sep 1988-Phoenix, AZ

Lorraine Johnson Crossley, the third child of Sherwood and Julie Johnson, went to Idaho Falls schools and after graduating from high school, also graduated from Ricks College and attended BYU. She served a mission in the Germany Frankfurt Mission

(1974-1976). She married Kenneth Crossley in the Idaho Falls Temple. They lived the next nine years in the Provo, Utah, area while Ken finished his education and was then employed at BYU. Three of their children were born during this time.

Ken's profession as a Performing Arts Administrator took them all over the country for the next 11 years. They first went to the Washington, D.C., area for a fellowship, and then to Glendale/Phoenix, Arizona, to work for Arizona State University. Their last two children were born there. During this time, they specialized in bringing over Russian and Chinese entertainment.

They also lived in San Diego, which was a beautiful city, but they felt that it was not a good place to raise five children, so they tried the Midwest. They lived in Decatur, Illinois, for five years and loved Millikin University. Then BYU called and offered Ken the position as the director of a new department. Though their different homes have given them opportunities to travel and meet people, they are glad to be back home in Utah. Wherever they have lived, they have held a number of callings in the church, but love genealogy the best.

X.d. **MARK SHERWOOD JOHNSON**

B. 19 July 1956-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: On 24 Jun 1978 to Becky Arlene Turner, b.17 Nov 1958-Preston, ID
Children: (1) Lindsay Arlene Johnson, b. 2 Oct 1980-IFI
(2) Erin Lee Johnson, b. 7 Mar 1983-IFI
(3) Ryan Mark Johnson, b. 6 May 1989-IFI
(4) Katelyn Pamela Johnson, b. 15 Sep 1995-IFI

Mark Johnson, the fourth child of Sherwood and Julie Johnson, attended Idaho Falls schools and graduated from Skyline High School. Mark met Becky Turner while on a mission to Florida. After his mission, they both went to Ricks College after that, where they dated and became engaged. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple in 1978, and they have lived in Idaho Falls since their marriage.

Becky was born in Preston, Idaho. Her father died of cancer when she was two, so her mother took her family and moved back to Florida where she was born. Becky has three living brothers and one sister. Her brother, David, was killed while in France on a mission. Her stepfather is now the President of the Atlanta Georgia Temple and her mother is the temple matron.

Becky has been working as a teacher's aide, and enjoys working with the students. She has served in presidencies of Young Women, Relief Society and Primary. She is an accomplished seamstress, and is always sewing something in her free time (which she claims was back in 1978). Mark says he has "that nasty Johnson habit of playing in the dirt," operating heavy equipment for H-K Construction, based in Idaho Falls. He has smoothed the path of life for all of us by operating a road grader for many of the 18 years he has worked for H-K Contractors. He has been a part of most local commercial projects and about 90% of the subdivisions built in the last 10 years in Idaho Falls. He has served in Elder's Quorum and Sunday School presidencies, and in the bishopric, as second counselor, and currently, as assistant ward clerk.

Lindsay, a freshman at Eagle Rock Jr. High, has been a member of the gymnastic and track teams, jazz choir, honor society,

and seminary. Erin has had a straight-A average at Bush Elementary, and has been involved in the school's Conflict Management Program, Bush Bronco singers, intramural sports, and piano lessons. Mark has a feeling if anyone ever wanted to know what Grandpa Sherwood was like as a six-year-old, all they have to do is watch Ryan for awhile. Katelyn is now fifteen months old and is very active and friendly and likes to be held and have people read to her.

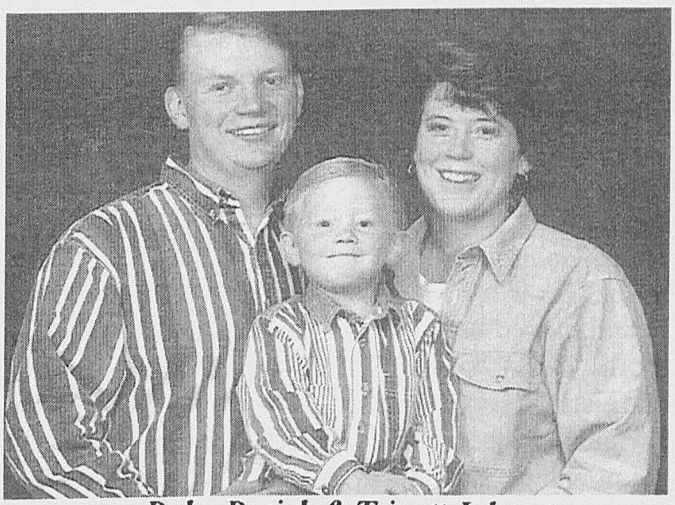
X.e. DALE SHERWOOD JOHNSON

B. 7 Nov 1965-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)
Married: In Nov 1990 to Trinett Sibbitt, b. 4 Jan 1968-IFI
Children: Derick Dale Johnson, b. 24 Jan 1992-IFI

Dale S. Johnson, the fifth child of Sherwood and Julie Johnson, was the only one of the children not born on the farm. He attended Idaho Falls schools, and graduated from Skyline High School.. He served on a mission in the Los Angeles, California, area.

He met Trinett Sibbitt through friends who thought they were just "made for each other." They were married in the Idaho Falls temple. Trinett has three brothers and one (adopted) older sister. She is very active in baseball and has won awards in this sport. She is accomplished at screen graphics and works for a company called "Screen Graphics."

Dale began working with Trinett's brother, Kim, to become a plumber. He successfully completed his apprenticeship and became a journeyman plumber. Dale and Trinett planned and saved money from the start of their marriage to build a home. They are now living in this home, Dale having done much of the work himself.



Dale, Derick & Trinett Johnson

SECTION XI

THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN OF GRANT IVINS JOHNSON & EVELYN ESTELLA SHAW

Family Tree Of:
Grant & Evelyn Johnson

Children:

XI.a. Angela Rae Johnson {Husband - Michael J. Roach}
- **(1) Stephen Carlyle**
- **(2) Joseph Grant**
- **(3) Russell Johnson**
- **(4) Curtis Andrew**
- **(5) Spencer Christian**
- **[6] Megan**
- **[7] Lindsey**

XI.b. Kathryn Estella Johnson

XI.c. Gary Grant Johnson

XI.d. Kenneth S. Johnson {Wife - Deanne Orton}
- **(1) Lindsey Paige**

XI.e. Ronald Cecil Johnson {Wife - Cora Schwinne}
- **(1) Cameron Ronald**
- **(2) Ashley Marie**

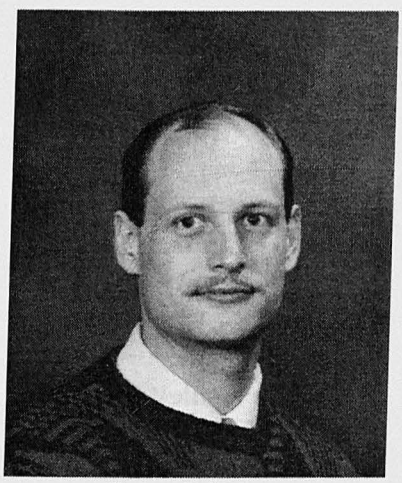
XI.f. Janette Evelyn Johnson {Husband - Jason Halter}



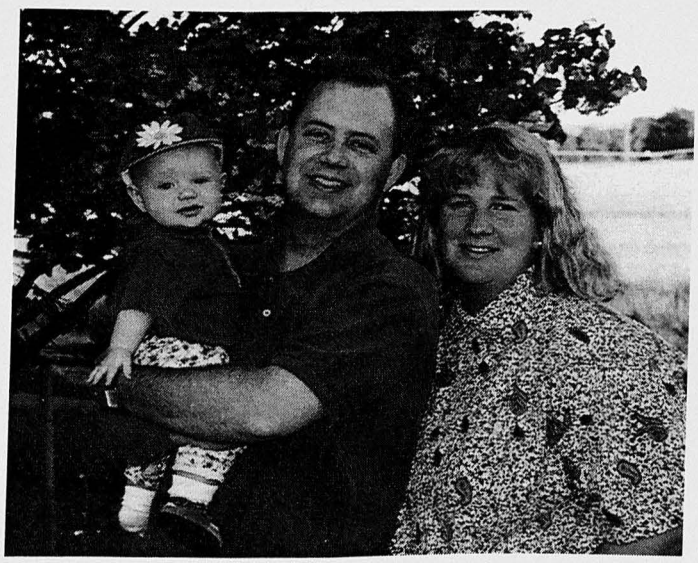
Mike & Angela Roach Family - 1996
Front: Joseph, Angela, Lindsey, Spencer
Back: Stephen, Mike, Russell, Curtis, Megan



Kathy Johnson



Gary Johnson



Left: Ken & Deanne Johnson & Daughter Lindsey

XI.a. ANGELA RAE JOHNSON

B. 11 Nov 1957-Idaho Falls, ID (IFI)

Married: On 16 Jun 1978 to Steven Carlyle Thomas, b. 21 Jun 1955-Clarksville, TN (Later div.)

Children: (1) Stephen Carlyle Thomas, b. 22 Aug 1979-Memphis, TN

(2) Joseph Grant Thomas, b. 11 May 1981-Memphis, TN

(3) Russell Johnson Thomas, b. 13 Jul 1982-Memphis, TN

(4) Curtis Andrew Thomas, b. 27 Dec 1985-Memphis, TN

(5) Spencer Christian Thomas, b. 28 Dec 1988-Memphis, TN

Married: On 10 Oct 1996 to Michael James Roach, b. 30 Sep 1952-Silver Springs, MD

[1] Megan Roach, b. 4 Apr 1984-IFI

[2] Lindsey Roach, b. 25 Aug 1986-IFI

Angela Johnson Roach, the first child of Grant and Evelyn Johnson, was born on Veterans Day, 1957, in the Idaho Falls LDS hospital. Aunts Lucille, Marie and Julie (all RNs) helped with the delivery. When she was a one-year old, her family moved to the farming community of Bothwell, near Tremonton, Utah, when her dad got a job at Thiokol Chemical Corporation. A sister and two brothers were born while they lived here. She had about half of first grade at Thatcher Elementary School nearby, when the family moved back to Idaho Falls in February of 1965.

Though there was serious sickness in the family the first year back from Utah, she remembers having a fun childhood and lots of happy memories. She attended Osgood Elementary, Central Jr. High, and graduated from Skyline High in 1976. There was swimming and floating in the canal in summer and ice skating in the winter. (She could not sit up straight in church for weeks because of a cracked tail bone.)

She went to Ricks College for two years, with best friend Susan Harker and cousin Tammy as roommates, graduating from there in 1978 with an Arts & Science Degree. At Ricks, she met a southern boy from Memphis, Tennessee, by the name of Steve Thomas. Soon after her graduation, they were married in the Idaho Falls temple. They moved to Memphis where their their first son, Stephen, was born in 1979.

For a period of time, they moved to Eldorado, Arkansas, to seek new opportunities, but then moved back to Memphis so Steve could finish a degree in Civil Engineering. Over the next few years, four more sons were born to them. During those years, Angela was the ward organist, and a very talented artist. She also had several in-home jobs and always had a day-care center going. In 1988, she trained to be a Certified Nursing Assistant. In the spring of 1992 she moved back to Idaho Falls, and the following year she and Steve were divorced. She worked as a Respiratory Technician for two years, but is now licensed with the Health & Welfare Department as a Home Care Provider for handicapped people.

Angela married Mike Roach in October, 1996. His parents are William and Kathryn Roach, now of Las Vegas, Nevada. He has three brothers and four sisters. He lived in Maryland until the fourth grade and attended Catholic schools there. His family then moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Though Mike loved football, he got all his medals in wrestling. In ninth grade, he placed first in his weight division in Western Pennsylvania. Soon after that, his father was transferred to Westinghouse at the Idaho Nat'l Engineering Laboratory (INEL) based

in Idaho Falls. Mike first attended Skyline High School, but later graduated from Idaho Falls High School. Continuing wrestling, he placed second in state both in his Junior and Senior years in his weight division.

After high school, Mike worked in construction and farming, until 1989. He then went to work for Westinghouse at the INEL in the crafts department.

Mike enjoys home improvement projects, and can't rest until they are done. He built a large cabin near Henry's Lake in Island Park. He recently sold it but plans to build another home and cabin soon. He and Angie enjoy snowmobiling, and visiting his parents in Las Vegas. But their children are their greatest joy.

Mike has two pretty daughters, Megan and Lindsey, from a previous marriage. With their large family and the two handicapped clients they care for, it keeps them all busy.

XI.b. KATHRYN ESTELLA JOHNSON

B. 24 Nov 1959-Roosevelt, UT

Kathy Johnson, the second child of Grant and Evelyn Johnson, came into this world feet first at the LDS Hospital in Roosevelt, Utah. Her Grandma Shaw, working as a nurse at the hospital, assisted in her birth. She grew up in Osgood, near Idaho Falls, and her childhood is filled with memories of huge neighborhood baseball games; kick-the-can played in the black of night; kids from miles around lined up for a ride down the pulley cable; nights sitting in the middle of the road munching on graham crackers with her best friend, Teresa Snarr, while they dreamed of the great things they would do and become.

She graduated from Skyline High School in 1978 and spent two years at Ricks College. She then lived in Logan, Utah, for four years working on a project to convert sugar beets to fuel; attended beauty college and became a licensed beautician; and then received a degree in Horticulture from Utah State. In 1984, with degree in hand, she and a friend went job-hunting, first to Seattle and then down the coast (to get out of the rain) to sunny Camarillo, California.

She worked at various jobs, like selling videos, cutting up grain-fed organic chickens at a health food store, ran her own landscaping business and worked for a garden nursery shop. After 2-1/2 years of this, she realized that "you can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the girl." She packed her possessions in her little red pickup (that had only been stolen once), and returned to Idaho Falls.

She worked at ShopKo for the next seven years; three of these years were managing their garden shop. She then enrolled at Idaho State University, graduating with a degree in Social Work, and became a licensed social worker. She now works for Help, Inc., a child abuse prevention agency, as the Healthy Families/Parent Aide Program coordinator.

XI.c. GARY GRANT JOHNSON

B. 15 May 1961-Logan, UT

Gary Johnson, the third child and first son of Grant and Evelyn Johnson, was born in the Logan Hospital when the family lived at Tremonton, Utah. He was a robust, strong

baby and an exciting addition to their family.

The family moved back to Idaho Falls when he was three years old. He attended Osgood Elementary School, Clair E. Gale and Eagle Rock Jr. Highs, and graduated from Skyline High School. He was the first of his brothers to play the piano for ward Priesthood meetings with his dad leading the music.

After high school, he went to Ricks College and graduated with a general education degree. Later, after working for awhile, he returned to Ricks to study graphic arts, but decided he didn't like being "creative on demand." Art is now a hobby as well as reading, bicycling, hiking, and being a "tooltime" type guy.

He has worked a variety of jobs starting in high school and in between stints at college. Among these jobs was one building fences in northern Montana for relatives, and many positions at a Marie Callenders Restaurant, including assistant manager. For the last few years, he has worked as a night auditor at Idaho Falls and Phoenix motels. He moved to Phoenix in October 1993 to "thaw out" and is presently working at the Embassy Suites Hotel there.

XI.d. KENNETH S. JOHNSON

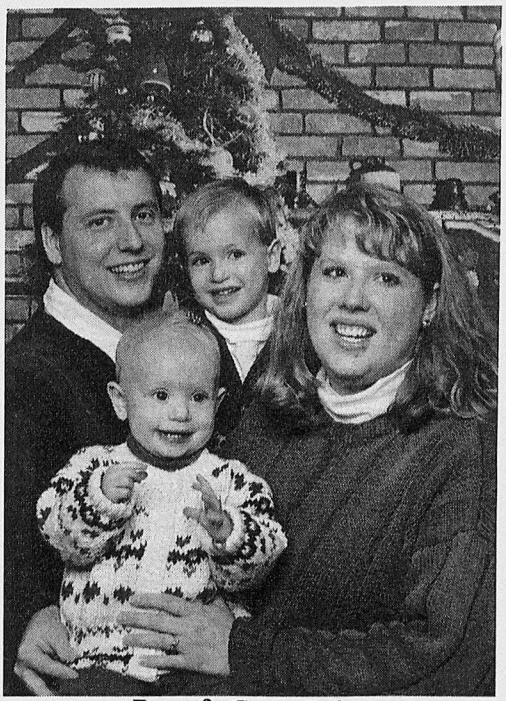
B. 1 Jun 1963-Logan, UT
Married: On 18 Jun 1988 to Deanne Orton, b. 5 Aug 1964-Bethesda, MD
Children: Lindsey Paige Johnson, b. 5 Jan 1995-Great Falls, VA

Kenneth "Ken" Johnson, the fourth child of Grant and Evelyn Johnson, moved from Tremonton, Utah, to Idaho Falls with his family when he was a one-year-old. He started in scouting at an early age and achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. He has played the piano for Priesthood meetings, and also played trumpet in the pep band in high school. In high school, he gained an interest in running a business when he belonged to Junior Achievement. After graduating from Skyline High School, he enrolled in the business program at Ricks College in the fall of 1981. During the school year, he decided to pursue an accounting degree and later completed degrees from Ricks College and earned B.S. and Master of Accountancy degrees at BYU. Beginning in July, 1982, he served an 18-month LDS mission to the Portugal Lisbon Mission.

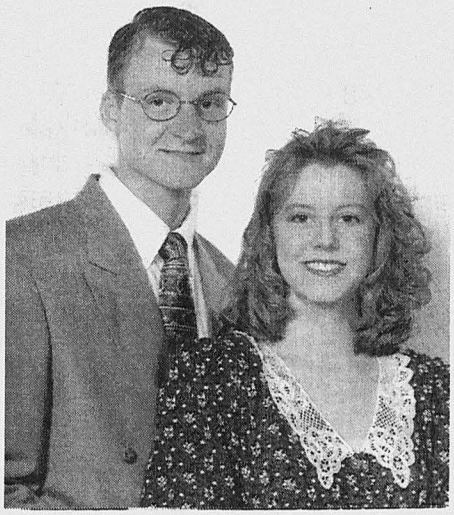
Ken met Deanne Orton at BYU. When Deanne left for a visit to Maryland in the fall of 1987, he realized, in her absence, that she had become more than just a friend. Upon her return, the relationship grew more serious and resulted in a beautiful wedding in the Washington, D.C. Temple. Deanne was born to Fred and Beverley Orton and spent most of her growing-up years in the Washington, D.C., area. Her father worked for the IRS and so her family also lived for periods of time in Denver and Dallas when he was transferred there. She graduated in 1982 from Seneca Valley High School in Germantown, Maryland, where her family lived until her father's retirement. Her family got together often with her grandparents and other relatives who lived nearby, and they spent vacations on Atlantic beaches every summer.

In the fall of 1982, she headed west to Utah where she enrolled at BYU and graduated with a degree in education.

After their marriage, Ken and Deanne moved to West Jordan, Utah, where Deanne taught fourth grade at Welby Elementary and Ken hired on with Blaylock & Co., an



Ron & Cora Johnson
with Cameron & Ashley



Jason & Janette Halter



Grant & Evelyn Johnson Family - Christmas 1996
Front: Joseph, Spencer, Lindsey, Russell, Curtis, Stephen
Middle: Kathy, Cora & Ashley, Evelyn, Cameron, Grant, Deanne & Lindsey, Megan
Back: Jason, Janette, Ronald, Gary, Mike, Angela, Kenneth

accounting firm in Orem, Utah. After three years in West Jordan, they moved in July of 1990 to the Washington, D.C., area to seek opportunities there. Ken got a job with Ernst & Young, one of the "Big 8", and joined the tax department of their Entrepreneurial Services Division. He passed the exams and became a CPA while working there. Deanne found a position teaching elementary computer classes at the Islamic Saudi Academy. They first lived in Annandale, Virginia, and then bought their first home west of Washington, DC, in Great Falls, Virginia.

After three years at Ernst & Young, Ken became comptroller at Federal Software, a software development company. When Federal Software was purchased by a larger company in 1995, he went to work for a company called CyberCash, a provider of secure payment transactions on the Internet. Deanne worked with gifted student programs and taught English in the Fairfax county public schools. In January, 1995, they were blessed with the birth of their daughter, Lindsey Paige.

They held a variety of jobs in the LDS wards they have lived in. Ken is now ward finance clerk and Deanne is over the nursery. Their favorite vacations are still at the beach, where they sometimes meet with family and friends.

XI.e. RONALD CECIL JOHNSON

B. 9 Mar 1970-Idaho Falls, ID

Married: On 11 Jul 1992 to Cora Alice Schwinne, b. 28 Nov 1973-Mt. Clemens, MI

Children: (1) Cameron Ronald Johnson, b. 16 Dec 1993- Pocatello, ID

(2) Ashley Marie Johnson, b. 20 Sep 1995-Fort Oglethorpe, GA

Ronald C. Johnson, the fifth child of Grant and Evelyn Johnson, went to school at Osgood Elementary , Eagle Rock Jr. High and graduated from Skyline High in 1988. He earned an Eagle Scout award at age fourteen. He and his five brothers and sisters enjoy playing the piano, and he credits his mother for this, as she saw that they all took lessons and encouraged them to practice while growing up. He played the piano for Priesthood meetings in his ward.

Ron started working at the age of twelve, mowing lawns, moving irrigation pipe, and bagging groceries at Albertson's when he was in high school.

After high school, he attended Ricks College for two semesters, then was called to serve an LDS mission in the Tennessee Nashville Mission, returning in 1991. Returning to Ricks, he majored in Biology and dated his future wife, Cora Schwinne. They were married in the Atlanta, Georgia, Temple in July of 1992. Cora's parents are Gary and Sandra Fletcher Schwinne, presently living in Ringgold, Georgia.

While she was growing up, Cora's family lived in Michigan, Colorado, and Tennessee before settling in Georgia when she was 10. She went to Lakeview Jr. High and High School there. She was a talented tennis player and was on the varsity tennis team in high school; also played softball.

Ron graduated from Ricks and enrolled at Idaho State University in Pocatello. Cora became trained as a Certified Nursing Assistant and worked in a daycare center and at BARC, a home for the developmentally disabled. Ron worked part-time jobs and in the summers worked full time for the Idaho Division of Environmental Quality. He also became a Research Assistant for a professor at the university. Their first child, Cameron,

was born while they were living there.

Ron graduated from ISU in May of 1995, with a B.S. in Biology and a minor in Ecology. After graduation, they moved to Ringgold, Georgia, near Cora's family. Ron works at Woodbridge Foam Fabrication, Inc., as a lab technician. They had a new addition to their family since moving there, a beautiful little girl named Ashley Marie.

XI.f. JANETTE EVELYN JOHNSON

B. 9 Nov 1971-Idaho Falls, ID

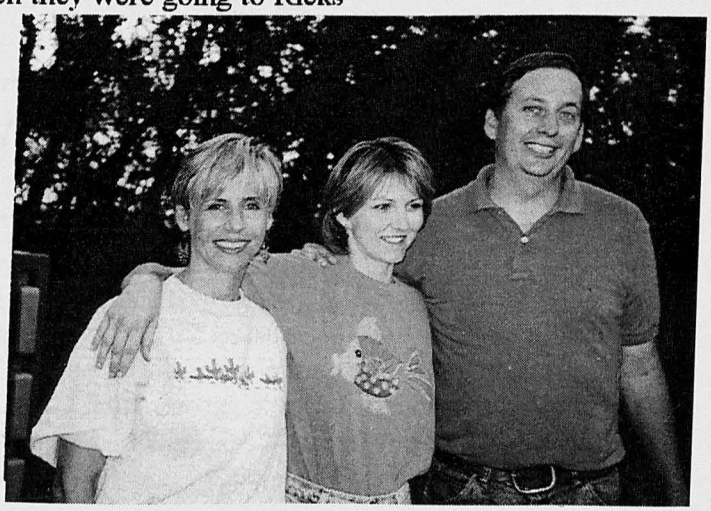
Married: On 28 Jul 1995 to Jason Lee Halter, b. 11 May 1973-Idaho Falls, ID

Janette Johnson Halter, the sixth and youngest child of Grant and Evelyn Johnson, attended Idaho Falls schools; Osgood Elementary, Eagle Rock Jr. High, and graduated from Skyline High in 1990. She attended Ricks College, graduating in the spring of 1992. She lived with her brother, Ken & Deanne, in Washington, D.C., for a summer, working as a nanny. In February, 1993, she received a mission call to the Nebraska Omaha mission. After her mission, she worked at various jobs and also attended school, when time permitted, to get a degree in Art. She enjoys singing, doll collecting, arts and crafts and children.

She met her husband, Jason Lee Halter, in Logan, Utah after she sang in a church meeting and he wanted to meet this lovely girl with such a beautiful voice. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple, July 28, 1995. When they were going to Ricks College, they probably passed each other a number of times on campus, but never met. I guess the time was not right.

They now live in Logan. Jason was born to Geoffrey and Linda Halter while they lived in Idaho Falls. When he was eight, his family moved to Fulton, Missouri. They moved back to Idaho Falls when he was fourteen. He graduated from Bonneville High School in 1991, then attended Ricks College. The summer after Jason went to Ricks, there was a tragedy in his family, when his father was killed in an accident.

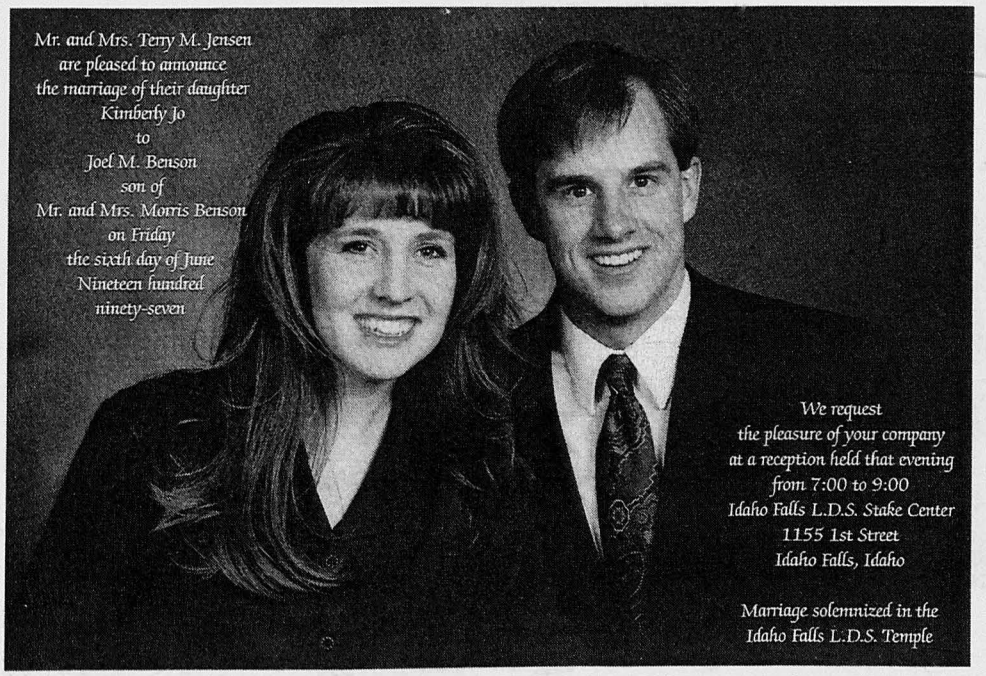
He served an LDS mission to Rome, Italy, and returned in August, 1994. After returning, he moved to Logan to attend Utah State, where he is currently enrolled in the Flight Technology program. His interests and hobbies are in aviation, business, basketball, chess, golf and in driving fast vehicles.

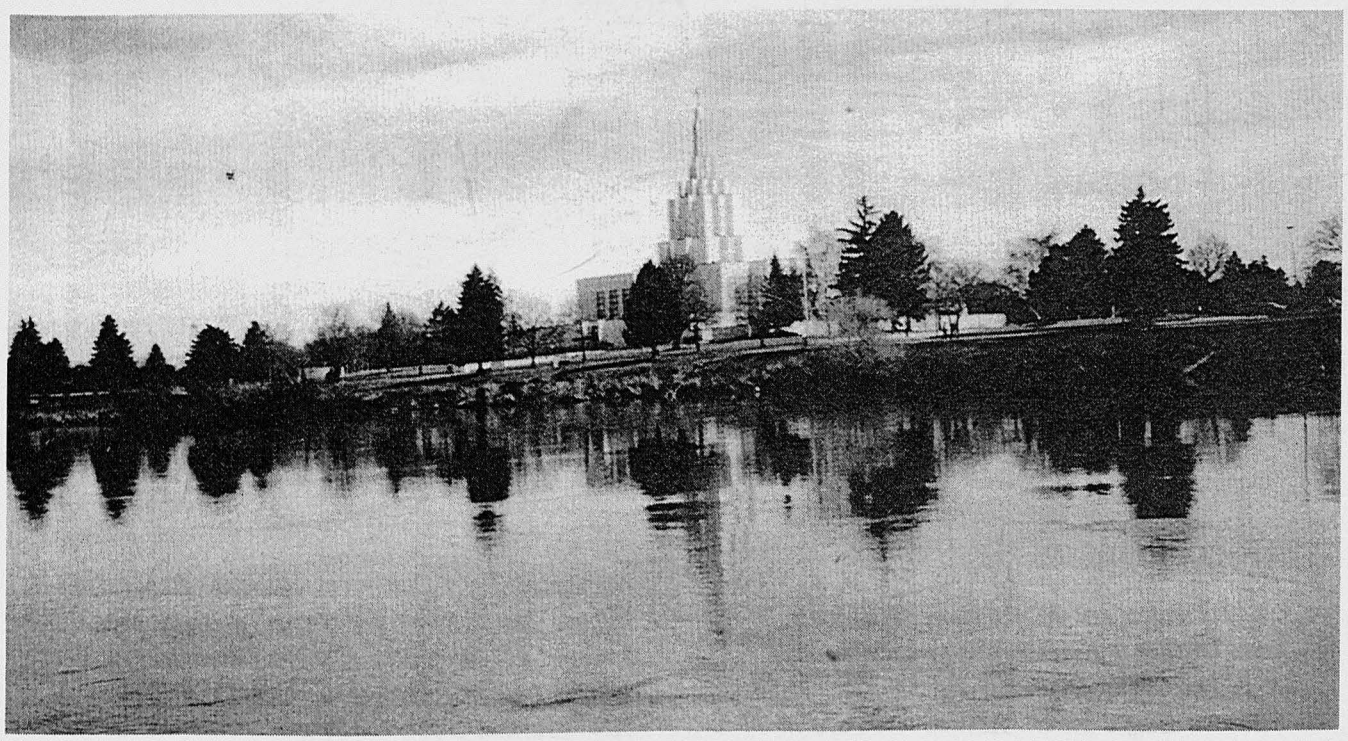


- Cousins -
Angela, Tamara, David
1996

SECTION XII

LATEST FAMILY NEWS

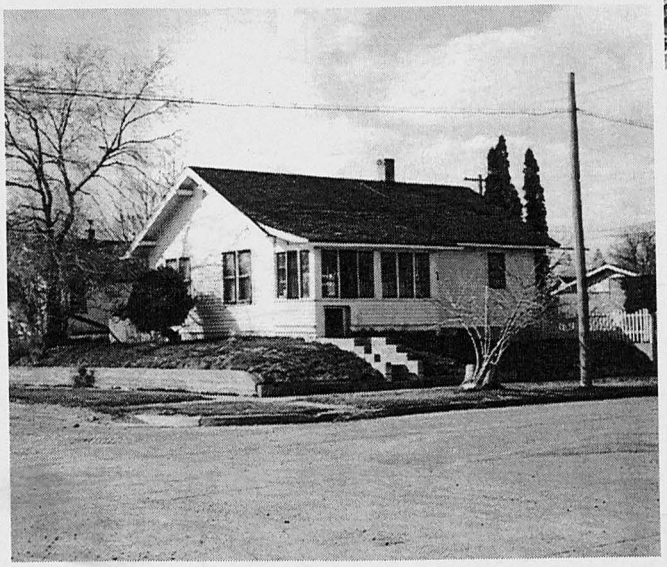




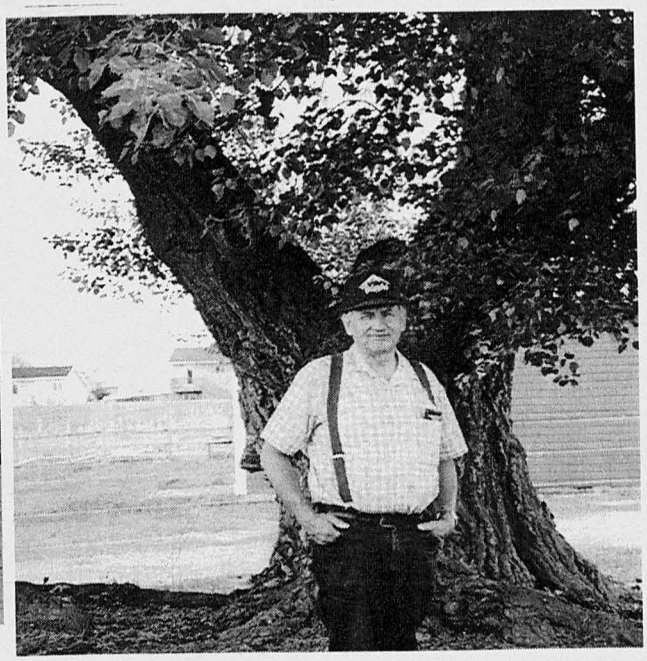
Idaho Falls Temple



G. Henry & Esthers' first home on First St. in Idaho Falls from 1910-16.



Gustaf Johnson & his daughter, Ruby, lived in this home on Chamberlain Ave. in Idaho Falls from the late 1930s -1954. The old Eagle Rock School once stood across the street from this home.



Grant stands in front of the "picture tree." Family group pictures were taken in front of this tree at family reunions in the 1930s at Clarence & Oscar's farm (Mill Road) in New Sweden. *(See pages II-2 & IV-1)*

SECTION XIII

GENEALOGICAL RECORD OF ESTHER MARIA LANZEN (JOHNSON)

FAMILY RECORD SORTED LIST

MRIN	Husband Name or *Oldest Child	Wife Name	Marriage Date
1	GUSTAV HENRY JOHNSON-1	ESTER MARIA LANZEN-2	24 Aug 1910
2	CARL JOHAN LANZEN-11	JOHANNA OTTILIANA AHLBOM-12	14 Aug 1879
3	MATHIAS MATSSON LANDSEN-14	BEATA FREDRIKA H ROBERG-15	17 Nov 1844
4	OTTO ULRICH AHLBOM-21	MAJA LISA JANSSON-22	19 Nov 1848
5	MATS LARSSON-25	CATHARINA BENGTSSON-26	
6	MATS LARSSON-25	CAJSA MARTENSSON-29	26 Dec 1825
7	JOHAN HAG-30	MARGARETA PERSSON ROBERG-31	20 May 1818
8	NILS AHLBOM-33	CATHRINA MORBERG-34	26 Dec 1818
9	NILS AHLBOM-33	BRITA C SODERBERG-36	29 Oct 1795
10	JAN OLSSON-43	BRITA ERSSON-44	13 Nov 1803
11	LARS ERSSON-51	LENA MATTSSON-52	8 Feb 1776
12	OLOF JANSSON-55	LENA MATTSSON-52	15 Oct 1761
13	BENGT LARSSON-58	HELENA JOHANSSON-59	24 Oct 1762
14	PER OLOFSSON-69	CATHARINA PERSSON-70	8 Apr 1776
15	*KARIN PERSSON-79	CATHARINA PERSSON-70	
16	NILS PERSSON-80	BRITA JANSSON-81	9 Oct 1759
17	JOHAN ANDERSSON MORBERG-86	LISA ANDERSSON-87	20 Oct 1774
18	JAN PEHRSSON-92	LISA ANDERSSON-87	29 Sep 1766
19	OLOF MATTSSON-96	CAJSA JANSSON-97	30 Oct 1770
20	ERIC ERSSON-105	CAJSA (KARIN) PEHRSSON-106	25 Oct 1767
21	ERIC OLOFSSON-112	KARIN JOHANSSON-113	
22	LARS LARSSON-118	KIERSTIN ISRAELSSON-119	13 Nov 1737
23	JOHAN MATTSSON-127	KARIN MARTENSSON-128	5 Nov 1738
24	OLOF PERSSON-137	MARIA PERSSON-138	
25	PER NILSSON-144	BRITA MATSSON-145	Dec 1738
26	PER NILSSON-156	ANNA BENGTSSON-157	29 Sep 1734
27	JAN ERSSON-163	BRITA LARSSON-164	7 Oct 1722
28	ANDERS A MORBERG-172	KARIN ANDERSSON-173	29 Sep 1731
29	ANDERS LARSSON-183	KARIN JANSSON-186	21 Oct 1739
30	HANS HANSSON-185	KARIN JANSSON-186	17 Sep 1727
31	JAN JANSSON-193	ANNA JONSSON-194	20 May 1741
32	ANDERS ANDERSSON-201	ANNA JONSSON-194	1 Jan 1729
33	ERIC ERSSON-206	ANNA ERSSON-207	
34	PEHR ANDERSSON-208	BRITA ERSSON-209	12 Oct 1740
35	PER ERSSON-212	BRITA ERSSON-209	22 Oct 1727
36	OLOF CARLSSON-219	BRITA JOHANSSON-220	1696
37	JAN MATTSSON HOLM-221	MALIN THOMASSON-222	
38	LARS BENGTSSON-223	HELENA PEDERSSON-224	21 Nov 1697
39	ISRAEL BENGTSSON-237	ANNA MATTSSON-238	29 Oct 1711
40	MATTS MATTSSON-243	HELENA SVENSSON-244	18 Oct 1708
41	MARTEN SYLVESTERSON-247	ANNA HANSSON-248	
42	MATS MATSSON-252	KARIN PERSSON-253	11 Oct 1703

43	MATS MATSSON-252	ANNA ANDERSSON-259	1733
44	ERICH MARTENSSON-260	ANNA ERSSON-261	
45	LARS JONSSON-262	MRS LARS JONSSON-263	
46	ANDERS SVENSSON-264	KERSTIN ANDERSSON-265	16 Sep 1706
47	ANDERS ERSSON-272	KERSTIN KNUTSSON-273	20 Sep 1691
48	LARS JACOBSSON-281	BRITA PEHRSSON-282	6 Oct 1696
49	JOHAN (HANK) OLSSON-288	KERSTIN ANDERSSON-289	
50	ANDERS ERSSON-297	KARIN PEHRSSON-298	
51	ERICH ANDERSSON-304	BRITA OLOFSSON-305	4 Nov 1700
52	FREDRICK AUGUST LANZEN-20	CAROLINA ERIKA SODER-312	26 Oct 1882
53	VILHELM JOHANSSON-314	CAROLINA MATHILDA LANZEN-19	8 Apr 1894
54	CARL AUGUST C ERIKSSON-316	CAROLINA MATHILDA LANZEN-19	8 Apr 1882
55	'BEATA FREDRIKA H ROBERG-15	MARGARETA PERSSON ROBERG-31	

RECORD-1
HUSBAND GUSTAV HENRY JOHNSON-1
BORN: 2 Jun 1886 HYDE PARK, CACHE, UTAH
DIED: 10 Jun 1950 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., IDAHO
MARR: 24 Aug 1910 SALT LAKE CITY, SL, UT
FATHER: GUSTAF JOHNSON
MOTHER: ANNA SOFIA CHRISTENSEN

WIFE ESTER MARIA LANZEN-2
BORN: 18 Oct 1887 STOCKHOLM, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
DIED: 27 May 1968 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., IDAHO
FATHER: CARL JOHAN LANZEN-11
PARENTS' MRIN: 2
MOTHER: JOHANNA OTTILIANA AHLBOM-12

CHILDREN
1. *NAME: ESTRID CECILIA JOHNSON-3*
BORN: 4 Sep 1911 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
2. *NAME: SIGRID OTTILIA JOHNSON-4*
BORN: 6 Jan 1914 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
3. *NAME: KURT LANZEN JOHNSON-5*
BORN: 5 Sep 1915 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
4. *NAME: INGRID ANNA JOHNSON-6*
BORN: 30 May 1918 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
5. *NAME: MAX HENNING JOHNSON-7*
BORN: 19 Mar 1920 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
DIED: IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
6. *NAME: MARGIT LOUISE JOHNSON-8*
BORN: 14 Sep 1921 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
7. *NAME: ORVILLE SHERWOOD JOHNSON-9*
BORN: 4 Apr 1924 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
8. *NAME: GRANT IVINS JOHNSON-10*
BORN: 9 Aug 1928 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID

GROUP RECORD-2
HUSBAND CARL JOHAN LANZEN-11
BORN: 23 Jan 1848 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
DIED: 1 Dec 1933 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., IDAHO
BUR.: 5 Dec 1933 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., IDAHO
MARR: 14 Aug 1879 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
FATHER: MATHIAS MATSSON LANDSEN-14
PARENTS' MRIN: 3
MOTHER: BEATA FREDRIKA (HAG) ROBERG-15

WIFE JOHANNA OTTILIANA AHLBOM-12
BORN: 10 Apr 1850 DALLBY KVARN, OSTERUNDA
DIED: 2 May 1912 STOCKHOLM, STOCKHOLM
FATHER: OTTO ULRICH AHLBOM-21
PARENTS' MRIN: 4
MOTHER: MAJA LISA JANSSON-22

CHILDREN
1. *NAME: JOHAN HENNING LANZEN-13*
BORN: 22 May 1880 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
DIED: 26 Jul 1899 STOCKHOLM, STOCKHOLM
2. *NAME: ESTER MARIA LANZEN-2*
BORN: 18 Oct 1887 STOCKHOLM, STOCKHOLM
DIED: 27 May 1968 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
SPOUSE: GUSTAV HENRY JOHNSON-1
MRIN: 1
MARR: 24 Aug 1910 SALT LAKE CITY, S L, UT

RECORD-3
HUSBAND MATHIAS MATSSON LANDSEN-14
BORN: 24 Mar 1816 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 22 Nov 1893
MARR: 17 Nov 1844
FATHER: MATS LARSSON-25
PARENTS' MRIN: 5
MOTHER: CATHARINA BENGTSSON-26

WIFE BEATA FREDRIKA (HAG) ROBERG-15
BORN: 23 Jul 1815 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
DIED: 15 Dec 1880 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
FATHER: PARENTS MRIN: 55
MOTHER: MARGARETA PERSSON ROBERG-31

CHILDREN
1. *NAME: AUGUSTA FREDRICA LANZEN-16*
BORN: 8 Sep 1845 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
DIED: 15 Dec 1887
2. *NAME: CARL JOHAN LANZEN-11*
BORN: 23 Jan 1848 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
DIED: 1 Dec 1933 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
BUR.: 5 Dec 1933 IDAHO FALLS, BONNV., ID
SPOUSE: JOHANNA OTTILIANA AHLBOM-12
MRIN: 2
MARR: 14 Aug 1879 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
3. *NAME: ANDERS GUSTAV LANZEN-17*
BORN: 19 Mar 1850 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
DIED: 7 Jun 1879
4. *NAME: FREDRIC AXEL LANZEN-18*
BORN: 8 May 1853 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
DIED: 3 Jul 1853 PLACE:
5. *NAME: CAROLINA MATHILDA LANZEN-19*
BORN: 29 Jun 1855 PLACE: FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
DIED: 5 Jul 1912
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: VILHELM JOHANSSON-314

MRIN: 53
MARR: 8 Apr 1894 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
6. FREDRICK AUGUST LANZEN-20
BORN: 22 Jan 1859 FROJLUNDA, UPPSALA
DIED: 15 Dec 1896
SPOUSE: CAROLINA ERIKA SODER-312
MRIN: 52
MARR: 1882 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA

RECORD-4
HUSBAND OTTO ULRICH AHLBOM-21
BORN: 13 Sep 1823 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM, SW
MARR: 19 Nov 1848 HARNEVI, VSTM, SWEDEN
FATHER: NILS AHLBOM-33
PARENTS' MRIN: 8
MOTHER: CATHRINA MORBERG-34

WIFE MAJA LISA JANSSON-22
BORN: 10 Sep 1818 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA, SW
FATHER: JAN OLSSON-43
PARENTS' MRIN: 10
MOTHER: BRITA ERSSON-44

CHILDREN
1. NAME: JOHANNA OTTILIANA AHLBOM-12
BORN: 10 Apr 1850 DALLBY KVARN, OSTERUNDA, S
DIED: 2 May 1912 STOCKHOLM, STOCKHOLM, SW
SPOUSE: CARL JOHAN LANZEN-11
MRIN: 2
MARR: 14 Aug 1879 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW
2. NAME: MARIA CAROLINA AHLBOM-23
BORN: 30 Jun 1854 TORSTUNA, VSTM, SWEDEN
3. NAME: ANNA CAROLINA AHLBOM-24
BORN: 2 May 1858 TORSTUNA, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 14 Jun 1866

RECORD-5
HUSBAND MATS LARSSON-25
BORN: 18 Nov 1778 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW
DIED: 22 Sep 1851 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW
MARR: PLACE:
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: LARS ERSSON-51
PARENTS' MRIN: 11
MOTHER: LENA MATTSSON-52

WIFE CATHARINA BENGTSSON-26
BORN: 2 Apr 1771 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 25 Jun 1825 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW
FATHER: BENGT LARSSON-58
PARENTS' MRIN: 13
MOTHER: HELENA JOHANSSON-59

CHILDREN
1. NAME: LENA MATSSON LANDSEN-27
BORN: 30 Jan 1807 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW
2. NAME: CATHARINA MATSSON LANDSEN-28
BORN: 24 May 1809 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW
3. NAME: MATHIAS MATSSON LANDSEN-14
BORN: 24 Mar 1816 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW
BUR.: 22 Nov 1893
SPOUSE: BEATA FREDRIKA (HAG) ROBERG-15
MRIN: 3
MARR: 17 Nov 1844

RECORD-6
HUSBAND MATS LARSSON-25
BORN: 18 Nov 1778 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA,
DIED: 22 Sep 1851 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA,
MARR: 26 Dec 1825
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: LARS ERSSON-51
PARENTS' MRIN: 11
MOTHER: LENA MATTSSON-52

WIFE CAJSA MARTENSSON-29
BORN: 4 Dec 1770 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA,
DIED: 21 Oct 1855 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA,

RECORD-7
HUSBAND JOHAN HAG-30
BORN: 1786 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA,
DIED: 22 May 1859 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA,
MARR: 20 May 1818 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA,

WIFE MARGARETA PERSSON ROBERG-31
BORN: 4 Jan 1785 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
DIED: 19 Sep 1839 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SWE
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: PER OLOFSSON-69
PARENTS' MRIN: 14
MOTHER: CATHARINA PERSSON-70

CHILDREN
1. NAME: JOHAN OSCAR JOHANSSON-32
BORN: 31 Jul 1818 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA, SW

RECORD-8
HUSBAND NILS AHLBOM-33
BORN: 6 Nov 1768 ALTUNA, VSTM, SWEDEN
MARR: 26 Dec 1818
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: NILS PERSSON-80
PARENTS' MRIN: 16
MOTHER: BRITA JANSSON-81

WIFE CATHRINA MORBERG-34
BORN: 25 Jan 1787 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM, SW
FATHER: JOHAN ANDERSSON MORBERG-86
PARENTS' MRIN: 17
MOTHER: LISA ANDERSSON-87

CHILDREN
1. NAME: NILS AUGUST AHLBOM-35
BORN: 29 Mar 1822 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM, S
2. NAME: OTTO ULRICH AHLBOM-21
BORN: 13 Sep 1823 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM, SW
SPOUSE: MAJA LISA JANSSON-22
MRIN: 4
MARR: 19 Nov 1848 ARNEVI, VSTM, SWEDEN

RECORD-9

HUSBAND NILS AHLBOM-33
BORN: 6 Nov 1768 ALTUNA, VSTM, SWEDEN

MARR: 29 Oct 1795 PLACE:
has other marriage(s)

FATHER: NILS PERSSON-80
PARENTS' MRIN: 16
MOTHER: BRITA JANSSON-81

WIFE BRITA CATHARINA SODERBERG-36
BORN: 11 Jun 1772 SATERBOR,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 3 Jun 1818 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW

CHILDREN
1. NAME: JOHAN PETER AHLBOM-37
BORN: 17 Nov 1797 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW
2. NAME: ANNA BRITA AHLBOM-38
BORN: 29 Apr 1799 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW
DIED: 22 Jun 1799 PLACE:
3. NAME: SOFIA AHLBOM-39
BORN: 7 Dec 1802 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW
4. NAME: LARS GUSTAF AHLBOM-40
BORN: 2 May 1805 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW
5. NAME: CARL ERIC AHLBOM-41
BORN: 1 Sep 1808 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW
DIED: 13 Sep 1808 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW
6. NAME: BRITA CAJSA AHLBOM-42
BORN: 18 Dec 1811 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SW

RECORD-10
HUSBAND JAN OLSSON-43
BORN: 18 Jan 1774 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS
DIED: 26 Nov 1839 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN
MARR: 13 Nov 1803 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN
FATHER: OLOF MATTSSON-96
PARENTS' MRIN: 19
MOTHER: CAJSA JANSSON-97

WIFE BRITA ERSSON-44
BORN: 15 Sep 1778 VALGEBY,HARKEBERGA,UPPS
DIED: 17 Dec 1850 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN
FATHER: ERIC ERSSON-105
PARENTS' MRIN: 20
MOTHER: CAJSA (KARIN) PEHRSSON-106

CHILDREN
1. NAME: OLOF JANSSON-45
BORN: 6 Sep 1804 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS
2. NAME: CAJSA JANSSON-46
BORN: 13 Sep 1806 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS
3. NAME: JOHAN JANSSON-47
BORN: 4 Mar 1809 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS
4. NAME: ERIC JANSSON-48
BORN: 30 Sep 1811 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS
5. NAME: ANNA STINA JANSSON-49
BORN: 18 Feb 1816 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS
6. NAME: MAJA LISA JANSSON-22
BORN: 10 Sep 1818 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SW
SPOUSE: OTTO ULRICH AHLBOM-21
MRIN: 4
MARR: 19 Nov 1848 HARNEVI,VSTM,SWEDEN
7. NAME: JOHANNA JANSSON-50
BORN: 1822 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS

RECORD-11
HUSBAND LARS ERSSON-51
BORN: 24 Feb 1747 LITELENA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN
DIED: 1809/1812 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
MARR: 8 Feb 1776
FATHER: ERIC OLOFSSON-112
PARENTS' MRIN: 21
MOTHER: KARIN JOHANSSON-113

WIFE LENA MATTSSON-52
BORN: 1738/1741 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
DIED: 9 Feb 1819 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
has other marriage(s)

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ERICUS LARSSON-53
BORN: 4 Nov 1776 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
2. NAME: MATS LARSSON-25
BORN: 18 Nov 1778 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
DIED: 22 Sep 1851 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: CATHARINA BENGTSSON-26
MRIN: 5
MARR: PLACE:
3. NAME: CARL LARSSON-54
BORN: 24 Feb 1783 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW

RECORD-12
HUSBAND OLOF JANSSON-55
BORN: 1 Jul 1725 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
DIED: 21 Jan 1775 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
MARR: 15 Oct 1761

WIFE LENA MATTSSON-52
BORN: 1738/1741 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
DIED: 9 Feb 1819 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
has other marriage(s)

CHILDREN
1. NAME: MARGTA OLOFSSON-56
BORN: 17 Sep 1762 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
2. NAME: JOHAN OLOFSSON-57
BORN: 7 Mar 1767 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW

RECORD-13

HUSBAND BENGT LARSSON-58
BORN: 17 Dec 1738 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 1 Dec 1803 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
MARR: 24 Oct 1762
FATHER: LARS LARSSON-118
PARENTS' MRIN: 22
MOTHER: KIERSTIN ISRAELSSON-119

WIFE HELENA JOHANSSON-59
BORN: 23 Jan 1740 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 3 Oct 1882 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
FATHER: JOHAN MATTSSON-127
PARENTS' MRIN: 23
MOTHER: KARIN MARTENSSON-128

CHILDREN
1. NAME: LARS BENGTSSON-60
BORN: 7 Sep 1763 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 22 Jul 1773
2. NAME: KERSTIN BENGTSSON-61
BORN: 26 Jun 1765 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
3. NAME: JOHAN BENGTSSON-62
BORN: 19 Sep 1767 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 8 Aug 1773
4. NAME: ISRAEL BENGTSSON-63

BORN: 23 Oct 1769 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 10 May 1770 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN

5. NAME: CATHARINA BENGTSSON-26
BORN: 2 Apr 1771 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 25 Jun 1825 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
SPOUSE: MATS LARSSON-25
MRIN: 5
MARR: PLACE:

6. NAME: LENA BENGTSSON-64
BORN: 23 Feb 1774 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN

7. NAME: LARS BENGTSSON-65
BORN: 29 Sep 1776 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN

8. NAME: BENGT BENGTSSON-66
BORN: 19 Jan 1779 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 1 Jun 1779

9. NAME: ANNA BENGTSSON-67
BORN: 24 Aug 1780 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN

10. NAME: JOHAN BENGTSSON-68
BORN: 19 Jul 1783 ENAKER,VSTM,SWEDEN

RECORD-14
HUSBAND PER OLOFSSON-69
BORN: 1 Mar 1752 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 17 Feb 1838 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
MARR: 8 Apr 1776
FATHER: OLOF PERSSON-137
PARENTS' MRIN: 24
MOTHER: MARIA PERSSON-138

WIFE CATHARINA PERSSON-70
BORN: 24 Feb 1750 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 27 Jul 1795 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: PER NILSSON-144
PARENTS' MRIN: 25
MOTHER: BRITA MATSSON-145

CHILDREN

1. NAME: BEATA CHARLOTTA PERSSON-71
BORN: 21 Sep 1776 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN

2. NAME: EVA PERSSON-72
BORN: 8 Jul 1778 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 1793

3. NAME: OLOF PERSSON-73
BORN: 16 Jan 1780 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN

4. NAME: MARIA HELENA PERSSON-74
BORN: 27 Nov 1781 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 16 Mar 1785 PLACE:

5. NAME: BRITA CHRISTINA PERSSON-75
BORN: 21 Aug 1783 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 21 Oct 1786

6. NAME: MARGARETA PERSSON ROBERG-31
BORN: 4 Jan 1785 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 19 Sep 1839 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: JOHAN HAG-30
MRIN: 7
MARR: 20 May 1818 BISKOPSKULLA,UPPSALA,SW

7. NAME: ANNA MARIA PERSSON-76
BORN: 11 Aug 1786 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 1794

8. NAME: BRITA CHRISTINA PERSSON-77
BORN: 2 Feb 1788 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN

9. NAME: PER PERSSON-78
BORN: 30 Jun 1792 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN

RECORD-15
HUSBAND (Unknown)
WIFE CATHARINA PERSSON-70
BORN: 24 Feb 1750 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 27 Jul 1795 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: PER NILSSON-144
PARENTS' MRIN: 25
MOTHER: BRITA MATSSON-145

CHILDREN

1. NAME: KARIN PERSSON-79
BORN: 19 Dec 1773 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN

RECORD-16
HUSBAND NILS PERSSON-80
BORN: 13 Aug 1735 NYBY,ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 2 Apr 1773 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
MARR: 9 Oct 1759 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
FATHER: PER NILSSON-156
PARENTS' MRIN: 26
MOTHER: ANNA BENGTSSON-157

WIFE BRITA JANSSON-81
BORN: 5 Jan 1739 ENEBY,ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 27 Oct 1782 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
FATHER: JAN ERSSON-163
PARENTS' MRIN: 27
MOTHER: BRITA LARSSON-164

CHILDREN

1. NAME: PEHR NILSSON-82
BORN: 19 Sep 1760 BENGTEBO,ALTUNA,VSTM,S

2. NAME: JOHAN NILSSON-83
BORN: 19 Jan 1763 BENGTSBO,ALTUNA,VSTM,S

3. NAME: ANNA NILSSON-84
BORN: 28 Sep 1765 BENGTSBO,ALTUNA,VSTM,S

4. NAME: NILS AHLBOM-33
BORN: 6 Nov 1768 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: CATHRINA MORBERG-34
MRIN: 8
MARR: 26 Dec 1818 PLACE:

5. NAME: BENGT NILSSON-85
BORN: 27 Mar 1771 KAVELBRON,ALTUNA,VSTM,S
DIED: 13 Mar 1773

RECORD-17
HUSBAND JOHAN ANDERSSON MORBERG-86
BORN: 18 Jun 1751 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 7 Jun 1825 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SWEDEN
MARR: 20 Oct 1774
FATHER: ANDERS ANDERSSON MORBERG-172
PARENTS' MRIN: 28
MOTHER: KARIN ANDERSSON-173

WIFE LISA ANDERSSON-87
BORN: 8 Nov 1742 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
DIED: 7 Jul 1832 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: ANDERS LARSSON-183
PARENTS' MRIN: 29
MOTHER: KARIN JANSSON-186

CHILDREN

1. NAME: ANDERS MORBERG-88

BORN: 30 Mar 1775 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S

2. NAME: LISA MORBERG-89
BORN: 28 Oct 1777 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S

3. NAME: JOHAN MORBERG-90
BORN: 7 Aug 1780 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
DIED: 5 Sep 1784

4. NAME: ERIC MORBERG-91
BORN: 9 Apr 1783 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S

5. NAME: CATHRINA MORBERG-34
BORN: 25 Jan 1787 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
SPOUSE: NILS AHLBOM-33
MRIN: 8
MARR: 26 Dec 1818

GROUP RECORD-18

HUSBAND JAN PEHRSSON-92
BORN: 5 Apr 1739 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
DIED: 5 Sep 1773 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
MARR: 29 Sep 1766

WIFE LISA ANDERSSON-87
BORN: 8 Nov 1742 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
DIED: 7 Jul 1832 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: ANDERS LARSSON-183
PARENTS' MRIN: 29
MOTHER: KARIN JANSSON-186

CHILDREN

1. NAME: CATHARINA JANSSON-93
BORN: 7 Oct 1767 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
DIED: 3 Sep 1773

2. NAME: PETTER JANSSON-94
BORN: 7 Feb 1770 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
DIED: 1 Sep 1773

3. NAME: STINA JANSSON-95
BORN: 15 Oct 1772 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,S
DIED: 5 Sep 1773

RECORD-19

HUSBAND OLOF MATTSSON-96
BORN: 1747 HARANEVI,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 23 Jun 1820 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN
MARR: 30 Oct 1770 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN

WIFE CAJSA JANSSON-97
BORN: 7 Jan 1747 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN
DIED: 15 Jan 1801 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SWEDEN
FATHER: JAN JANSSON-193
PARENTS' MRIN: 31
MOTHER: ANNA JONSSON-194

CHILDREN

1. NAME: MARGTA OLOFSSON-104
BORN: 17 Dec 1771 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS

2. NAME: JAN OLSSON-43
BORN: 18 Jan 1774 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS
DIED: 26 Nov 1839 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,S
SPOUSE: BRITA ERSSON-44
MRIN: 10
MARR: 13 Nov 1803 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SW

3. NAME: ANNA OLOFSSON-98
BORN: 14 Feb 1776 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPS

4. NAME: MATTHIAS OLOFSSON-99
BORN: 3 Jan 1779 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA
DIED: 7 Apr 1780

5. NAME: CHERSTIN OLOFSSON-100
BORN: 22 Mar 1782 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA

6. NAME: CATHARINA OLOFSSON-101
BORN: 19 Mar 1786 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA

7. NAME: BRITA OLOFSSON-102
BORN: 10 Jun 1789 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA
DIED: 17 Aug 1789

8. NAME: MARIA OLOFSSON-103
BORN: 10 Aug 1791 TARBY,VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA

RECORD-20

HUSBAND ERIC ERSSON-105
BORN: Abt 1733 HARNEVI,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 4 Mar 1802 HARKEBERGA,UPPSALA,SW
MARR: 25 Oct 1767 LANGTORA,UPPSALA,SW
FATHER: ERIC ERSSON-206
PARENTS' MRIN: 33
MOTHER: ANNA ERSSON-207

WIFE CAJSA (KARIN) PEHRSSON-106
BORN: 23 Sep 1745 GRAN,LANGTORA,UPPSALA
DIED: 28 Jan 1841 HARKEBERGA,UPPSALA,S
FATHER: PEHR ANDERSSON-208
PARENTS' MRIN: 34
MOTHER: BRITA ERSSON-209

CHILDREN

1. NAME: ANNA ERSSON-107
BORN: 15 Sep 1769 VALGEBY,HARKEBERGA,UP

2. NAME: ERIC ERSSON-108
BORN: 21 Aug 1772 VALGEBY,HARKEBERGA,UP

3. NAME: PEHR ERSSON-109
BORN: 13 Nov 1775 VALGEBY,HARKEBERGA,UP

4. NAME: BRITA ERSSON-44
BORN: 15 Sep 1778 VALGEBY,HARKEBERGA,UP
DIED: 17 Dec 1850 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SW
SPOUSE: JAN OLSSON-43
MRIN: 10
MARR: 13 Nov 1803 VARFRUKYRKA,UPPSALA,SW

5. NAME: CATHARINA ERSSON-110
BORN: 6 Jun 1781 VALGEBY,HARKEBERGA,UPP

6. NAME: JAN ERSSON-111
BORN: 15 Sep 1784 VALGEBY,HARKEBERGA,UP

RECORD-21

HUSBAND ERIC OLOFSSON-112
BORN: Abt 1706 LITELENA,UPPSALA,SW
MARR:
FATHER: OLOF CARLSSON-219
PARENTS' MRIN: 36
MOTHER: BRITA JOHANSSON-220

WIFE KARIN JOHANSSON-113
BORN: Abt 1705 LITELENA,UPPSALA,SW
FATHER: JAN MATTSSON HOLM-221
PARENTS' MRIN: 37
MOTHER: MALIN THOMASSON-222

CHILDREN

1. NAME: ANNA ERSSON-114
BORN: 10 Sep 1732 LITELENA,UPPSALA

2. NAME: JOHAN ERSSON-115
BORN: 10 Feb 1735 LITELENA,UPPSALA

3. NAME: CARL ERSSON-116
BORN: 25 Nov 1741 LITELENA, UPPSALA
4. NAME: ANDERS ERSSON-117
BORN: 26 Oct 1744 LITELENA, UPPSALA
5. NAME: LARS ERSSON-51
BORN: 24 Feb 1747 LITELENA, UPPSALA
DIED: 1809/1812 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPS
SPOUSE: LENA MATTSSON-52
MRIN: 11
MARR: 8 Feb 1776

RECORD-22
HUSBAND LARS LARSSON-118
BORN: 24 Nov 1712 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 8 Sep 1781 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
MARR: 13 Nov 1737
FATHER: LARS BENGTSSON-223
PARENTS' MRIN: 38
MOTHER: HELENA PEDERSSON-224

WIFE KIERSTIN ISRAELSSON-119
BORN: 27 Jan 1719 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 1 Jun 1788 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
FATHER: ISRAEL BENGTSSON-237
PARENTS' MRIN: 39
MOTHER: ANNA MATTSSON-238

CHILDREN
1. NAME: BENGT LARSSON-58
BORN: 17 Dec 1738 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 1 Dec 1803 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: HELENA JOHANSSON-59
MRIN: 13
MARR: 24 Oct 1762
2. NAME: LARS LARSSON-120
BORN: 15 Aug 1741 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 4 Jun 1742
3. NAME: ISRAEL LARSSON-121
BORN: 20 May 1743 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
4. NAME: ANDERS LARSSON-122
BORN: 14 Apr 1746 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 25 Apr 1746
5. NAME: HELENA LARSSON-123
BORN: 8 Mar 1748 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

6. NAME: LARS LARSSON-124
BORN: 4 May 1751 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
7. NAME: ANNA LARSSON-125
BORN: 24 Mar 1754 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
8. NAME: CHRISTINA LARSSON-126
BORN: 3 Mar 1761 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

RECORD-23

HUSBAND JOHAN MATTSSON-127
BORN: 8 Dec 1715 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 12 Jun 1767 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
MARR: 5 Nov 1738 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
FATHER: MATTS MATTSSON-243
PARENTS' MRIN: 40
MOTHER: HELENA SVENSSON-244

WIFE KARIN MARTENSSON-128
BORN: 16 May 1717 RODMOSSA, ENAKER, VSTM,
BUR.: 8 Sep 1797 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
FATHER: MARTEN SYLVESTERSON-247
PARENTS' MRIN: 41
MOTHER: ANNA HANSSON-24

CHILDREN
1. NAME: HELENA JOHANSSON-59
BORN: 23 Jan 1740 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 3 Oct 1882 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: BENGT LARSSON-58
MRIN: 13
MARR: 24 Oct 1762
2. NAME: ANNA JOHANSSON-129
BORN: 25 Jul 1741 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
3. NAME: KARIN JOHANSSON-130
BORN: 4 Mar 1744 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
4. NAME: MARGRETA JOHANSSON-131
BORN: 23 Oct 1746 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
5. NAME: JOHAN JOHANSSON-132
BORN: 18 Apr 1749 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
6. NAME: MATTHIAS JOHANSSON-133
BORN: 30 Jun 1751 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 1 Oct 1751
7. NAME: MAGDALENA JOHANSSON-134
BORN: 21 Mar 1753 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 5 Jun 1753
8. NAME: BRITTA JOHANSSON-135
BORN: 3 Jan 1755 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
9. NAME: BENGT JOHANSSON-136
BORN: 23 Nov 1759 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 17 Jul 1766

RECORD-24
HUSBAND OLOF PERSSON-137
BORN: 1718/1721
DIED: 1 Jun 1776 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

WIFE MARIA PERSSON-138
BORN: 1720/1726 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
DIED: 20 Mar 1786 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: PER OLOFSSON-69
BORN: 1 Mar 1752 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
DIED: 17 Feb 1838 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: CATHARINA PERSSON-70
MRIN: 14
MARR: 8 Apr 1776
2. NAME: MARGTA OLOFSSON-139
BORN: Abt 1754 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
3. NAME: KARIN OLOFSSON-140
BORN: 25 May 1755 MYRATORP, UNUNGE, STOCKHOLM
4. NAME: KIERSTIN OLOFSSON-141
BORN: 13 Apr 1759 HARBROHOLM, EDEBO, STOCKHOLM
5. NAME: BRITA OLOFSSON-142
BORN: 10 Jun 1764 HARBROHOLM, EDEBO, STOCKHOLM
DIED: 4 Aug 1765
6. NAME: MARIA MAGDALENA OLOFSSON-143
BORN: 1769 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

RECORD 25-
HUSBAND PER NILSSON-144
BORN: Abt 1708 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
DIED: 26 Jan 1769 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
MARR: Dec 1738 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

WIFE BRITA MATSSON-145

CHR.: 2 Feb 1716 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
DIED: 6 Dec 1774 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
FATHER: MATS MATSSON-252
PARENTS' MRIN: 42
MOTHER: KARIN PERSSON-253

CHILDREN
1. NAME: MATS PERSSON-146
BORN: 1 Jan 1739 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
2. NAME: BRITA PERSSON-147
BORN: 22 Aug 1740 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
3. NAME: ANNA PERSSON-148
BORN: 1 Dec 1742 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
4. NAME: KARIN PERSSON-149
BORN: 24 May 1744 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
BUR.: 4 Apr 1745
5. NAME: MAJA PERSSON-150
BORN: 25 Nov 1746 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
6. NAME: NILS PERSSON-151
BORN: 6 Aug 1748 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
BUR.: 24 Aug 1748
7. NAME: CATHARINA PERSSON-70
BORN: 24 Feb 1750 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 27 Jul 1795 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: PER OLOFSSON-69
MRIN: 14
MARR: 8 Apr 1776
8. NAME: PER PERSSON-152
BORN: 2 Nov 1752 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
BUR.: 17 Jun 1753
9. NAME: JOHAN PERSSON-153
BORN: 29 Mar 1754 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
10. NAME: ERICK PERSSON-154
BORN: 23 Jul 1755 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
BUR.: 10 Aug 1755
11. NAME: CARL PERSSON-155
BORN: 18 Feb 1757 SATRA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
DIED: 11 Mar 1757

RECORD-26
HUSBAND PER NILSSON-156
BORN: 21 Jan 1703 FASPARBO,TARNA,VSTM
DIED: 21 Dec 1787 TARNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
MARR: 29 Sep 1734 TARNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

WIFE ANNA BENGTSSON-157
BORN: 14 Jan 1707 LOT,TARNA,VSTM,SW
DIED: 23 Feb 1776 TARNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: NILS PERSSON-80
BORN: 13 Aug 1735 NYBY,ALTUNA,VSTM
DIED: 2 Apr 1773 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
SPOUSE: BRITA JANSSON-81
MRIN: 16
MARR: 9 Oct 1759 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
2. NAME: LARS PERSSON-158
BORN: 26 Oct 1737 FLOSTA KVARA,ALTUNA,VSTM
3. NAME: BENGT PERSSON-159
BORN: 26 Oct 1739 FLOSTA KVARN,ALTUNA,VSTM
BUR.: 21 Apr 1745
4. NAME: PEDER PERSSON-160
BORN: 28 Jul 1742 GASTRIKBO,ALTUNA,VSTM
5. NAME: SARA PERSSON-161
BORN: 2 Jul 1746 GASTRIKBO,ALTUNA,VSTM
DIED: 18 May 1752
6. NAME: ANNA PERSSON-162
BORN: 29 Jun 1749 SAFVA,ALTUNA,VSTM

RECORD-27
HUSBAND JAN ERSSON-163
BORN: Abt 1698 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 18 Mar 1743 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
MARR: 7 Oct 1722
FATHER: ERICH MARTENSSON-260
PARENTS' MRIN: 44
MOTHER: ANNA ERSSON-261

WIFE BRITA LARSSON-164
BORN: 1702 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 13 Oct 1783 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
FATHER: LARS JONSSON-262
PARENTS' MRIN: 45
MOTHER: MRS LARS JONSSON-263

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ERIK JANSSON-165
BORN: 17 Aug 1724 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
2. NAME: LARS JANSSON-166
BORN: 28 Jan 1727 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
3. NAME: ANNA JANSSON-167
BORN: 27 Feb 1729 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
4. NAME: JOHAN JANSSON-168
BORN: 14 Aug 1731 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
5. NAME: KARIN JANSSON-169
BORN: 19 Nov 1733 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
6. NAME: PEHR JANSSON-170
BORN: 23 Apr 1736 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
7. NAME: BRITA JANSSON-81
BORN: 5 Jan 1739 ENEBY,ALTUNA,VSTMN
DIED: 27 Oct 1782 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
SPOUSE: NILS PERSSON-80
MRIN: 16
MARR: 9 Oct 1759 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
8. NAME: CHIERSTIN JANSSON-171
BORN: 11 Sep 1741 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

RECORD-28
HUSBAND ANDERS ANDERSSON MORBERG-172
BORN: 13 Sep 1708 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 6 Mar 1763 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SWEDEN
MARR: 29 Sep 1731
FATHER: ANDERS SVENSSON-264
PARENTS' MRIN: 46
MOTHER: KERSTIN ANDERSSON-265

WIFE KARIN ANDERSSON-173
BORN: 28 Jan 1710 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
DIED: 8 Jun 1773 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,
FATHER: ANDERS ERSSON-272
PARENTS' MRIN: 47
MOTHER: KERSTIN KNUTSSON-273

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ANDERS ANDERSSON-174
BORN: 20 Aug 1732 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
2. NAME: JOHAN ANDERSSON-175
BORN: 8 Apr 1734 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM

DIED: 29 Dec 1742
3. NAME: SVEN ANDERSSON-176
BORN: 22 Feb 1736 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
4. NAME: ERIC ANDERSSON-177
BORN: 3 Mar 1737 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
5. NAME: ANDERSSON-178
BORN: 22 Feb 1736 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTMN
6. NAME: CARL ANDERSSON-179
BORN: 21 Jan 1740 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
7. NAME: JONAS ANDERSSON-180
BORN: 8 Dec 1742 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
8. NAME: KERSTIN ANDERSSON-181
BORN: 1 Mar 1745 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
9. NAME: ANNA ANDERSSON-182
BORN: 7 Sep 1748 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
10. NAME: JOHAN ANDERSSON MORBERG-86
BORN: 18 Jun 1751 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 7 Jun 1825 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
SPOUSE: LISA ANDERSSON-87
MRIN: 17
MARR: 20 Oct 1774

RECORD-29
HUSBAND ANDERS LARSSON-183
BORN: 19 Oct 1711 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 11 Mar 1744 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
MARR: 21 Oct 1739
FATHER: LARS JACOBSSON-281
PARENTS' MRIN: 48
MOTHER: BRITA PEHRSSON-282

WIFE KARIN JANSSON-186
BORN: 16 Sep 1701 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 21 Mar 1785 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: JOHAN (HANK) OLSSON-288
PARENTS' MRIN: 49
MOTHER: KERSTIN ANDERSSON-289

CHILDREN
1. NAME: BRITA ANDERSSON-184
BORN: 28 Sep 1740 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
2. NAME: LISA ANDERSSON-87
BORN: 8 Nov 1742 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 7 Jul 1832 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: JOHAN ANDERSSON MORBERG-86
MRIN: 17
MARR: 20 Oct 1774

RECORD-30
HUSBAND HANS HANSSON-185
BORN: 28 Oct 1698 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 1736 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
MARR: 17 Sep 1727 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM

WIFE KARIN JANSSON-186
BORN: 16 Sep 1701 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 21 Mar 1785 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: JOHAN (HANK) OLSSON-288
PARENTS' MRIN: 49
MOTHER: KERSTIN ANDERSSON-289

CHILDREN
1. NAME: KERSTIN HANSSON-187
BORN: 26 Jan 1728 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 27 Sep 1728
2. NAME: KARIN HANSSON-188
BORN: 24 Jun 1729 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
3. NAME: ANNA HANSSON-189
BORN: 24 Jan 1731 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
4. NAME: KERSTIN HANSSON-190
BORN: 6 Mar 1733 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 7 Apr 1740
5. NAME: BRITA HANSSON-191
BORN: 24 Mar 1735 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: Sep 1735
6. NAME: HANS HANSSON-192
BORN: 19 Jul 1736 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 7 Apr 1740

RECORD-31
HUSBAND JAN JANSSON-193
BORN: 1716 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA,
DIED: 4 Apr 1784 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
MARR: 20 May 1741

WIFE ANNA JONSSON-194
BORN: Abt 1712 HUDDUNGE, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 29 Jun 1799 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
has other marriage(s)

CHILDREN
1. NAME: JOHAN JANSSON-195
CHR.: 27 Jul 1742 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 15 Aug 1752
2. NAME: ANNA JANSSON-196
CHR.: 16 Dec 1744 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 27 Nov 1748
3. NAME: CAJSA JANSSON-97
BORN: 7 Jan 1747 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
DIED: 15 Jan 1801 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
SPOUSE: OLOF MATTSSON-96
MRIN: 19
MARR: 30 Oct 1770 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA,
4. NAME: MARGETA JANSSON-197
BORN: 7 Jan 1747 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 29 Feb 1756
5. NAME: LARS JANSSON-198
CHR.: 23 Nov 1749 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 11 Apr 1750 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
6. NAME: ANDERS JANSSON-199
CHR.: 22 Jan 1754 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
7. NAME: JOHAN JANSSON-200
CHR.: 17 Oct 1758 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 28 Jan 1759

RECORD-32
HUSBAND ANDERS ANDERSSON-201
BORN: Abt 1708 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
BUR.: 4 May 1740 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
MARR: 1 Jan 1729

WIFE ANNA JONSSON-194
BORN: Abt 1712 HUDDUNGE, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 29 Jun 1799 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)

CHILDREN
1. NAME: JONS ANDERSSON-202
BORN: 18 Dec 1732 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALAN
BUR.: 17 Sep 1747
2. NAME: SARA ANDERSSON-203
BORN: 2 Jul 1735 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 5 Jun 1737
3. NAME: ANDERS ANDERSSON-204
CHR.: 16 Oct 1737 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA
4. NAME: SARA ANDERSSON-205
CHR.: 23 Apr 1740 VARFRUKYRKA, UPPSALA

RECORD-33
HUSBAND ERIC ERSSON-206
BORN: Abt 1706 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 20 Mar 1784 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

WIFE ANNA ERSSON-207
BORN: Abt 1708 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 15 Sep 1791 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ERIC ERSSON-105
BORN: Abt 1733 HARNEVI, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 4 Mar 1802 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA
SPOUSE: CAJSA (KARIN) PEHRSSON-106
MRIN: 20
MARR: 25 Oct 1767 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

RECORD-34
HUSBAND PEHR ANDERSSON-208
CHR.: 19 Jul 1720 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 3 Apr 1788 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
MARR: 12 Oct 1740
FATHER: ANDERS ERSSON-297
PARENTS' MRIN: 50
MOTHER: KARIN PEHRSSON-298

WIFE BRITA ERSSON-209
CHR.: 1 Jun 1706 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 27 Mar 1768 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: ERICH ANDERSSON-304
PARENTS' MRIN: 51
MOTHER: BRITA OLOFSSON-305

CHILDREN
1. NAME: PEHRSSON-210
BORN: 8 Dec 1741 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
2. NAME: CAJSA (KARIN) PEHRSSON-106
BORN: 23 Sep 1745 GRAN, LANGTORA, UPPSALA
DIED: 28 Jan 1841 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA
SPOUSE: ERIC ERSSON-105
MRIN: 20
MARR: 25 Oct 1767 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
3. NAME: BRITA PEHRSSON-211
BORN: 3 Nov 1749 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

RECORD-35
HUSBAND PER ERSSON-212
BORN: 6 Jan 1702 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
BUR.: 3 Jun 1739 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
MARR: 22 Oct 1727 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

WIFE BRITA ERSSON-209
CHR.: 1 Jun 1706 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 27 Mar 1768 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: ERICH ANDERSSON-304
PARENTS' MRIN: 51
MOTHER: BRITA OLOFSSON-305

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ERICH PERSSON-213
BORN: 27 Nov 1728 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
2. NAME: SARA PERSSON-214
BORN: 23 Dec 1730 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
BUR.: 19 Aug 1733
3. NAME: BRITA PERSSON-215
BORN: 3 Mar 1733 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
BUR.: 3 Jun 1733
4. NAME: PER PERSSON-216
BORN: 4 May 1734 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
5. NAME: ANDERS PERSSON-217
BORN: 3 Nov 1736 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
6. NAME: JOHAN PERSSON-218
BORN: 26 Aug 1739 LANGTORNA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
BUR.: 28 Dec 1739

RECORD-36
HUSBAND OLOF CARLSSON-219
BORN: Abt 1662 BOGLOSA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 1730 BOGLOSA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
MARR: 1696

WIFE BRITA JOHANSSON-220
BORN: 1666 LITE LENA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 8 Apr 1732 LITE LENA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ERIC OLOFSSON-112
BORN: Abt 1706 LITE LENA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: KARIN JOHANSSON-113
MRIN: 21

RECORD-37
HUSBAND JAN MATTSSON HOLM-221
BORN: Abt 1656 LITE LENA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 1736 LITE LENA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

WIFE MALIN THOMASSON-222
BORN: 1660 ALUNDA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 26 Nov 1737 LITE LENA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: KARIN JOHANSSON-113
BORN: Abt 1705 LITE LENA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: ERIC OLOFSSON-112
MRIN: 21

RECORD-38
HUSBAND LARS BENGTSSON-223
BORN: Abt 1659 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 15 Nov 1736 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
MARR: 21 Nov 1697 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

WIFE HELENA PEDERSSON-224
BORN: Abt 1676 ENAKER, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 11 Jul 1724 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ANNA LARSSON-225
BORN: 8 Oct 1698 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
2. NAME: BENGT LARSSON-226
BORN: 8 Feb 1700 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 25 Feb 1700
3. NAME: PEDER LARSSON-227
CHR.: 6 Jan 1701 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
BUR.: 1 Mar 1719
4. NAME: CHIRSTIN LARSSON-228
BORN: 20 Mar 1703 ENAKER, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
5. NAME: SON LARSSON-229
BORN: Abt 1705 ENAKER, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 10 Mar 1705
6. NAME: ANDERS LARSSON-230
BORN: 18 Jun 1706 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
7. NAME: JOHAN LARSSON-231
BORN: 9 Apr 1708 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
8. NAME: ERICH LARSSON-232
BORN: 15 Jun 1710 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 12 Feb 1723
9. NAME: LARS LARSSON-118
BORN: 24 Nov 1712 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 8 Sep 1781 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: KIERSTIN ISRAELSSON-119
MRIN: 22
MARR: 13 Nov 1737
10. NAME: HELENA LARSSON-233
BORN: 24 Oct 1716 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
11. NAME: ELISABET LARSSON-234
BORN: 20 May 1720 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
12. NAME: OLOF LARSSON-235
BORN: 16 Aug 1723 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 9 Sep 1723
13. NAME: SYLVESTER LARSSON-236
BORN: 16 Aug 1723 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 17 Aug 1723

RECORD-39
HUSBAND ISRAEL BENGTSSON-237
BORN: Abt 1679 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 9 May 1740 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
MARR: 29 Oct 1711 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

WIFE ANNA MATTSSON-238
BORN: Abt 1681 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 29 Nov 1741 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: BRITA ISRAELSSON-239
BORN: 8 Dec 1712 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
2. NAME: KARIN ISRAELSSON-240
BORN: 19 Jul 1716 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 2 Jan 1718
3. NAME: KIERSTIN ISRAELSSON-119
BORN: 27 Jan 1719 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 1 Jun 1788 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: LARS LARSSON-118
MRIN: 22
MARR: 13 Nov 1737
4. NAME: ANNA ISRAELSSON-241
BORN: 27 May 1722 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 21 Aug 1822
5. NAME: BENGT ISRAELSSON-242
BORN: 28 Apr 1726 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 22 Jul 1726

RECORD-40
HUSBAND MATTS MATTSSON-243
BORN: Nov 1674 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 7 Dec 1737 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
MARR: 18 Oct 1708 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

WIFE HELENA SVENSSON-244
BORN: Abt 1683 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 24 Oct 1755 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: MATTHS MATTSSON-245
BORN: 4 Nov 1712 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
2. NAME: JOHAN MATTSSON-127
BORN: 8 Dec 1715 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 12 Jun 1767 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: KARIN MARTENSSON-128
MRIN: 23
MARR: 5 Nov 1738 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
3. NAME: ANNA MATTSSON-246
BORN: 6 Nov 1717 BLOMSTERANGEN, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 2 Feb 1718

RECORD-41
HUSBAND MARTEN SYLVESTERSON-247
BORN: Abt 1680 RODMOSSA, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 1 Dec 1753 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

WIFE ANNA HANSSON-248
BORN: 1686 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 10 Nov 1746 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: KARIN MARTENSSON-128
BORN: 16 May 1717 RODMOSSA, ENAKER, VSTM
BUR.: 8 Sep 1797 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: JOHAN MATTSSON-127
MRIN: 23
MARR: 5 Nov 1738 ENAKER, VSTM, SWEDEN
2. NAME: SYLVESTER MARTENSSON-249
BORN: 6 Feb 1720 RODMOSSA, ENAKER, VSTM
3. NAME: HANS MARTENSSON-250
BORN: 4 Sep 1723 RODMOSSA, ENAKER, VSTM
4. NAME: MARGRETA MARTENSSON-251
BORN: 19 Jun 1726 RODMOSSA, ENAKER, VSTM
DIED: 6 Apr 1730

RECORD-42
HUSBAND MATS MATSSON-252
BORN: 1678 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
DIED: 7 Oct 1775 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
MARR: 11 Oct 1703 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)

WIFE KARIN PERSSON-253
BORN: Abt 1680 EDEBO, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

BUR.: 2 Apr 1732 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN

CHILDREN

1. NAME: MATTS MATSSON-254
 CHR.: 23 Oct 1704 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
2. NAME: CARL MATSSON-255
 CHR.: 22 Mar 1706 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
3. NAME: JOHAN MATSSON-256
 CHR.: 20 Aug 1711 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
4. NAME: PER MATSSON-257
 CHR.: 21 Dec 1713 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
 BUR.: 17 Nov 1717
5. NAME: BRITA MATSSON-145
 CHR.: 2 Feb 1716 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM
 DIED: 6 Dec 1774 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
 SPOUSE: PER NILSSON-144
 MRIN: 25
 MARR: Dec 1738 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
6. NAME: ERIK MATSSON-258
 BORN: 26 Jan 1724 SKARSTA,EDEBO,STOCKHOLM

RECORD-43

HUSBAND MATS MATSSON-252
BORN: 1678 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 7 Oct 1775 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
MARR: 1733 has other marriage(s)

WIFE ANNA ANDERSSON-259
BORN: Abt 1680 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN
DIED: 22 Oct 1763 EDEBO,STOCKHOLM,SWEDEN

RECORD-44

HUSBAND ERICH MARTENSSON-260
BORN: Abt 1657 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 1707/1708 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

WIFE ANNA ERSSON-261
BORN: Abt 1661 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 24 Feb 1743 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

CHILDREN

1. NAME: JAN ERSSON-163
 BORN: Abt 1698 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
 DIED: 18 Mar 1743 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
 SPOUSE: BRITA LARSSON-164
 MRIN: 27
 MARR: 7 Oct 1722
2. NAME: ERICH ERSSON-310
 BORN: Abt 1700 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
3. NAME: KARIN ERSSON-311
 BORN: Abt 1702 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

RECORD-45

HUSBAND LARS JONSSON-262
BORN: Abt 1652 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 1 Apr 1719 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

WIFE MRS LARS JONSSON-263
BORN: Abt 1660 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN

CHILDREN

1. NAME: BRITA LARSSON-164
 BORN: 1702 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
 DIED: 13 Oct 1783 ALTUNA,VSTM,SWEDEN
 SPOUSE: JAN ERSSON-163
 MRIN: 27
 MARR: 7 Oct 1722

RECORD-46

HUSBAND ANDERS SVENSSON-264
BORN: 22 Jan 1674 KOPPARGRUVAN,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
DIED: 9 Jun 1744 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
MARR: 16 Sep 1706 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM

WIFE KERSTIN ANDERSSON-265
CHR.: 9 Sep 1677 SKRADDARBO,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
DIED: 28 Mar 1753 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM

CHILDREN

1. NAME: KARIN ANDERSSON-266
 BORN: 14 May 1707 GRUVAN,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: 21 May 1707
2. NAME: ANDERS ANDERSSON MORBERG-172
 BORN: 13 Sep 1708 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: 6 Mar 1763 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 SPOUSE: KARIN ANDERSSON-173
 MRIN: 28
 MARR: 29 Sep 1731
3. NAME: KERSTIN ANDERSSON-267
 BORN: 4 Jun 1710 GRUVAN,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
4. NAME: MARGETA ANDERSSON-268
 BORN: 17 Mar 1712 GRUVAN,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: 25 Mar 1712
5. NAME: ANNA ANDERSSON-269
 BORN: 5 Jun 1714 GRUVAN,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: 15 Jul 1714
6. NAME: JOHAN ANDERSSON-270
 BORN: 27 Jun 1716 RIDDARHYTTAN,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: 15 Oct 1716
7. NAME: JOHAN ANDERSSON-271
 BORN: 19 Jul 1718 RIDDARHYTTAN,SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: 18 Nov 1718

RECORD-47

HUSBAND ANDERS ERSSON-272
BORN: 18 Dec 1664 VESTANFORS,VSTM,SWEDEN
DIED: 16 Mar 1737 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SWEDEN
MARR: 20 Sep 1691 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM,SWEDEN

WIFE KERSTIN KNUTSSON-273
BORN: 7 Jun 1671 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
DIED: 26 Jan 1745 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM

CHILDREN

1. NAME: ERICK ANDERSSON-274
 BORN: 3 Jun 1692 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: 31 Jan 1722
2. NAME: ANDERS ANDERSSON-275
 BORN: 15 Jan 1698 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: Bef 1706
3. NAME: KARIN ANDERSSON-276
 BORN: 21 Jun 1699 SKINNSKATTEBERG,VSTM
 DIED: Bef 1910

4. NAME: KERSTIN ANDERSSON-277
BORN: 14 Feb 1701 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
5. NAME: ANNA ANDERSSON-278
BORN: 16 Aug 1703 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 6 Dec 1761
6. NAME: ANDERS ANDERSSON-279
BORN: 23 Feb 1705 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
7. NAME: KARIN ANDERSSON-173
BORN: 28 Jan 1710 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 8 Jun 1773 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
SPOUSE: ANDERS ANDERSSON MORBERG-172
MRIN: 28
MARR: 29 Sep 1731
8. NAME: SARA ANDERSSON-280
BORN: 20 Oct 1713 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM

RECORD-48
HUSBAND LARS JACOBSSON-281
BORN: 12 Feb 1668 HOGFORSEN, SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 4 Jul 1732 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
MARR: 6 Oct 1696 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM

WIFE BRITA PEHRSSON-282
BORN: PLACE: VASTANFORS, VSTM, SWEDEN
DIED: 1734 PLACE:

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ELISABETH LARSSON-283
BORN: 10 Jan 1698
HOGFORSEN, SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 10 May 1708 PLACE:
2. NAME: KARIN LARSSON-284
BORN: 28 Jun 1700
HOGFORSEN, SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
3. NAME: BRITA LARSSON-285
CHR.: 12 Mar 1703
HOGFORSEN, SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
4. NAME: PEHR LARSSON-286
BORN: 18 Dec 1705
HOGFORSEN, SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
5. NAME: LARS LARSSON-287
BORN: 9 Feb 1709
HOGFORSEN, SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
6. NAME: ANDERS LARSSON-183
BORN: 19 Oct 1711 PLACE: SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 11 Mar 1744 PLACE: SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
SPOUSE: KARIN JANSSON-186
MRIN: 29
MARR: 21 Oct 1739

RECORD-49
HUSBAND JOHAN (HANK) OLSSON-288
BORN: Abt 1660 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM

WIFE KERSTIN ANDERSSON-289
BORN: Abt 1664 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ANNA JANSSON-290
BORN: 15 Mar 1693 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
2. NAME: KERSTIN JANSSON-291
BORN: 8 Apr 1695 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
3. NAME: OLOF JANSSON-292
BORN: 19 Feb 1697 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
4. NAME: LARS JANSSON-293
BORN: 9 Nov 1699 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
5. NAME: KARIN JANSSON-186
BORN: 16 Sep 1701 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
DIED: 21 Mar 1785
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: HANS HANSSON-185
MRIN: 30
MARR: 17 Sep 1727 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
6. NAME: JOHAN JANSSON-294
BORN: 31 Jan 1703 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
7. NAME: ANDERS JANSSON-295
BORN: 29 May 1704 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM
8. NAME: SARA JANSSON-296
BORN: 14 Jun 1707 SKINNSKATTEBERG, VSTM

RECORD-50
HUSBAND ANDERS ERSSON-297
BORN: Abt 1682 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

WIFE KARIN PEHRSSON-298
BORN: Abt 1686 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 1738 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: MARGTA ANDERSSON-299
BORN: 15 Jul 1708 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA
2. NAME: ERICH ANDERSSON-300
CHR.: 30 Jun 1711 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA
3. NAME: PEHR ANDERSSON-208
CHR.: 19 Jul 1720 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA
DIED: 3 Apr 1788 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
SPOUSE: BRITA ERSSON-209
MRIN: 34
MARR: 12 Oct 1740
4. NAME: ANDERS ANDERSSON-301
CHR.: 22 Feb 1722 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA
5. NAME: JAN ANDERSSON-302
BORN: 3 Jan 1725 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA
6. NAME: OLOF ANDERSSON-303
BORN: 4 May 1727 HARKEBERGA, UPPSALA

RECORD-51
HUSBAND ERICH ANDERSSON-304
BORN: LANGTORA BY, LANGTORA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 17 May 1741 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
MARR: 4 Nov 1700 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

WIFE BRITA OLOFSSON-305
BORN: Abt 1679 LANGTORA BY, LANGTORA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 23 Mar 1746 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

CHILDREN
1. NAME: ANDERS ERSSON-306
BORN: Abt 1704 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
2. NAME: BRITA ERSSON-209
CHR.: 1 Jun 1706 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 27 Mar 1768 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
has other marriage(s)
SPOUSE: PEHR ANDERSSON-208
MRIN: 34
MARR: 12 Oct 1740
3. NAME: MARGETA ERSSON-307
CHR.: 25 Jun 1708 LANGTORA BY, LANGTORA, UPPSALA
BUR.: 30 Jul 1708 LANGTORA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN

4. NAME: KIERSTIN ERSSON-308
CHR.: 3 Mar 1711 LANGTORA BY, LANGTORA, UPPSALA
5. NAME: SARA ERSSON-309
BORN: 3 Apr 1714 LANGTORA BY, LANGTORA, UPPSALA

RECORD-52
HUSBAND FREDRICK AUGUST LANZEN-20
BORN: 22 Jan 1859 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
DIED: 15 Dec 1896
MARR: 26 Oct 1882 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
FATHER: MATHIAS MATSSON LANDSEN-14
PARENTS' MRIN: 3
MOTHER: BEATA FREDRIKA (HAG) ROBERG-15

WIFE CAROLINA ERIKA SODER-312
BORN: 13 Aug 1858 VILBERGA, BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA

CHILDREN
1. NAME: VIKTOR EMANUEL LANDSEN-313
BORN: 22 Mar 1885 ADOLF FREDRIKS, STOCKHOLM, STOCK.

RECORD-53
HUSBAND VILHELM JOHANSSON-314
BORN: 6 Jan 1851 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
MARR: 8 Apr 1894 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA

WIFE CAROLINA MATHILDA LANZEN-19
BORN: 29 Jun 1855 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA, SWEDEN
DIED: 5 Jul 1912
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: MATHIAS MATSSON LANDSEN-14
PARENTS' MRIN: 3
MOTHER: BEATA FREDRIKA (HAG) ROBERG-15

CHILDREN
1. NAME: JULIUS VILHELM JOHANSSON-315
BORN: 13 Apr 1895 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA

RECORD-54
HUSBAND CARL AUGUST (CARLSSON) ERIKSSON-316
BORN: 7 Apr 1848 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
MARR: 8 Apr 1882 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA

WIFE CAROLINA MATHILDA LANZEN-19
BORN: 29 Jun 1855 FROJESLUNDA, UPPSALA
DIED: 5 Jul 1912
has other marriage(s)
FATHER: MATHIAS MATSSON LANDSEN-14
PARENTS' MRIN: 3
MOTHER: BEATA FREDRIKA (HAG) ROBERG-15

CHILDREN
1. NAME: CARL AXEL CARLSSON-317
BORN: 23 Dec 1883 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
2. NAME: JOHAN VIKTOR CARLSSON-318
BORN: 15 Dec 1886 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA
DIED: 25 Dec 1886 BISKOPSKULLA, UPPSALA

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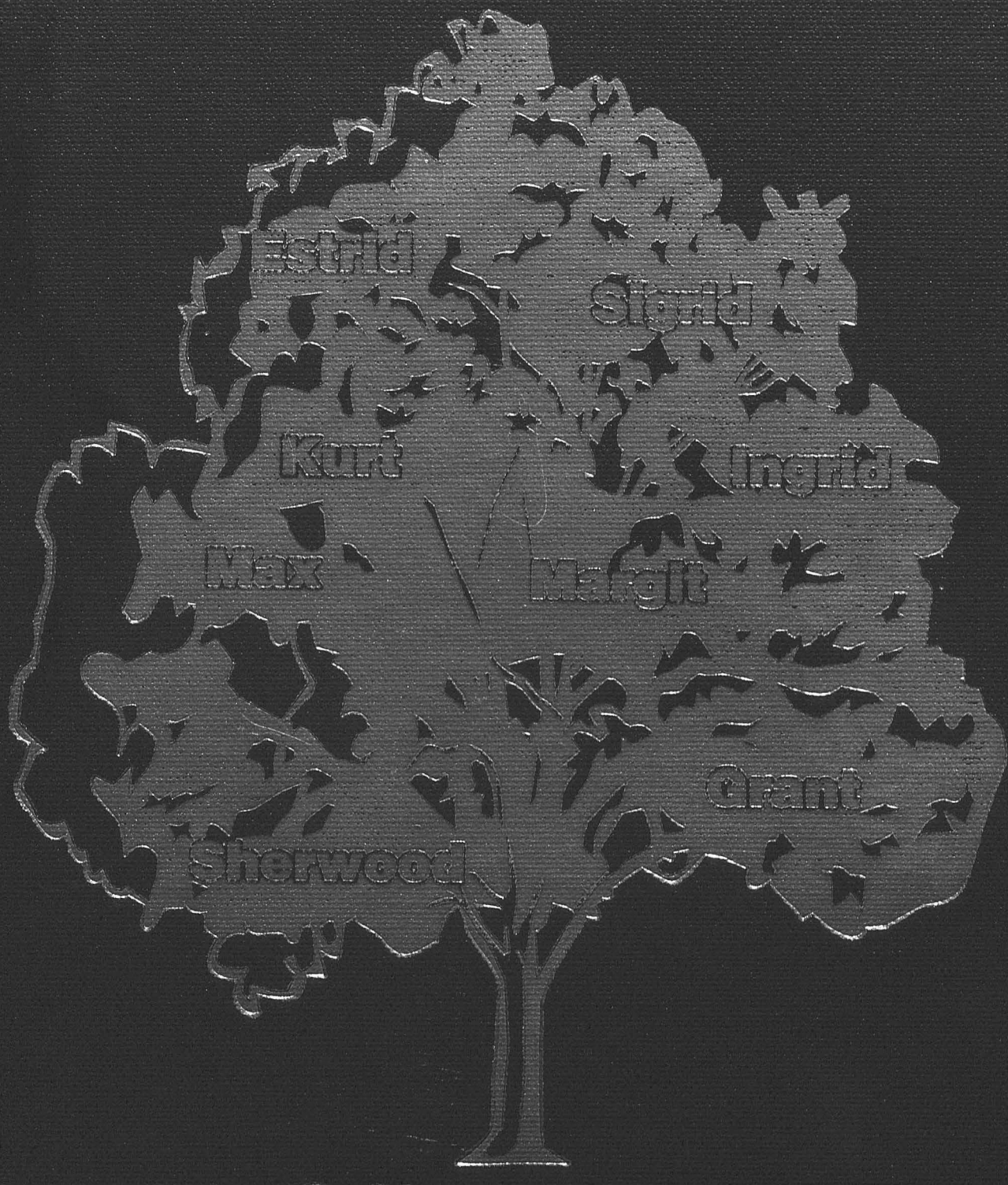
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